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MARGARET STEWART SANDEMAN

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. STEWART SANDEMAN.

Memoir

OF

Mrs. Stewart Sandeman

of Bonskeid and Springland

Bonskeid.

JAMES NISBET & Co., LONDON.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. STEWART SANDEMAN

Of Bonskeid and Springland.

BY HER DAUGHTER.

SECOND EDITION,

WITH

PREFATORY NOTE BY HER GRAND-DAUGHTER.

LONDON
JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET
1892.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED BY LORIMER AND GILLIES,

31 ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

CARLYLE says, "What wonders lie in every day, had we the sight . . . to decipher it; for is not every meanest day the conflux of two eternities?"

Thirty-nine years ago, about this hour, on this very day of the week as well as of the month, the two eternities visibly met in the life of the writer of this biography.

The newspapers were full next day of the details of the terrible railway accident near Manchester, when Freddy and Georgy were killed, and their father and mother were seriously injured and left with only an infant, who for a time was lost. The particulars were so heartrending that the name of the station was afterwards changed.

Thoreau says, "Read not the Times; read the Eternities." She read the eternities that day, and afterwards her life never was the same. The orbit she moved in is best described in the answer to her favourite question in the Shorter Catechism. The great idea, which to her explained all the past and all the present, was, "The

decrees of God are His eternal purpose, according to the counsel of His will, whereby, for His own glory, He hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass." Resting, rejoicing, in these decrees, she emerged from the fiery trial. Her outlook is given in the answer to another of the questions, "The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory." The little interval between she occupied for her Lord.

Like a fiery cross, there was ever in her sky the memory of this day. Twenty years ago she wrote of it thus to the baby who was left when the others were taken. "The Lord who, at this hour twenty years since, pitied, kept, saved, and cradled you in the strange cottage, now bless, comfort, and uphold you in His own path of righteousness." But she did not keep it only as a memorial day, on which to pile the altar fire and chant a requiem over her departed. In the fire of sorrow she had read her commission, and healing came to bereaved hearts as they saw in the pages of the "Way Home" how

> "God hath two families of love,
> In earth below, and heaven above;
> One is in battle sharp and sore,
> And one is happy evermore."

This day seems the most suitable on which to write a few words of preface to this last effort of her pen.

She always looked forward to having a new and cheaper edition of this book brought out, and since

she died, six weeks ago, friends have been writing expressing regret that the first edition was out of print.

As we picture those who have welcomed her above—parents, brothers, husband, sons—there is a peculiar joy in the thought of the meeting of mother and child. One said lately, "How much there is of *her* in her mother's biography;" another, "How strangely she herself is lost sight of." *They* both would like us best to make in those pages a closer acquaintance with their Lord.

M. S. SIMPSON.

52 QUEEN STREET, EDINBURGH,
4th March, 1892.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

A YEAR before Mrs. Stewart Sandeman's death, she was looking through a periodical and reading aloud from it to her daughter. She came to the notice of a friend lately deceased, remarking that it was very well done. Her daughter asked, "If any one wrote a page there about you, I wonder what they would call it?" Instantly she replied, "The child that was prayed for; nothing else." The author intended to have compiled this as an autobiography, since her mother's journals could have furnished volumes. But others have decided that this might not have been so suitable for readers in general.

Her letters are found to be too hurried and personal to admit of publication. From her earliest years she seemed impelled to record her deeper feelings in verse, when another would have taken refuge in correspondence. It has therefore been felt desirable to include certain verses which tend to throw light on different periods of her life. These, rapidly composed, and

Memoir

OF

Mrs. Stewart Sandeman

of Bonskeid and Springland

Bonskeid.

JAMES NISBET & Co., LONDON.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. STEWART SANDEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY—BONSKEID.

FOR defence in the old days of Highland feuds, raids, and cattle-reiving, the baronial mansion-houses of Bonskeid and Fincastle stood high up on the hill, a mile apart, on the west side of the ridge between Blair-Athole and Strath-Tummel. Their small chambers and narrow windows lessened the severity of the blast. In summer the occupants lived much in the open air; for the winter they migrated to Edinburgh.

In the '45, Henry Stewart of Fincastle, then eighteen, rode over with his men to Blair to join the rising force, to the strains of his piper, who also sang a mournful lament about his never returning. The boy from Bonskeid, in his sixteenth year, also went. Some of the older tenants, however, were beforehand with him, waiting at the ford on Garryside, and by counsel and

crown pieces prevailed on him to turn his horse's head the other way. Henry Stewart came safely home again in spite of the piper's foreboding song. Nor did he forfeit his estate, from his being under age.

Years passed, and in 1752 Henry Stewart gave his sister in marriage to John Stewart of Bonskeid, who conducted her along the avenue of old sycamores to her new home. Miss Stewart of Bonskeid became the wife of their cousin, Stewart of Shierglass, on Garryside. In 1753 a son, Alexander, father of the subject of our memoir, and in 1756 a daughter, Isobel, were born at Bonskeid. The little boy was not old enough to go with his father when they carried the wife and mother, too early taken, by avenue, road, and boatway, across to their vault in Old Blair. The tapestry they had seen her make for a square seat, still in use as a piano-stool, they reverently preserved. The young people diligently helped their grandmother at Fincastle in her garden work, while she and her daughters faithfully watched over the motherless brother and sister. She kept a house register, found long afterwards with its torn and yellow leaves, telling when in each year the first rose bloomed and the last sheaf was cut. The lady's own hand records how many stacks of peats were cut from the hill in the long, dry days of June, how many stacks of hay stood in the full farm-yard, when the bees hived and the virgin honey came to table. As often as they were taken down through the Coillebhrochan park to see the froth and foam at the Tummel Linn, they heard the story of the eating of

porridge by the valiant King Robert when he brought his soldiers there, after the battle of Methven (1306). Much they honoured their ancestor who made him welcome to the place, and received for reward these woods in which the broken army spread itself to rest.

The first take of salmon in the year was a great

FALLS OF TUMMEL.
From photo. by Wilson, Aberdeen.

event at Bonskeid and Fincastle. The right to the salmon basket at Linn of Tummel was shared by them —Bonskeid had four days and Fincastle two. Salmon was plentiful in the river. After all within reach were supplied, the Pitlochry cart went down the lowland road with its fresh, cheap freights of fish. The little

Isobel soon tried her mother's spinning-wheel, and she learned short words from her brother out of the Proverbs, the only spelling-book of those days. Never, they said, would they go far from these hills, dearer and dearer each joyous day.

But the quiet life they had led was suddenly broken into. The whole family were one day absent at church in Blair, and the door locked. From the Reformation the Stewarts of Bonskeid had been Presbyterian, while those of Fincastle at this date attended the Episcopal service at Kilmaveonaig; but they often crossed and re-crossed the Garry together. On this disastrous day, when Bonskeid reached the top of the hill, he saw his house a burning pile. The version given by the dairy-maid to her daughter, who related it to us half-a-century ago, ran thus:—"I was in the dairy the last thing, and left my fifteen bonnie *kebbucks* (cheeses); when I came back in the afternoon, they were burnt to cinders in a heap as black as coal." The cause of the fire was never known. The house was a ruin, and the estate was so heavily burdened that it could not be rebuilt. A farmhouse was hastily erected to receive the inmates, who now spent much of the year in Edinburgh. Old people still tell that none walked the pavements of that city with statelier gait than John Stewart—his children often by his side. When they passed along, windows would be sometimes thrown up, and heads bent forward looking after him.

A darker day dawned for Bonskeid, though the

morning looked like that of other market days. As his wont was, Bonskeid and his men took the road to Pitlochry, then consisting of but a few thatched and scattered houses, though the centre for bargain and business and the meeting-place of friends. Supper cooled that night, while the children watched the down-hill path in vain for sign of his return. At last, in the fading light, was heard a tramp of feet in silence, and a burden was seen carried shoulder high. The children—now twice orphaned—saw no more. But soon they knew that they had lost their father, and Alexander was old enough this time to go as chief mourner to the old vault, with thronging hundreds from the Highlands round.

He had fallen by the hands of his brother-in-law, Stewart of Shierglass.

It was a superstition in the Highlands then that if the manslayer could see daylight under the corpse, his life would be safe. The story was that Shierglass did hide among brushwood by the roadside till the bearers of the body passed on their five miles' march. His eye, strained for very life, caught the sunset.

How the embroilment came about, remained a mystery to those of this generation, till the following letter was addressed to Bonskeid's great-grandson, Colonel F. Stewart Sandeman, dated 9th March, 1879:—

"My grandfather, John Cameron, was almost a hundred years old when he died. When this tragic affair occurred, he was a drystone-dyker, and had a small croft at Auldchlune, between

Blair and Pitlochry. The day after the market he stood in want of broom for thatching, and went early to the copse for it. He there heard a voice cry, 'John Cameron, come here.' To his surprise he beheld Stewart of Shierglass standing with his nether lip fearfully cut. He told, with sincere honesty and grief, all that had taken place. Stewart of Shierglass, with his brother-in-law, Stewart of Bonskeid, and a few friends, had partaken of the flowing bowl at a house west of Pitlochry. Each house had then its illicit store. A petty quarrel arose among the company, during which Shierglass had been using his knife for some purpose, and, in the act of placing it in his mouth to hold it, with the excitement made a severe gash in his lip. The company then turned the laugh against him. This so exasperated him that he drew his hand, into which, by this time, he had placed the knife, still open, and with a back-stroke struck Bonskeid, who was still laughing, fair in the breast. The knife penetrated to the heart. When he saw what he had done he rose and went out. All night he stayed in the copse. After his pitiful tale he said that previous to that day they had been fast friends, but that passion at being made a laughing-stock had overcome him.

"My grandfather waded through the Garry, and carried over his lady on his back. She spent all that day in the copse. My grandfather kept watch for the pursuers, but happily they were left undisturbed. When darkness approached, my grandfather conveyed back his charge, after their tearful parting, to her sorrowful home, in humble transit, the same as she came. Mr. Stewart fled the country for a lengthened period, but returned when the affair came to be regarded as an unfortunate accident. I have often heard this story rehearsed by my mother, who died twenty-three years ago. (Signed) PETER BARRON."

Mrs. Stewart, Shierglass, followed her husband to Holland, where several of her children were born.

"She was never observed to smile," her grandniece writes, "even after her return to Scotland, from the day her husband and she parted in the copsewood." "It was very trying," says the same aged informant,

"for her or any of us to go to church after any death in our houses. Scarcely could I enter our pew the Sabbath after my sister's death, for my feet must touch the flags which had been lifted to bury her the week before."

The little Isobel went to her aunt at Fincastle, cherished and beloved, nor was she ever very far from her side till she became her daughter-in-law. The eldest son of Fincastle married Louisa Græme of Inchbrakie, and Captain James, the second son, married his cousin Isobel Stewart of Bonskeid. Alexander worked well at Perth Grammar School, and his name is found on the roll of Edinburgh University. He went with the Scotch Contingent as surgeon to Holland, making many friends, as his old letters show, returning, after some years, to give in his thesis, and take the degree of M.D.

The Duke of Athole, his friend, secured his settlement in Dunkeld. He lived near the Cathedral where the remains of his lineal ancestor, the Wolf of Badenoch, lie covered by his effigy in stone.

The old people took a pleasure in calling him "Baron of Badenoch." Like every well-known country doctor, he won the hearts of many on that country-side, and hoped to have remained there till he should rebuild the house which had been burned down. Seventeen miles on horseback took him to the old place. Three larches stand by the stream in the Glen of Fincastle. Alexander Stewart, the old tailor at the head of the Glen, tells how the Doctor, with his two eldest tenants,

Stewart and Scott, planted them as a memorial, and that he was the boy who carried the young plants for them to the spot. There had always been two rooms kept ready for Dr. Stewart at the farm-steading of Coillebhrochan during his boyhood and student days, part of the furniture of which still remains.

In 1790 Dr. Stewart married Jane, the only child of Mr. Thomas Bisset, commissary of Dunkeld. His prosperity was short-lived. Small-pox [illegible] become a scourge throughout the land; inoculation was introduced to arrest the pestilence. Ardent in his profession, Dr. Stewart was the first to use it in Perthshire. Sixty-nine children around Dunkeld went through it safely under his hands; the seventieth—John, his son and heir, died. To him his mother addressed lines, entitled "To the Memory of a Lovely Infant not Seven Months Old," and ending, "whatever is, is right."

The little Jess, born 1793, and Thomas, 1795, died also in infancy; very soon their mother, too, slept with them—four journeys more for the bereaved man to that old vault at Blair. As soon as possible Dr. Stewart left Dunkeld and went to live at Perth, which henceforth became the centre of his practice, persuading his widowed mother-in-law to accompany him. He succeeded to Dr. Wood, and took his house in the Watergate, the town-house of the Duke of Athole in old times, when the Court was held at Perth. The original white marble mantlepiece of the ancient dining-hall was recently found, when the Free West Church, Tay Street, was built on the site of part of Dr.

rgaret Robertson of Strowan.

fe of Laurence Oliphant of Gask.

Stewart's house in the Watergate. In the stable there, a horse stood always saddled, ready to take the place of the exhausted one, when he dismounted and had to start at once to answer some fresh call. His practice covered a distance of thirty miles round Perth. And yet the rider never so swiftly passed but he gave a nod of recognition to the standers by the cottage door, who styled him "the man of iron."

GASK.

Among Dr. Stewart's first patients at Perth was Laurence Oliphant, the Laird of Gask. Seeds of illness had been sown in his constitution during the time of his faithful following of Prince Charlie as aide-de-camp in fight and hiding-place. His four daughters now watched over him by turns like so many trained nurses. Not till they lost him, and the old escutcheon was hung out, would any of them listen to proposals of marriage. They watched him as he had watched his Prince.

As the eldest of these sisters will take a prominent place in this volume, we must go one stage further back, and speak of her mother. There appears before us a youthful reader seated in her father's foreign home in the Versailles Garden. She is in her sixteenth year. Her beauty is already marked by French courtiers; but she is going on the morrow to be the wife of her first cousin, Laurence Oliphant, younger of Gask; and the letter in her hand, long and closely written, is from her

father, Duncan Robertson of Strowan, the chief of his clan, who had spent the nine years that had elapsed since the '45, when his estates were forfeited, as an exile in France. She reads:—

"VERSAILLES, *May*, 1755.

"MY DEAR MEGGY,—As you are now past the age when children are treated with authority and constraint, though not of experience sufficient to direct your conduct through the perplexities of a turbulent and vicious world, allow me to give you some hints that may be of use to you in future. Most anxiously have I studied your happiness, though perhaps you have sometimes thought me too severe on your little faults.

"What I aim at is to stir up your resolution to practise vigorously every duty you know, and your diligence in acquiring more knowledge in things necessary and useful. You have often heard it said that religion is the only solid foundation for happiness in this world or the next; and happiness, or a false shadow of happiness, is the spring of all human actions. But how few have a proper notion of religion! The mistaken world points it out as a melancholy thing that deprives one of all the enjoyments of life, and ties it down to a life of austerity. Would you know how this false notion crept in? Why, men of little penetration observing the conduct of some mistaken devotees, imagined that all religion consists in outward mortification and abstraction from the world. Others, misapplying the example of some ancient Christians who were obliged to retire from the society of their heathen friends, amongst whom they must have continued in idolatry, or been persecuted to death, looked upon religion as a bugbear to be confined to caves or deserts or monasteries; and thus the world represents it to this day, ever glad of any pretence to scandalise religion, and brings it into bad repute, as it everywhere condemns those sins, and that pride and vanity which they are resolved not to part with. But in reality religion, so far from having a tendency to damp the spirits or make life uncomfortable, is the only foundation for solid joy, insomuch, that *whoever is cheerful* without it, may be compared to one in a

burning fever, who raves with life and spirits, whilst life and spirits are about to take their departure. Such is the condition of every one, who, without piety, pretends to find happiness in this world. What is called pleasure, intoxicates those who pursue it, and a fit of sickness or reverse of fortune soon discovers the cheat; nay, a lonely moment is often intolerable even in health and affluence. Hence the passion for shows and amusement everywhere. I earnestly entreat you, my dear daughter, to have your Bible often in your hand, and let the dictates of it remain eternally engraved upon your heart. This will give you double satisfaction in prosperity; making adversity light, your amusements innocent, your mirth free from folly, and your conversation inoffensive. You are desired in marriage by a gentleman who knows that you have no fortune.* What can be his inducement? Probably, indeed, he sees something agreeable in your person; but that is not the main point; it is this—he himself has been brought up in the paths of honour and virtue, in which he resolves to persist. He has a favourable opinion of your temper and education, and expects to find in you an agreeable companion for life. I have not the least reason to think he will be disappointed; you have a mother's example, and I thank God you have a moderate share of common sense; and I may tell you for once that you advance in discretion as in years; but, alas! those years are so few, and your experience so little, that I give you another half-sheet of such directions as I think may be of use to you.

"1*st.* Labour with all your might to preserve your mind in a calm, cheerful, and benevolent disposition; this is the proper soil for all virtues, both social and divine; whereas the mind that is soured, ruffled, or exasperated at every cross, accident, disappointment or contradiction, is like the troubled sea that throws up dirt and mud, uneasy and unhappy in itself, vexing and troublesome to every one about it; in short, a temper abhorred by God and man. I acknowledge that it is not easy always to preserve this meek and peaceable temper amidst the various rubs one meets with in a perverse world; but you must consider, my dear Meggy, that we can acquire no virtue nor conquer any vice without

* Their estate had been forfeited in 1746.

a struggle. Ever since the fall of the first man, we are born with a propensity to evil and an aversion to good, and those our corruptions and weaknesses all our best endeavours will never overcome without the grace of God, which is only obtained by earnest prayer, and to that our best endeavours must be joined. Let me cite Mr. Young—

> "'No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
> Or yawned it into being with a wish.'

A single victory over an angry, peevish, or sullen fit, is a conquest more valuable than a kingdom, and one victory makes way for a second, and so on. We cannot do the work all at once; we often fail; but we must immediately recover ourselves, combat our vices and weaknesses one after another, nor suffer one of them to govern us. They are tyrants that would enslave here, in order to make us for ever miserable hereafter.

"*2nd.* In all your conversation with your husband, let your countenance and tone of voice, as well as your words, express your affection and regard; and if you happen at any time to differ from his opinion in small matters, propose your sentiments mildly by way of getting information, and not by downright contradiction; and in general, avoid disputes with any one.

"*3rd.* Let your husband be your principal confidant. If anything vexes or perplexes you for which you think there is a remedy, communicate it to him; let him never learn it at second-hand; and if any one would tell you a secret, with a caution not to communicate it to him, answer with a smile that you can keep nothing from your husband, and thus you will be free from many impertinent tattles with which you would otherwise be pestered, if you should converse much with the world; though you may doubtless hear many things not worth repeating to him, or to anyone else. On the other hand, if your husband entrusts you with a secret, let neither father or mother, brother nor sister, ever hear of it. In short, as man and wife are said in Scripture to be one, have no separate views or interests, in prosperity or adversity, in sickness or in health.

"*4th.* You know I always condemned gaudy and expensive ornadress and furniture, but I seriously recommend to you

cleanliness and neatness in your person, and everything about you. This caution may seem the less necessary, as I think you have a natural turn for keeping the few things you have in the best order you can; but I should wish you to consider that this love of neatness and order is not to be laid aside when you are married; on the contrary, you must double it. A slovenly outside is the sign of a sluggish and lazy disposition; and I assure you that the observation holds in general. It is not so much taken notice of in our sex, but is never pardoned in yours, and the husband is always the person most offended.

"*5th.* Let a grave and serious countenance be confined to your closet and retirement; in company, take notice of your friends with a cheerful complaisance, 'tis a tribute you owe them. Cheerfulness is absolutely necessary in youth, engaging in advanced years, and charming in old age; and in all stages of life it is a mark of inward peace. To be cheerful, it is not necessary to be always talking; but never be what we call 'absent' when in company; give attention to what is said and done, and lend in your word when you think fit. Mirth is the highest degree of cheerfulness, and may and ought to be frequently indulged in by the young as a proper recreation both for body and mind; but the excess of mirth is folly—every virtue stands between two extremes, and it will be a good amusement for you in your leisure hours to consider the virtues and their extremes.

"What I have written I beg you will read over and over again.

"My daughter, as the wife of Mr. Oliphant, claims a double regard. I pray God that you may be a comfort to him, and the instrument of happiness to his family."

Laurence and Margaret were married at Versailles in May, 1755, in presence of many of the French *noblesse* and all their fellow-exiles. The most noted of these was their grandfather, Lord Nairne, who so narrowly escaped the block, that there still exists a dying speech which he had prepared to deliver on the morning of 29th February, 1716, when a twenty-four

hours' reprieve arrived to stay his execution. His son, Mr. Henry Nairne, was there with Margaret's two brothers, Collyear and Alexander, and her sisters. Nearest the bride and bridegroom were their mothers, Lady Gask and Lady Strowan, as they were still called, in spite of attainder, in the exiled circle, both of them daughters of Lord Nairne. Their husbands, Laurence Oliphant and Duncan Robertson of Strowan, had both for many years been pensioners of the French king, Louis XV. The bride could remember how at six years old she had been hidden with her mother and little brothers in a hut in Athole, whence they were driven by the threat of military execution, and escaped to join the head of their house in France. It was a day when family traditions were recalled, and when the marriage of their ancestor, Sir Walter Oliphant, to the daughter of King Robert the Bruce, was not forgotten.

The young couple had their home in Paris, keeping there the day of rest, and walking by the precepts of the Book which had been law in both families. In 1756 a son was given to them. Her first-born was sometimes carried out by herself, as custom allowed. Many would stand waiting for a glimpse of the lovely pair when they passed from the street or court up to the balcony, on which all the chambers opened. The beautiful apparition flitted only for one year from court to balcony. The mother of seventeen then appeared in mourning. The little son and heir-presumptive, no more rivalling his mother's loveliness, had died. They had to lay him to sleep in Père-la-Chaise, where others

of his kindred lie. For six years they treasured his empty cot unfilled, and only in her dreams had the girl a babe upon her bosom.

The estate of Gask had been bought back from the Government for £16,000 in 1753 by their friends, and the act of banishment was repealed.

Happy years were spent at Gask among their six children, Marjory Ann Mary (Mrs. Stewart), born 22nd October, 1762; Amelia Sophia (Mrs. Steuart, Dalguise), born 1764; Carolina (Lady Nairne), born 16th August, 1766; Laurence, born June, 1768; Margaret Euphemia Janet Charlotte Alexandrina (Mrs. Keith), born 1770; and Charles, born 1772. In the names of no fewer than three that of the Prince was remembered. Next to religion and loyalty, economy had the first place in their upbringing. The silver plate had been confiscated, family jewels sold, and the table of their childhood was laid with pewter only.

In 1772 Mrs. Oliphant's health gave way, and she was sent to Spain, accompanied by her husband and her eldest child, little May, who went all the errands for her mother with her maid from the hotels, and learned Spanish by the way; while the invalid retired to her closet to write in verse the journal of their travels, and to lay hold, on her children's behalf, of those promises which she knew God would make good to them when they should be deprived of her care. For two years longer she was with them.

Through the small old window of her bed-chamber at Gask the dim November light fell in while the spirit

of the still beautiful but dying mother prepared to take flight from the dwelling which her presence still brightened. Outside all was cheerless; the sun left no mark on the dial, the stones no shadow on the long grass of the churchyard. In her room all was cheerful. Her children were sent for; she took leave of each without emotion, making them feel as if she were only setting out on one of her journeys in search of health. As they were leaving the room she said, "See who will be the best bairn, and stay longest with papa." To himself when they had gone, she added, "You see how easily I can part with the bairns, for I know they are in good hands," meaning their Maker's.

For these details we are indebted to a narrative written in the third person by her husband, which goes on to say: "On this last afternoon she took a glass of *Tent* and water. He drank the remainder of the glass to their merry meeting again, and she thanked him. He desired of her, after death, to ask of her Creator to be allowed to come and be about him, to keep him from many faults he might fall into. She said she would, and that it might be that spirits would be allowed to be about their friends here.

"Among the last distinct things, she said in the afternoon, betwixt five and six, to the clergyman, after a prayer, 'I have hardly breath, Mr. Erskine, to thank you for your coming.'

"Died calmly between seven and eight at night, as the recommendatory prayer was saying. About an hour

before, said, 'Is it not time now?' She meant, for the recommendatory prayer.

"Dr. Wood who attended her, but was not present at her death, wrote from Perth, 'I never saw young or old resign life in so dutiful and so becoming a manner.'

"Some days before her death, Mrs. Oliphant asked to see some of the old *Scots Magazines*, and at the year 1750, page 368, turned up the 'Dying Christian's Soliloquy,' which she was then able to read for herself, and had read several times afterwards by others—twice by her husband:

"'The world recedes, it flies from view;
Ye mortal scenes and friends, adieu!'"

The widower and his mother, Lady Gask, lightened the burden of sorrow by watching over the six motherless children. The following year, when Lady Gask died, he prevailed on his aunt, Lady Harriet Nairne, to take her place. The children had a merry life under her control, and lived to return her kind solicitude for a long period, till she died, aged eighty-nine. Mrs. Cramond was their governess, and Neil Gow came periodically with his fiddle. They were fearless riders, and enjoyed their beautiful home to the full. Caroline carried that home into the imaginations of thousands: it still lives in the hearts of her countrywomen by her song, "The Auld House." They could not afford a carriage; Lady Harriet's mistake in ordering the largest chaise from Perth to take her to the deathbed of her sister at Lude, by writing "cheese" for "chaise," is mentioned in Rogers' "Life of Lady Nairne."

We can see the afflicted family at Gask, old and young, trying to comfort their grand-aunt as she sat in travelling dress, ready for the journey. The double little doors of the drawing-room are thrown open; two men enter, carrying an immense cheese, and the party are convulsed with laughter, and unable to explain themselves to the astonished bearers.

Lady Harriet loved to speak to the girls about their great-grandmother, Lady Nairne, her own beloved mother, who had put her trust in the God of Abraham for her children's children's children. She read to them from her copy of "Selections from Thomas à Kempis," the edition of 1699. It lies before us as these lines are written, one clasp entire, dim gilding still upon it, and four out of eight engraved metal corners on it still, though the hands of a long line of owners are lying in the dust.

In the spring of 1786, six years before he was taken from them, Mr. Oliphant, like his father-in-law, wrote a letter to his four daughters:—

"GASK, *Spring*, 1786.

"MY FOUR DEAR GIRLS,—You have now got the substantial parts of education—the principles of religion and loyalty, reading, writing, sewing, dancing, a little of the harpsichord, and a little French. . . . While we live in this life of trial and passage to a better, you have the chance of marrying or of living single, and most for the last. . . . My own hope and wish is that we may be all soon happy in heaven; and this I am the more authorised in as it is what we daily petition for in the Lord's Prayer by 'Thy Kingdom come,' as that implies not only the last day, but every one's particular departure into happiness by death. The general coming of the kingdom of our Saviour, though prayed for these

seventeen hundred years, not having yet happened, and maybe not to happen in our time, therefore, though we pray for the general coming of righteousness and His kingdom, yet each of us also asks for their own particular happiness, that they may go to their Saviour, and be where He is. This is the Kingdom coming, and the height of happiness to every one; and this hope and wish to be in Heaven should go along with us in all we do, and be the principal bent of all our thoughts and actions. But as we are only servants, and at our great Lord's disposal, we must wait His time, and fit ourselves for going or for staying; yet in our prayers, with all due submission, we may be most importunate for going.

"Your being useful through life, after daily asking God's direction, I would suppose best brought about by a sweet and gentle behaviour, and getting knowledge in, and acquaintance with, every part of household economy; you may say your turn is not that way; I answer it has pleased God so to form us that we are capable of attaining, in a moderate degree, every necessary thing we set ourselves about heartily.

"It requires no proof that house-wifery was the occupation women were designed principally to be employed in, nor do the men-housewives that now and then appear, alter the order established by Providence for the women; it only shows a whimsical turn, or their wife's incapacity.

"The first thing, I take it, to make you successful in social duties is what you already pretty well observe: going to bed soon and rising early; in proportion to the steady observance of this will be your progress in every article, and the avoiding of that general hurry that you may observe among all ranks, which from morning to night prevents them doing any one thing sedately and properly, save trifling. The division of the day and keeping to method will prevent the constant and perpetual excuse for neglecting what is proper, 'I have no time,' and 'I want time'; but do you take time by the forelock and never delay till after what you can do at present.

"A second is arrangedness in all the things about you, beginning with your room, clothes, books, pen and ink, letters, papers, nothing left about and littering, a place contrived for everything,

and if much confined, in room be more ingenious and show what length that will go. From the bed-chamber or closet this extends to the public rooms, the pantry, kitchen, cellars, &c., according to the line and way you are in.

"A third is keeping accounts, and in this you should be regular for the sake of practice, though you had but a shilling to account to yourself for; you should make a little paper book and put down in the first part, stock, money received, or debit, which of the three words you choose; and on the next leaf given out, debursed, or credit, as you please, always remembering to leave a column to the left hand for the date of the year and day of the month, and columns at the right hand for £ s. d.; sum up the articles at the foot of the page and carry the sum to the next page.

"With these three helps all will go on purely, provided humour be kept off; humour is found more among the fair sex than the men, and is a mixture of self-conceit, whim, and crossness; too wise to learn, they will not listen to and follow what they see and know is right, but will satisfy their own inclination, cost what it will; and it is this humour and want of steadiness that prevents woman in general from making as great a figure in public affairs as the men, though their parts and penetration are often quicker. There only remains to be constantly asking questions and making inquiries; and informing yourself of the best methods: some of the old are best, some of the new: and practising them as opportunity offers, relating to brewing, baking, the kitchen, pantry, poultry, dairy, laundry, mantuamaker and millinery business; garden, respecting salads, greens, keeping of fruits and roots; flax or lint from the sowing to the weaving, wool in the same manner, from the time and best method of clipping or shearing to the weaving and dying. Farming too as far as necessary, sowing, shearing, &c.; nor is it improper to know how many *stukes* make a threve, what a firlet of proof in *casting* a stack gives of stock; the meal in a boll good oats, or the loaves, farles, or *bannocks* in a firlet meal; what quantity good bear or barley gives of meal per boll, and what *outcome* malt there should be in a stipe. The doctor's art too, relating to ordinary diseases, bruises, and cuts, dressing sores, &c.; in general making yourselves handy and useful, hints for which you will get almost

from everybody, as the bees gather their honey from many plants and flowers, choosing always the best. Entertaining company too, and studying to say obliging things, but without flattery. Should a town life be your lot you will not find the knowledge of these things unnecessary or useless; they will help to turn your thoughts and discourse off from the useless chat of the city.

"But you are not to make yourselves uneasy though you do not succeed entirely to your mind in these things: the hearty endeavour is all that is required; that done, you need have no anxiety about an establishment through life; striving to live well you may depend on being comfortably provided for here, and made greatly happy hereafter; which God, of His infinite goodness, grant to all my dear children. LAU. OLIPHANT."

We extract two leaves from Marjory Oliphant's journal in January and February, 1793:—

"EDINBURGH, *January.*—Came here to attend Charles in a rheumatic attack, for which he was severely bled. Many of our neighbours are in town. I have been taking lessons in burnished gilding for my picture frames. Also got recipes for curing beef and bacon. Went to Martin's regarding the picture begun yesterday.

"When I attempted to copy a face before him, he told me I had brought the lake too dark, so as not easily to be overcome in some places. He bid me paint boldly, not with the point of the pencil. . . . For a very fair complexion—*e.g.*, Lady Mary Lindsay's, the shadows are usually bluish. In painting the dead colour of Louis M'Craby's face (he was servant to the last Duke of Perth and attended in his military excursions) there was a little yellow in the red and white. The eyes left for next sitting. Heard Stabilini play his last concerto. . . .

"Mrs. Siddons quite recovered of her cold. Saw two gowns worked by Montgomery, South Bridge, for Queen Charlotte and the Duchess of York. That for the latter was of Shetland wool; three spindles for the lb."

"*February.*—We have lost our dear grandmother at Potterhill

(Perth), aged eighty-five. She was fifth daughter of William, Lord Nairne. She went off as if in a sleep in the easiest manner possible. I never can be grateful enough to my dear brother Laurence for the attention he has shown me on this occasion—preparing me for the worst—recommending me to the care of friends to be amused, and going next day to purchase busts for me to copy. When going away he said, 'Now, I will break them to pieces if you do not keep up your spirits.' Uncle Collyear came to the funeral in great concern for his mother. It afforded me great pleasure the way in which he spoke of assistance from prayer; his reverence for the Holy Scriptures; of our dear friends being probably our guardian angels; and of a speech he heard Mr. Burke deliver on the subject of the French Revolution and the atheists in the Convention. 'And shall,' said the orator; 'shall he, in the face of the glorious sun, dare to avow his disbelief of the Being who made that sun to enlighten us.' *N.B.*—100,000,000 of miles distant from the earth.

"I sent dear Laurence these lines on receiving a paint-box from him:—

"Hail, little group of vivid colours gay,
Source of delight in many a rainy day,
Whose tints drawn forth shall with the rainbow vie,
And charm, like it, my fascinated eye.
Snows may o'erspread the ground, but in my room
Roses shall blow and crimson blossoms bloom,
'United light and shade,' gay green shall smile,
And purple clusters fancy's eye beguile;
The yellow ear of plenty brave the storm,
And heavenly blue no dusky shades deform.
And let Lorenzo who the gift bestows
From May accept the gratitude she owes;
To him may life its brightest colours wear,
And shade, oh! lightly shade with grief or care,
Disease or pain, each swift revolving year."

Marjory Ann Mary Oliphant married in 1799 Dr. Stewart, and went from Gask to Perth. The access

to the old-fashioned dwelling was from the Watergate. Down a narrow court you came into a wider one, and mounting steps, you saw a door painted dark green with a great black knocker.

In the corner of the orchard-garden, sloping in front of the house to the Tay, grew the fox-glove, from which teacher and pupils distilled the *digitalis* for the labelled bottles on the shelf. Other medicinal herbs grew there In those days the work of laboratory and clinique were mainly learned apart from the university work. Beginners became apprentices to men in practice, had apartments in or near the doctor's dwelling, and even dissected in secret under the very roof. In the garden harbour lay a coble, its anchor hard by the steps which led down to the river. It was even murmured that students had found the landing-place convenient for a burden which each was bound to furnish during his occupancy. The great grand-aunt of one who now sits by the writer used to go out at midnight to make sure that the watchers of Kinfauns churchyard were awake. At one time she watched there for six weeks, and spoiled Drysdale, the resurrectionist, of one of the stolen bodies.

In the narrow lobby of the Doctor's house, leading from the north rooms on the dark court to the bright drawing-room over the garden of fruit-trees and flower-beds by the Tay, there projected a section of building which left little room to pass under. This was the unsuspected dissecting-room used in emergencies, and entered by a spiral staircase from an attic laboratory.

There the apprentices of Dr. Wood, and before him Dr. Elder, wrought; and were now succeeded by Dr. Stewart's assistants.

Mrs. Stewart threw herself into her new duties with all the zest of the past. The house was a centre for society, busy and gay. Her wit and repartee, her pleasant easy parties. her taste for painting, made her a great favourite with young girls. She taught them how to be useful as well as intellectual in their tastes, how to gild their picture frames after the turning-lathe had made them. Her own sketches in oil of the garden-weeder at Gask, the farmer's wife, who nursed her baby brother, &c., still hang on the wall.

For four years this went on till on a cold Sabbath morning in February it came to a standstill, for a messenger was seen passing swiftly to Gask; and through the city the news spread that a little girl had been born in the Watergate. Caroline Oliphant (afterwards Lady Nairne), author of the "Land o' the Leal," &c., came to watch over her sister and child, and her journals overflow with expressions of her interest in both. She left Perth to be with her sister Amelia, who had for some years been the wife of Mr. Steuart of Dalguise. From thence she writes:—

"DALGUISE, 13*th March*.—On the 11th came here with Mr. Steuart, my sister Amelia, and the children, who had come in to Perth, Tuesday last, and stayed the christening of little Margaret of Bonskeid, which took place, as proposed, on Thursday, the 10th.

All of us sadly disappointed that Mrs. Oliphant could not venture to drive from Gask; my brother with Dr. Robertson and my sister Margaret came that day, Margaret to remain some time. The company besides were Mr. Henry Nairne, Captain and Mrs. Stewart, the doctor's sister and brother-in-law, and Dr. Farquharson who happened to arrive from Lude just in time. Colonel Butter, Faskally, who had volunteered his company, was prevented and sent an apology which pleased me in particular. Dr. Farquharson the life of the party, really pleasant man, extremely clever, and full of humorous stories, but says a great deal of his own which to me is far more interesting. Have often observed that a good teller of anecdotes, bon mots, &c., is apt to be satisfied with the little éclat which they procure him, though nothing better than the daw in borrowed feathers. Even original turns of wit though very pleasing at the moment, being but a play of fancy, don't affect and attract me like effusions of mind and sensible reasonings. Well, as to the christening, Mr. Peebles read the service so audibly that May being in the room above joined, which, as she could not attend in person so soon, was lucky. Everybody praised the dear little stranger, who really is a fine baby. Felt myself quite interested in Mrs. Stewart, Dr. Stewart's sister, who married a brother of Major Stewart, Fincastle (a run-away marriage), and has six children, with only a farm and Captain Stewart's half-pay to support them. Four years having elapsed since the Doctor's marriage, and no appearance of a family, they had till now the prospect of the estate of Bonskeid; yet she showed so much unaffected goodness of heart and interest in May and the little baby, and was so pleased with her brother's happiness on the occasion, that I really loved her. Mr. Nairne very much struck with both Captain Stewart and her being so disinterested, and said funnily, "Well, I thought none but the Gask family could have behaved in that way."

"After dinner my brother and Drs. Robertson and Farquharson went out to Gask. Next morning, about eleven, we set out, leaving M. and her infant as well as possible, and feeling more thankful than can be expressed for her safety and happiness. Have learnt to trust my affairs now with more and more confidence to

the disposal of Providence, feeling by a thousand proofs that we are all under the immediate tuition of a very tender Parent, who, though He permits much evil in the world, and lets those who disclaim all relation to him run on their blind course, and sooner or later feel the effects of following their own devices, yet most assuredly watches over those of His children who rely upon Him and endeavour to please Him. Very lucky that some of the wisest and brightest men have fully felt the force of this comfortable doctrine."

The wands woven into the wicker-work of little Margaret Stewart's cradle were cut from many woods. Like Hannah her mother could say, "For this child I prayed." The answer had come, and she was not going to draw back. A great new chamber was opened in her own heart in which to stow away the new-found treasure. According to the light she then possessed, this little life, entrusted to her, was going to be lent to Him who had given it.

In this same year, 1803, was registered a lease dated two years earlier, by which Sir James Pulteney, Bart., and failing him his wife, Laura Henrietta, Lady Bath, should have possession of Bonskeid and Coillebhrochan for twenty-five years, dating from their entry in 1796, with rights to make walks and plantations as they might please, cut peats and wood, fish in the "Tumble," and pledging themselves, ere it expired, to build a house. And how had this come about?

Into the thickest of the birch-wood, by the old Strath-Tummel road, there passed in 1796, not far from the Tummel side, an English travelling-carriage, with two of the guests then visiting at Blair

Castle. The occupants were Sir James Pulteney and his wife, in her own right, Lady Bath. Entranced by the prospect from a rising ground, from which the course of the Tummel is seen in its sweep, she ordered the coachman to draw up, saying, "This is the most beautiful spot I have ever yet seen: I shall build a house here." She was a great sufferer, and never to be contradicted. Sir James gently said, "We shall find out to whom it belongs." To Blair Castle they at once returned and asked. The Duke was not a little surprised, as Lady Bath was now only on her way to visit the Lodge she had just built at Dalnaspidal on his grounds for her husband's use. "It belongs," he replied, "to my good friend Dr. Stewart, whose house was burned down when he was a boy, and he has never been rich enough to rebuild it." A mounted express was sent off to Perth, and from thence Dr. Stewart rode up by breakfast-time next morning. A carte-blanche was given to Lady Bath, who was a yearly tenant till 1801. Years passed, only planting being done. She spent the summer in tents in the park of Coillebhrochan, and directed the landscape gardener to choose the unrivalled path by which one still approaches to gaze on the larch-woods which she planted. To the topmost summit of the crag guns distributed the seed; while in the thick wood coach-houses, stables, and rooms for men-servants were being erected. One autumn the party left for London, whence the news suddenly arrived that the lady was dead. Only one wall about six feet high, of great length and thickness,

had been built for the castle she had projected. Sir James's orders came for its removal. The stones of it appear in the fence or in the wall of the addition which he now made to the offices, thus converting them into a shooting lodge. The work was rapid and slight. The public rooms were formed from what were originally the coach-houses; battlements surmounted the front to alter the effect. Before the next shooting season the furniture had come down, much of it ordered by the lady herself; her supporters in brass are still seen on each of the black drawing-room chairs. As such it was sacred to her husband; and he charged the housekeeper, on her leaving London with the servants, not even to unsew the matting on any of it, but to leave the furniture numbered for each room till he should follow. His last visit in London was to the gun-smith's, who handed him a new style of gun. They went out into the yard to try it. When the turn of Sir James came, it went off by accident, and he met his death. The heirs to the property sent word to arrest the progress of the carts which were conveying objects of art and vertu. They were intercepted passing through Strathearn. According to the terms of the lease, everything found on Bonskeid at the death of the lessees, came into Dr. Stewart's hand free of charge.

The following description of the path from the Falls of Tummel to Bonskeid, planned by Lady Bath, occurs in an old guide book, and was written by John Steuart of Dalguise in 1811:—

"The course of the river upwards to the house of Bonskeid

presents a continued succession, for nearly two miles, of river scenery of an uncommon character. The rocky and brawling bed of the Tummel, in itself beautiful throughout, here forms picturesque rapids, with bold and precipitous banks, rocks, and wood. The whole is enclosed within wild and romantic woods, with ancient trees often overhanging the water; while some distant glimpse of the impending mountains, or the descent of their picturesque declivities to the river's margin add to the general variety, so as to produce a succession of landscapes, of characters strongly marked, and not less strongly distinguished from each other. Where an occasional glimpse of that battlemented house is caught, its effect is extremely striking, and adds considerably to the interest of this wild scenery. Bonskeid has long belonged to the present family of Stewart. Their ancestor, Alexander Stewart de Bonskeid, is designated 'frater germanus Nigelli Stewart de Fothergill et Garth, 1494,' in a charter, existing. Nigellus was descended of Alexander, Earl of Buchan, fourth son of King Robert II. The Earl is buried in the choir of the cathedral church of Dunkeld; and over his tomb is a recumbent figure in armour, rudely cut in stone, and bearing the legend; 'Hic jacet Dominus Alex. Senescallus filius Roberti regis Scotorum et Elizabethæ More: Comes de Buchan et Dominus de Badenoch bonæ memoriæ, qui ob. 24 die mensis Julii, An. Dom. 1394.'"

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet.

There is not in Albyn a sweeter retreat
Than the Glen where the Garry and wild Tummel meet;
To the lone haunts of Nature their dark waters lead,
And lovely she smiles on the braes of Bonskeid.

On each side the grey crag crowns the heath-covered hill,
Where the native birch weeps o'er the rock-leaping rill;
Wide wave the green woods o'er the Tummel's rude shore,
And the songs of the grove join the cataract's roar.

From the forest arises Ben-Vrackie's huge form,
His bosom deep-furrowed by snow, flood, and storm,

And the eye at length rests where the first sunbeams play
On the dark pines and meadows of fertile Strath-Tay

But mark where yon arch o'er the Garry is thrown,
Its deep channel scooped from the torrent-rent stone,
Rocks rise all around like the walls of the sea—
On those heights fell the gallant but cruel Dundee.

Though drear is that Pass, 'twas the Pass of the brave,
And that black pool divided to give them a grave;
E'en now the white foam on those dark waters spread
Floats calm, as when sullen they closed o'er the dead.

High towers, like the king of the deep glen below,
The bare silvery top of the proud Ben-y-gloe;
And closes that vista of mountain and wood,
Where the rocks seem to rest on the breast of the flood.

Thus Nature's best charms o'er those regions prevail,
She frowns on the mountain and smiles on the vale;
Roars in floods, sighs in forests, or decks the gay mead,
And these charms are united at bonny Bonskeid.

As Schiehallion protects from the storms of the west,
From the storms of the world may Bonskeid be at rest,
For there hospitality fixes her seat,
In the Glen where the Garry and wild Tummel meet.

A Guest at Bonskeid, 1811.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD.

WHEN the conversation of any company is flagging, it can often be revived by asking each one present to recall the earliest memories of childhood. A motley and amusing group of incidents of child-life comes up at once fresh from far-off fields. The most commonplace mind among the number may furnish the most interesting reminiscence.

The furthest back thing remembered by Margaret was a journey taken with her mother to the house of her aunt Amelia, Mrs. Steuart of Dalguise, in August, 1806, when she was three and a half years old. "She made me," her record begins, "tiny books of coloured paper sewed together, edged with orange, and variegated; and gave me a basket made of pasteboard by herself, with this inscription in distinct black letters written on the inside,

> "My dear little Maggy, in case you should ask it,
> I'll tell you what things must be kept in this basket:
> A pincushion, needlebook, scissors, and thimble,
> To employ little fingers so tiny and nimble."

The brief record from which the above is taken was

written by Mrs. Stewart Sandeman in her sixty-first year. The whole of it will appear in this volume under the proper dates.

Two of Mrs. Stewart Sandeman's cousins-german still survive her, one at an age much beyond that to which she attained. Her faithful maid, Christie, afterwards Mrs. Harris, of whom we shall hear more, at eighty-three is teaching to this day in her house in Perth, after being for forty years at the head of the Hospital Girls' School there. Nor have many years passed since the death of her first governess, Miss Clark. All these retained in the store-house of memory vivid recollections of the child they loved, and of the mother, calm, wise, and patient, who had endeared herself to each of them.

The oldest of this circle, Mrs. Stewart, when seen lately, and asked her first recollections of Margaret's childhood, said, "Being eight years older, I sometimes got charge of her when quite a little child. I came from Kinvaid to Mrs. Beveridge's boarding-school in the High Street, and spent my Saturdays with Mrs. Stewart. One day in the garden, my brother John, then Dr. Stewart's assistant, was playing with us. The new servant, Peggy, passed us on her way down the steps to the river with her water-cans. Her tucked-up petticoat showed her feet, and Dr. John remarked, 'See what big clumsy feet Peggy has got.' 'Don't say that,' said Margaret in a moment; 'do you not know that it was God who tied these legs on to Peggy?' As we went in from the garden, we had to pass the door of one of the

servants' rooms. It stood open, and two of them were whispering within. Margaret peeped in and gravely said, 'Don't whisper, you know mamma doesn't like whispering.'

"Kitty, her nurse, took her for a walk every morning past the old Gowrie House, then still standing, to the Park farm, which my uncle kept for garden and dairy produce. One Saturday, on her return, she came running to her mamma, saying, 'Do you know when I was going to the Park garden what I heard them saying? One man said, "There goes Miss Stewart, Bonskeid," and another said, "There goes Miss Stewart, Coille-bhrochan."' Her mother at once replied, 'Indeed! and did you hear no one say, "There goes Miss Stewart of the Watergate?" for that is all that you have to do with at present.'

"Mrs. Stewart used to send us errands together. One day it was for patterns of chintz to hang on a little bed, and she bade me go to one or two places in search of them. After getting some at the first we went on to the second, and when I had chosen them, and the man was putting them in paper, little Margaret said before him, 'Now, why did you come here? I am sure those you got in the first shop were quite as pretty,' making me feel quite put out.

"She was a most lovely child. Another girl who came in to tea said to her own mamma afterwards, 'Don't send me to the Watergate again, I feel so awkward beside that fairy flying about.'

"Margaret came in to dessert and sat by her father.

No one could look finer than he did in full dress. Peers looked poor beside him! His blue eyes would sparkle, and he had the kindest thing to say to every one One evening the gentlemen were talking about having been weighed, with the results. Margaret put her hand affectionately on the shoulder of old Colonel Collyear Robertson, her grand-uncle, who allowed her all liberty, saying, 'And what, I wonder, would *this* little meagre mannie weigh?'"

It was no easy task for her mother to keep the little girl from being spoiled. The most indulgent of all her friends was Mrs. Bisset, the widowed and childless mother of Dr. Stewart's first wife. Most graphically in after life would Margaret reproduce to us these earliest friends of hers. Mrs. Bisset made her morning visits to the Watergate in the long, hooded cloak of black silk, lined with grey fur, then in fashion, and now for some years past in vogue again. She trysted the little maid to tea to her apartments in St. John Street, up one stair. Arrived there, the nurse was sent away for the afternoon. Two cups were on the tray, from a set of which each had a different hand-painted picture upon it. The "*four hours*" (now revived as 'four o'clock tea') included shortbread laden with comfits and orange-peel, thick cream in the even then old-fashioned little cream-jug, still preserved, and sugar-lumps to be lifted with the tiniest of tongs opening like scissors. The lady herself, with the tall widow's cap and gold spectacles, and the kindest of care-worn faces, might she not be allowed to enrich h[redacted] this child even

to the spoiling? Mrs. Stewart forgave herself for giving in to the mourner, when she saw her thus enabled somewhat to forget the three grand-children who with their mother slept far away in the vault of the old church at Blair Athole.

Another friend of her childhood Margaret was wont to describe most vividly, till we could almost see him stand with his black apron and his awl doing the finer parts of work in his front shop. Little scarlet slipper fronts are lying there in half-dozens. There the child had often sat on the low form to be fitted with boot and shoe. Now she has come on quite another errand. Her mother had been long thinking over what must be done on account of her self-will and slow obedience. At length there was an outbreak. Imperious accents had been heard behind the nursery door; her maid had complained; and mamma had gravely whispered that there were means of correction more to be dreaded than her soft hand. So now she stands with her white beaver pressed to the counter and hears the order given for the *tawse*. Thereafter she went morning by morning with nurse Kitty to see if it was ready. Mr. Fairney could ill conceal his amusement at the inquiry made in silence by these arch black eyes peering up at him from below the counter. The little figure was enveloped in a scarlet coat trimmed with swansdown, made by her mother from the dress uniform her father had worn in Holland, which had long lain useless. The tawse was placed in her hands, and carried home; but straightway it was

deposited by her in the slop-pail, where it had to remain. For some time the admonitions which this called forth secured obedience; but at length her mother had to make one effort more to subdue her spirit. A strait-jacket of striped tick was made, blue and white, and tied so as to render the little arms powerless. She had been decidedly naughty, and being made fast in the jacket, was left in the empty *napery* room, without carpet or furniture. The linen presses, which were said to contain a hundred table-cloths and a thousand towels, stood high up round the walls, and a well-filled ink-bottle, used for writing out the lists, stood, with a pen, on the ledge. The shutters were made fast, and the little prisoner paced up and down in the darkness, untameable. The light which the chinks admitted fell on the long curls, flushed face, and struggling shoulders of the beautiful child. At last she got a knot near enough to her mouth to loosen one end with her teeth. Little by little, she freed first one hand and then another; after which she climbed the window-sill and unhooked a shutter. Revenge lay with the ink-bottle. Down it was lifted, and once more she paced the floor, darting a penful of ink in every direction, till walls and floor bore the marks all over. It happened to be her father who released her; and as his rule was not to punish, she went scot-free. Between step-grandmother and indulgent father, what could a mother do? But the child had no recollection of any further attempt at restraint being required.

To her sister Amelia at Dalguise Mrs. Stewart had

been accustomed to write every detail of her child's progress, even from infancy, as her little nephew Charles was of the same age :—

"*December*, 1804.—At a year and ten months my little girl has acquired some degree of pettedness and self-will, which, I think, could have been prevented by a more sensible keeper, and may still, I hope, be remedied without harsh means, if I can be more with her. I have great hopes that seeing other children who are well managed may be of use to her also. She is extremely quick, and has an excellent memory, with a sweet, affectionate disposition ; not very merry, but disposed to talk and be amused, with a good deal of infant fun in her. She can pronounce all the letters except *x* and *v*."

"*Her second birthday*, 1805.—The self-will rather increases, but she is merrier than before, loves to hear one talk, asks to have the same story repeated,—for instance, about Noah's ark. Her understanding improves ; she goes to the garden for flowers ; now spring comes, I shall be more with her there. She is fond of hearing singing, and of bobbing up and down to any music of drums, bells, &c. At present she hides nothing from me. She has been taught foolish little pieces of deceit by an old lady she visits, such as offering imaginary things when she has nothing in her hand, pretending to go to London, &c. I can do nothing at present to counteract this. I showed her Adam and Eve, and told her what fine flowers and fruit they had to take care of ; how all the birds and beasts came round them ; and that the angels, of whom she knew something from prints, came to visit them. But unluckily I said 'came flying ;' so next time we were on the subject she said, 'Flying like a goose ?'"

"*June*, 1805.—I was obliged to whip her thrice in one day for obstinately refusing to do what I bade her. She, however, tells me distinctly that I will never whip her when she is a good child. It is much better to amuse her into what is wanted of her, without seeming to mind her ways. Talking on almost any subject brings her round. The day after I whipped her, when she was playing by herself, I heard her say to one of her imaginary personages, 'What mamma bids *must be* done.' Yet it will

require some time to get the better of her little gusts of passion. She observes and asks the meaning of anything that passes in company; not the smallest gesture, word, object or noise, near or at a distance, escapes her; she is thus open to any impression a good or bad companion would give.

"16*th September*, 1805.—She likes much better to be decidedly told what to do than to be allowed latitude. She gives freely of whatever good things she gets; has in reality no deceit, yet betrays the natural propensity to disguise. Lately she wanted me not to look at her doing something I had forbidden her to do; she came and bade me look to my own work or I should prick my finger with the needle. I quite expected her to add, 'That you may not see what I am doing.' This is the greatest instance of cunning in her I have observed."

"20*th June*, 1807.—You will not complain of your pet's height, dear Amelia, after hearing that of mine. If my yard (not an ell) is correct, she is three feet two-and-a-half inches, without shoes and stockings; so she is just an eighth taller than her cousin James Oliphant, Gask. You wrote '*long* may they grow,' which is in one way a needless wish, except for our Magpie. As to most things you will find her like any other affectionate, playful child, who has been much indulged; her whole character may be seen in one day. The simplicity of infancy is quite unimpaired as yet. She sometimes does appear sullen, but only before strangers. Instead of being like the man who, his wife complained, hung up the violin at the outside of the door when he came home, she takes it down there. Her memory is most retentive, and she has the mind of a poet in miniature. She is full of fun and humour, with, what I believe most children have, a great sense of fitness of means to ends, and exactness in comparing things. She has great facility in getting poems by heart, and in imitating tones and gestures. While I write she is personating Miss Hall, and teaching her school with no perceptible difference in the accent. To a gentleman, who teased her yesterday, she said gravely, 'Kitty is away, and Miss N. is away, and I will *not* give you my cat.' Keep this sheet and compare her with it when we come. I fear she is a little spoiled; of this you must be judge. It comes from old women applauding every word and

action, and from maids not being clever enough for her. As to her getting whatever she likes from her papa at meals, perhaps it is of no consequence. He never praises or makes a fool of her, in spite of the bewitching little ways she has with him, but enjoys every little turn and word very much, when he can be with us, which is seldom. When she saw a flame from a letter I had thrown into the fire, she said, 'Oh, mamma! it was a pity to burn that letter, since it was from Aunt Caroline (Lady Nairne).' When she asks who made us and gives us everything, I tell her; and she wanted to make a picture of Him to-day. I told her about not doing that, and then she asked if she might make a picture of King George. I said, 'Oh yes,' then she asked, 'Do you like King George better than God Almighty?' I am often sorry none of you are with me to enjoy her little prattle and ways, as if you had not three of your own!"

Her aunt Caroline writes:—

"I came to Perth with Mr. Nairne; found my little niece Margaret all that I expected; never did see a finer looking child,—very pretty and very intelligent. What a precious gift to her mother!"

Her aunt Margaret (Mrs. Keith) also describes the child in her journal at this time:—

"Little Margaret Stewart, Bonskeid, is very pretty, and clever to an uncommon degree, which an only child is apt to appear, people say. I find her decidedly so."

On the 9th April, 1808, Mrs. Steuart of Dalguise died at Dunkeld, whither she had taken her children for the winter to attend school. The children took measles; she caught the infection, and when seeming to recover, sank from the after effects. Margaret went with her mother to the house of mourning, and in her record already quoted writes:—

"When we went to visit her bereaved husband and

children at Dunkeld, where she died, except the black frock, worn by Charles (my contemporary in age, and favourite cousin) I can remember nothing sad. I saw the coffin; but they covered it with green for me, and it did not look funereal."

The event formed the crisis in the spiritual history of Mrs. Stewart of Bonskeid. Recent intercourse with her sister had been helpful to her; but now she first came into the light, and reflected it all around her. It was for her child that the most tender proofs of this new love were ever kept. Very lovely were the summer days of 1808, for the enjoyment of mother and child. "After a cold, late spring," writes Mrs. Stewart, "the summer was uncommonly fine, harvest very early, and mild weather till the middle of November. Strawberries and raspberries ripened of a second crop, many flowers bloomed afresh, and a second brood of birds in some places was hatched."

From first to last transparency was Margaret's characteristic trait. She never hid a secret from her mother, whose heart was all intent to answer each fresh demand for a new proof of love. Unsparing were her efforts to keep her one jewel bright, and the interchange of confidence unbroken. Even at play there must be truth to the letter. "Once while my mother was playing with me," she wrote afterwards, "in the dusk by firelight, in hiding a cork from her I placed it where I thought it would lie concealed, but when she came near the place, I said, 'Oh, it would not be there.' She did find it there, and from that time would not play

that game with me. Another time as I lay flat on a board at my lessons with a hazel-nut in my mouth, she said, 'Take that out of your mouth.' I removed it, saying, 'There's nothing in my mouth.' I don't know that I did mean more than play; but that nut was found by me lying in her desk, when at sixteen I opened it after her death. Only those two times in my life was there a semblance of hiding anything from her. She inculcated the love of truth in a remarkable way. To one very open and generally inclined to tell her my every thought, there was perhaps little temptation to the reverse. But 'the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' and she had at times to say, 'I think the glass is a little dim; go away and get it made clear:' she meant that she could see into my heart just as if there had been a window to look through.

"On the other hand, it was hard for me to learn the reserve proper before strangers. One of my merriest days was made dark by this before night. Sir William and Lady Drummond were spending the summer with their sisters at Logiealmond, after a long absence in Italy where he was Minister at the Court of Naples. Miss Maria, who was not on such intimate terms as her sisters with Lady Drummond, spent most of her time studying and painting in her own room. After I had passed the morning cutting out paper flowers and painting them as she bade me, she took me a long walk to look for wild-flowers for herself to paint. On the way home she took me to the Italian valet's cottage, to show me a pair of starlings. As we left, Miss Maria

said in her firmest tones, 'Don't say we called here to any one.' I meant to obey this order of one of whom I stood in loving awe. But after dinner a bird chanced to make a sound, and I exclaimed, 'Oh! you cry like the starlings.' 'What do you know of the starlings?' cried Lady Drummond. Then the secret came out—there was silence. When we were alone Miss Maria said to me, 'Margaret, you will be the misery of thousands.' Sorrow was useless; in bed I cried for my mother; but I had learned a lesson.

"Another lesson I got in this way. Sometimes I thought my evening dress was rather too plain, being made only of white muslin, with tucks, while others wore embroidery. One of these embroidered dresses had been given me. My mother said such rich work on the skirt would only be suitable to wear when I was older. It had lain on the wardrobe shelf, as it seemed to me, for a very long time. I was going out to a children's party. My mother had not said what I should wear. They were busy in the laundry, where I sometimes went to have a lesson; so I carried down my dress, laid it on the table without unfolding it, and took up the iron. Some one called me at the moment, and off I ran. When I came back the iron had burned its way through not one fold but eight, and my fine frock was gone."

The old cook, Annie Gibb, who was long in their service, used to relate her first experience of the little girl, who showed her round the premises. "She tripped downstairs with the store-room key, and we went in to

get the supply of cooking butter. I scooped it out of the large kit and heaped it on a plate. 'I think that is too much,' said the child. 'Nay,' said I. 'Then had not we better ask mamma, so as to know again?' In a moment the plate was balanced on her head, and she walked with it slowly upstairs. I followed her and lifted a large piece off, which was not fair in me. When we got to her mamma she laid the plate down and put her question. Mrs. Stewart said, 'Oh! that is not even enough.' Disconcerted, the little housekeeper said, 'Indeed, mamma, downstairs I thought it did look more.'"

One of the playmates of her childhood was George Patton, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Glenalmond. From their birth they had been next door neighbours, and went to play in each other's gardens. Margaret and he were once seen coming up the ancient little flight of steps which led from the Tay to the Watergate garden, where the two set about building an altar to Friendship, exchanging grave and earnest looks as it rose under their chubby hands. After George moved to Marshall Cottage across the Tay, they were often rowed to each other's gardens on either side the river.

Everybody was reading Scott's "Lady of the Lake" when it came out in the summer of 1810, and she learned many lines by heart. She was staying at Kinfauns with her mother, where it was being read aloud to a company, many of whom did not know the *dénouement*, and was warned not even in a whisper to repeat

the significant lines. At length she stealthily approached one of the party, and slipped under her embroidery a folded piece of paper on which was printed in large characters (she could not write)—

"And Snowdon's Knight is Scotland's king."

During that visit Lady Gray taught her on the Sabbath evenings to think of a Scripture character, to be found out by twelve questions: — first, Which book? second, Man, woman, boy, or girl? third, King, priest, prophet, or private man? fourth, Good, bad, or indifferent? and eight other questions at discretion. To her last year Mrs. Stewart Sandeman played this game with children, but allowing more questions, and taking in all the company. A basket of apples was often brought out, to be eaten as we played, one being neatly pared by each till the long red and yellow paring hung down all in a piece, and was thrown into the fire. "Crambo" always came next. This consisted in repeating the verse of a hymn, and whoever was quickest in beginning another verse with the last letter of the preceding verse went on with it. So many words end with the letter *e*, that in that case we had the option of the letter which preceded it.

Margaret accompanied her mother to the English chapel on Sabbath morning, and went in the afternoon with her father to the old church of St. John's, where Knox once preached. "One of my early recollections," she writes, "is that in the Prayer-book I still possess, given me by my mother as having belonged to her

dear father, Mr. Oliphant, the names of the reigning family were carefully covered over by slips printed with the name of 'Charles,' one of whose aides-de-camp Mr. Oliphant of Gask had been. Why my earliest sympathies and my most ardent feelings were enlisted for George III., I know not. His sad illness and his well-known goodness, it may be, had their share; but I was very ill employed in chapel in picking off the 'Charles' to restore the 'George.' My strong and lifelong abiding predilection for Presbyterianism was also soon to be formed. When I was five years of age, Andrew Thomson was appointed to the East Church, and his brother to the Middle Church,—their father, then of Greyfriars', Edinburgh, conducting the induction services for both. In the afternoon I was always anxious to go with my father, and there, being lifted upon the seat, I enjoyed greatly the services of the pastor. I used to come home, and with a square black handkerchief tied round me for a gown, recited, in exact imitation of the fine, bold, musical voice of Andrew Thomson,

"'Father of peace, and God of Love,
We own Thy power to save!'

and bits of his sermons. He left for St. George's, Edinburgh, when I was seven years old; and one book still bears the memorial of my sad loss in a square bit of paper, *printed* with the date 14th May,—the day, I think, he left us. I went to hear the farewell sermon, but did not lift my head all the time lest I should burst into tears."

The impression made on her young mind is shown by lines written half-a-century after :—

"To Andrew Thomson, my First Minister.

"His message—yet I feel its power,
His deep-toned voice I hear;
And, Lord, I bless Thee for the hour
It fell on childhood's ear.

Five summers over me had smiled
When here he came to dwell;
And my first sorrow as a child
Was his last sad farewell.

Yet, noble champion of the truth,
By grace, 'twas ne'er forgot;
It led me on through early youth,
And fixed my happy lot.

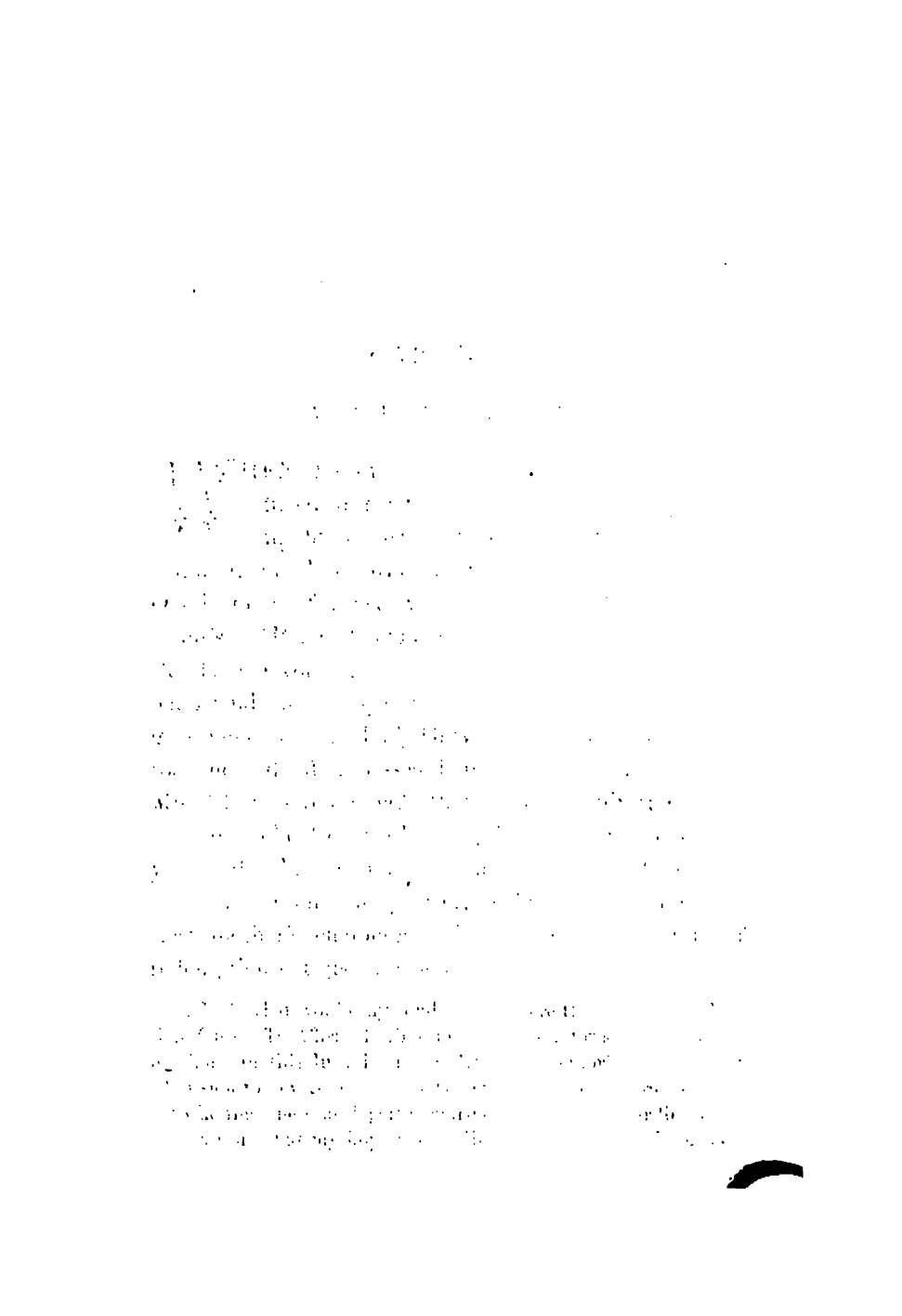
O Church in which that lot is cast,
Had he been left thee now,
How fair the wreath thy hand had placed
Around his honoured brow!

Thomson! how full fair Scotland's crown
Of radiant gems like thee!
Then never for one hour laid down
Their testimony be!"

Margery A. M. Oliphant.

Engraved by Thomas Wright from a Miniature.

Published by Hurst, Robinson & Co. 21 Berners Street.



CHAPTER III.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

WHEN she was eight years old a schoolroom was fitted up for her, not so much that her mind might be brought to love books, for that it did already, but rather that it might be disciplined. One instance of her early avidity for reading she herself records. "Before I was eight years old I had devoured the twelve volumes of Rollin's History." More than one friend was engaged in looking out for a companion governess for her. Lady Gray of Kinfauns, under whose roof she had often passed happy days, recommended a Miss Clark, a young lady then under training; but she was not to be free till her pupil would be nearly nine years old. Till then her mother continued to do her best for her, and the journal of 1811 reveals much of that mother's character. Her sense of the value of redemption is thus expressed:—

"Alas! what would my condition be were the tidings of salvation false. To Christ I cling for safety and for succour. He is my hope in this life; I rely on Him for comfort in death and admission to never-ending felicity beyond the grave. Some there are who imagine that departed spirits shall not see their Redeemer for a season; but my hope is that, like the penitent thief, we shall

immediately on our departure hence be with the Lord in Paradise. Such was the hope of my pious parents, who seemed while still on earth to have their souls in heaven. Let me die as they did, O blessed God, full of joy and peace in believing."

"*July* 1, 1811.—This week my dear husband has been attending families in the country, where a putrid fever prevails. Hitherto, he and his family have mercifully been preserved for a number of years past from being infected by his constant practice. Glory to Thee, O God, for so great a mercy."

"*July* 8.—I had a bunch of roses given to me as I was preparing to go to church, and their charming appearance and fragrance raised my mind to that paradise where we shall meet with roses that can never fade. I am ready to say, How can anything be sweeter or more engaging than this flower, till I recollect St. Paul's account of these things hereafter to be offered to the senses then fitted for the enjoyment of heaven, 'which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.' O blessed Jesus! enable me to be more zealous, and to serve Thee better, to do all I can to bring others to love and obey Thy mild commands, and to show by my cheerful alacrity in doing Thy will, that Thy yoke sits lightly upon me."

"*Sixth Sunday after Trinity.*—Old age approaches; the Autumn of my life has arrived. How can I ever praise God for all the mercies of nearly fifty years, in childhood and youth, and after youth was past; how few evils, and how many blessings have been my lot! I cannot praise Him in any manner as I ought. I feel quite unable, while a mortal, to express my thankfulness; but I will praise Him through all eternity for the blessings I have enjoyed here,—yet, oh! how much more for making that eternity mine by redemption; though I cannot at present comprehend how it will be possible to praise my God and my Saviour in a manner worthy of them. But as combustible substances appear black and dead till set on fire, so will this poor lifeless drowsy soul be lighted up and refined by the Holy Spirit, as soon as I am admitted to these pure regions of ineffable brightness and glory. In my present probationary state, I ought to labour in the vineyard to do all I can to show my obedience and love. It

is only while on earth we can be doing and working for our God and Saviour, and, as I have heard it well remarked, If the redeemed in heaven could grieve or have regret, it would be for having done so little work for their Master while they were on earth."

It was in August, 1811, that the newly-finished mansion-house of Bonskeid was taken possession of by Dr. and Mrs. Stewart. Miss Margaret Oliphant had devoted herself for four years to the care of her motherless niece and nephews of Dalguise, but had now married Mr. Keith of Dunnottar. The married pair came to Perth on their way north. Mrs. Stewart writes under date 4th August:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Keith in Chapel. There is now a house ready for our reception, beautifully situated, and every way desirable, but for one objection, which will prevent my ever making a request of my husband to live there—it is the great distance from a place of public worship. Should we or our heirs ever at any future period reside there, I hope they will make a point of allotting part of the house for a chapel, or having one built so near that they and their neighbours could constantly attend it. This would be a public blessing. May He who has cast our lot in pleasant places, and afforded us the means of living comfortably, incline our hearts to glorify Him by living as in His sight, and endeavouring to promote holiness in ourselves and others. Amen."

At that time the parish churches of Moulin and of Old Blair respectively were the nearest places of worship, and the roads to them were not so good as they are now. Her earnest wish for nearer places of worship has been granted.

For the first time, little Margaret and her mother walked down together from the Bridge of Garry to the

Falls of Tummel with the rest of the party. The new path by the river from the Falls to the house was not yet finished; as their arrival was unexpected, the path had to be cleared before them. These circumstances, and the bewildering beauty of the scene so often imagined and now first beheld by mother and by child, made an indelible impression on the minds of both. The new furniture also, lying at yet unpacked in the newly finished rooms, and the appearance next morning of men with saws and hatchets to clear the birch thickets in front of the drawing-room windows, which opened down to the floor, and at which the heather and ferns still looked in, made up the marvel. As the saws rasped and the branches fell, the Tummel came in sight with all the varied beauty of the hitherto unsuspected surroundings. It will be remembered that the public rooms had been intended for coach-houses; thus the only requisite for their site was that they should be hidden among the birches. Mrs. Nairne came and painted a picture of the house in oil for her sister.

Strangers, too, began to discover the beauty of the place. In November, 1813, Mrs. Brunton, the authoress, describes it thus to Miss Joanna Baillie, to whom she had dedicated her "Self-control":—

"Coillebhrochan (Bonskeid) is the wildest of all human habitations. It stands upon the banks of the Tummel, about two miles (Highland miles perhaps) above the Pass of Killiecrankie. Did you ever see the Tummel? It is the stream of my affection! Of all rivers it is the most truly Highland: an impetuous, melancholy,

romantic stream, foaming among the fragments that have fallen from mountains which seem to have been cleft for its course. Coillebhrochan has no lawns nor gardens near it, no paltry work of man's device to fritter away the majesty of nature! Fortunately there is no room for such disfigurements; for the site of the house occupies the only level spot between a perpendicular mountain and the river. The walks are cut in solid rock, and, sometimes approaching the brink of the precipice, show the Tummel foaming far below! Sometimes they descend to the very bed of the stream, and then wind up its perpendicular bank to show the noblest mountain view imaginable. But still all is deep solitude; no trace appears of any living thing, except now and then a roe springing from a thicket, or an eagle sailing down the glen.

"The place was advertised as shooting quarters, which brought some strangers where Lowland foot had seldom trod; but none inclined to take up their rest there. An Englishman who visited it the day before I was there, declared that he 'would rather have a grave opened and jump into it alive, than be buried in such a frightful desert.' You cannot imagine with what contempt the servants related this specimen of Lowland taste. 'I should lose at least one child a-day in these whirlpools,' said the Englishman. 'Your honour would need to bring a large family with you then for the summer!' answered the forester."

The Sabbath after leaving Bonskeid, Mrs. Stewart writes:—

"Morning text, 'So teach us to number our days.' Afternoon—have forgot the text. I fear my thoughts are too much engrossed by the new scenes I have been visiting. I have been thinking much about the necessity of erecting a chapel on the grounds at Bonskeid, and I am not without hopes it may some time or other be put in execution.

"Besides her regular lessons, I have finished reading with Margaret, Lindley Murray's book for young persons, entitled, 'The Power of Religion on the Mind in Retirement, Affliction, and at the Hour of Death, exemplified in the testimonies and

experience of persons distinguished by their greatness, learning, and virtue,—11th edition. The characters of Josias Hanway, Anthony Benezet, John Howard, and James Beattie I wish to read at length; the others, many of them, occur in history. Rachel Oliphant writes that Chappones' Letters, which I sent her, have been very useful to her, especially the chapter on Temper. I hear from her boarding mistresses, Panon and Brodbelt, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, that she gives them much pleasure."

"*October*, 1811.—I have been with Margaret this week in a family where nothing was wanting but signs of religion. In some of the members I know it exists, but they do not choose to show that they differ from those members of it, who, I fear, have none. But while I blame them I do not vindicate myself; on the contrary, I will all my life regret the cowardice I showed in allowing my child, contrary to my own conviction and to general prohibition, to read one of the many volumes of novels that were in all corners. In this point I betrayed my trust as the guardian of her education. May I be enabled henceforth to be more steady, and may her taste be formed to what is excellent, not to what is vile and refuse, in her intellectual amusements, by a better Guardian than me. Alas! what should I do if I did not think myself permitted on all occasions to apply for help and direction to my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; though I cannot comprehend how the Lord of lords and King of kings should vouchsafe to listen to the voice of so mean and unworthy a creature, who, though deeply convinced of that meanness and unworthiness, can yet feel proud and vain thoughts arise within me."

"*December* 28.—Finished reading new edition of 'Fragments in Prose and Verse,' by Elizabeth Smyth, portions of Klopstock's Letters translated in it, a good book for Margaret by-and-bye. Also 'Friendly Instructor, or Familiar Conversations for Young People,' by P. Doddridge, a very good little book for children between eight or ten and fourteen.

"Mr. Skeete preached from, 'For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous.' When expatiating on the eyes of the Lord being in every place, preserving Daniel from the lions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace, I could not forbear thinking of

the many providential escapes I have myself experienced, and how narrowly my child has several times escaped from danger; more particularly on the 21st of June this year. Glory to Thee, O Lord! for all Thy mercies. As she was running across the room, through a country-dance, she tripped a person's foot, who fell over her; a glass tumbler she had in her hand was broken to pieces under her, yet she was not hurt or cut, nor any one else."

"*January*, 1812.—Margaret wrote as follows, and showed it to me (I had been displeased with her to-day for a little): 'O Lord Almighty! I thank Thee for all Thy mercies to me and all men. I confess to Thee that I am a sinner; forgive me all my sins, especially disobedience to my parents' (I cannot accuse her of that); 'grant that I may never do so again. Bless my dear father and mother; bless our gracious king; and, if it be Thy will, alleviate his sufferings in this life, and grant he may go to heaven at last, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.' She has asked me to give her a plain dish for dinner on the general fast-day (for the king), and I shall be glad if she imposes little acts of self-denial on herself from time to time, in the way of eating as well as other things. Denying the appetite its cravings helps to subdue the will."

Miss Clark had now entered on her duties with her pupil. Lists of books are preserved as having been selected for the schoolroom library for the child of nine years old, as well as for the studies of her governess. These studies were scarcely begun when Margaret had whooping-cough so severely as to be considered in danger. Her mother having left her on one occasion to go to chapel, writes: "Text—'Train up a child,' &c. Though my child was absent, the sermon encouraged me throughout. I have great reason to hope that the instructions I have endeavoured to give her, through the blessing of God, will not be like seed thrown upon stony

places, but that they will spring up, and bear fruit abundantly."

The summer of 1812 was spent with the Keiths at Ravelston, where Margaret recovered. Till she went to school, her visits there were frequent, as well as to her uncles and cousins at Dalguise and Gask, Sir George and Lady Stewart at Murthly, Major and Mrs. Nairne at Holyrood, and to the Misses Drummond at Logiealmond. The schoolroom work went on during all these visits.

"*September* 2, 1812.—Staid in the vestry till the afternoon. Mrs. Buckle and her daughters, Jane and Frances, were with me, on their way to Murthly. Mrs. Buckle, whose opinion I rely on, approved of the way in which Margaret has hitherto been brought up, advised me to check skilfully any tendency to pertinacity, to which being allowed to join in conversation may lead ; admired Dr. Stewart's great attention to everything and every one ; hoped M. might yet be of use to bring about an interest in spiritual things. She thought me not cheerful and complacent enough, and dwelt on the duty of showing cheerfulness, inwardly realised, in the countenance at all times. Probably her husband Mr. Buckle's great usefulness, as in the case of my sister, is increased by this."

A passage out of Lady Nairne's life explains the allusion :—

"Some time before, Caroline was on a visit to the old castle of Murthly, where Mr. Buckle had also arrived. He was a winner of souls. At morning worship she was in her place with the household, and listened to what God's ambassador said on the promise, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' Faith grasped it. From that hour she never had one doubt of God's love to her in Christ.

"But that afternoon she was seen no more. Her fair face was spoiled with weeping when she again appeared. Her eye had caught the glory of the Son of God, and burned with love to Him

of whom she henceforth could say, 'Whose I am, and whom I serve.' Her pen, her pencil, her harp, as afterwards her coronet, were laid at His feet, to be henceforth used, *used up* by and for the King." *

Immediately following the last entry are these lines from Mrs. Stewart's pen :—

"My birth appointed was above,
And still I prove my Maker's love,
Year after year as on I move.
O'er me are Spring and Summer gone,
Life's Autumn now comes stealing on.
In health and ease the years have fled
Peaceful and silent o'er my head.
Hope's purple pinions onward fly,
And Faith, assuring bliss on high.
Now holy Charity my heart enfold,
Transform, subdue, and turn its lead to gold."

Mrs. Stewart writes thus of a severe illness from January to June, 1813 :—

"I thought I was going to leave this world for a better. How earnestly did I then lament having failed in duty, and having been guilty of sin, and how firmly did I resolve, by God's gracious assistance, to be more circumspect for the future. It pleased Him graciously to restore me the use of my limbs, and to raise me up again."

Miss Clark, the governess, lived to a great age. In a last interview with her, she was asked if she could explain by anything in Margaret's youth, the venturesomeness and confidence which characterised Mrs. Stewart Sandeman in speaking and writing regarding eternal things to people with whom she had scarcely—as others might think—a right to make free. "I came,"

* From "The Soulgatherer."

she replied, "a girl in my teens, chosen, I often felt, chiefly to make the old house merry for the little girl. I could not make out how, even after Mrs. Stewart's long illness the year after I came, her maid always knocked at twelve to wheel her from the drawing-room to her cheerless room upon the court. Just as she lay by the open window, delighting in the sunshine, the apple-blossom, and the flowers in the garden sloping to the river, with Margaret reading to her, she would be wheeled away. No one must knock at her door till one o'clock came; whatever the rank of the visitors, only my pupil and I could receive them. At last I said to her, 'Do you mind my asking why you are taken away every day out of the sunshine into that dark room?' She answered so kindly, 'Shall I tell you? All that hour I am asking one thing before all from my God—that He will make Margaret His own child. After that, I ask that, when she shall know Him, each descendant to the end of time may know Him too, and that every person to whose spiritual welfare she shall devote herself shall be blessed with the knowledge of Christ.'" Miss Clark and her pupil had been startled and impressed by an incident during that illness. Margaret had slipped into her room in the morning to ask how she did. Her touch awoke her mother, who opened her eyes, saying, before she well remembered to whom, "What a disappointment! I thought my Lord had come for me." She did indeed walk with God, did not yet see the child's hand clasped in His; knew she must leave her in the whirl of the

world's throng; but, nothing daunted, shut herself in to prayer. She spent the summer at St. Andrews, Kinghorn, and Ravelston, and returning to her home, where Margaret was with her father, wrote:—

"*September* 2, 1813.—To my great joy I found my dear child much improved, attached to her governess, and her temper sweet and docile. Praised be Thy name, O Lord! At St. Andrews studied and extracted from Paley's sermons; also those of Dr. Brown, Marischal College, Aberdeen; and Scott's 'Rokeby.' Also 'Calvary,' by Cumberland, and admired some of it much; also 'Philemon,' a poem by Professor Brown, Aberdeen—most of it well worth reading. Glanced over Parson's 'Voyage Round the World;' also Mrs. Græme's 'Residence in India,' at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, &c. I have been giving lessons to a little girl of nine, Helen Livingstone. Also studying Robb's 'Addresses to the Young,' and Mrs. Hamilton's exercises. Perceval's account of Ceylon is interesting."

"*July* 17, 1813.—Read Gisbourne's 'Walks in a Forest,' Coutt's Sermons, Parson's 'Travels in Asia and Africa;' now we are reading Herriot's account of part of America, with very pretty engravings."

On the steps before the rails of the Communion table, answering in turn with Margaret the questions of the Catechism, stood another girl of the same age: it was Margaret Sandeman from Springland. The family were patients of her father, and well acquainted with her mother, but the girls first met on the chapel steps. Mrs. Stewart chose her as her child's chief companion, and from that time her Saturdays were oftenest spent at Springland.

"It was during my recovery from scarlatina," Margaret wrote, "and while still confined to bed, for I had it severely, that my mother first read to me

Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' from the edition of 1782, which bore the inscription, 'From Lady Harriet Nairne to Marjory Oliphant, 1784.' It was one of her favourite books, and she gave me that copy. I heard it with the relish of an imaginative mind."

Before that the Iliad had been read in translation till much of it was got by heart, and Rollin's Ancient History was gone over several times.

During the war with France, Perth was one of the principal stations for the French prisoners, who, landing at Dundee, were marched up to the depôt at the top of the South Inch, afterwards enlarged into the great General Prison for Scotland. Once a week the prisoners were allowed to appear at their gratings to sell the neat workmanship of their leisure hours. Margaret never missed an opportunity of going with her governess to this weekly sale; the faces of these brave men, their politeness, and their gratitude for the purchases made, were remembered by her, long after the fragile workmanship, dexterously and curiously displayed on boxes, needle-books, yard-measures, silk-winders, made of straw, painted, split, and diced, had disappeared from her treasures. For this her sixpences were hoarded. Gentlemen and ladies came for the costly articles, such as models of a man-of-war in wood and ivory.

Interruption came to all the work of Perth, whether to old or young, by the snow-storm which ushered in the year 1814—the last year of the French sojourn in British prisons. Mrs. Stewart's journal records its length and devastation. After copying into her book

Southey's "New Year's Ode," she writes the following, including extracts from the newspaper:—

"The year began with frost, which increased in severity for three weeks. Thaw commenced January 25th. The snow-storm was so severe in England that four London mails were due that day. The river Tay was frozen as far down as Newburgh, the first time since 1740. People walked over the strange white pavement to and from market, and Margaret could slide and run from her garden door on the frozen river to her friend at Springland. The 12th February was the most memorable day, and one of general peril and alarm. The ice of the river Almond had yielded to the rise of the waters and appeared in the Tay. The broken ice from the upper rivers arrived soon after. Guns stood ready to be used in breaking up the ice to save the bridge. About three o'clock the ice above the bridge began to move, and, breaking against the piers, was carried down through the arches. The force of the water, however, was not sufficient to burst asunder the massy sheet, which extended from the Barrack-ground to the opposite shore, until six o'clock, when it rose, and began its motion with slow and quiet majesty. Those who stood on the banks around gazed on this magnificent launch of Nature's hand. But the sublimity of the spectacle soon acquired much of the terrific. The ice farther down did not give way; a mile below, its solidity defied all the action of the water. The blocks, wedged together, did great injury to shipping. Above the bridge the river rose, covered the North Inch, upon which masses of ice rested, and filled the sunk flats of the houses. The moon rose on the High Street, half-flooded, and on the boats carrying passengers to the houses in Canal Street and the South Inch. The French prisoners suffered neither inconvenience nor fear, standing high above the dreaded river, and underneath the eminence from which the Romans exclaimed, 'Behold the Tiber.'"

"*September* 18, 1815.—An annual meeting of a Society formed for the purpose of educating poor children of Highland parents. There was a dinner conducted with sobriety, and a ball in the evening, the young women neatly and decently dressed, and remarkable for good behaviour. They were the daughters and

connections of the subscribers to the Institution. Dr. Stewart, the president and director, asked if I would allow Margaret to go to see the ball. After a few moments' reflection, I answered I would much rather not, and he was so good as not to desire it. I trust I will be enabled next year also to prevent her attending, and that her own wishes will not be for it, as they are at present. Enable her, O Lord, in heart and mind to renounce the vanities of the world. Though there were nothing against balls but their preventing private and family worship, that should be sufficient to keep us from them."

"1816.—The spring this year was late and very cold. Not an oak leaf was out on the 29th of May. A sudden summer followed, with great garden luxuriance. The take of salmon was extraordinary; during twenty-four hours from the morning of August 12, the tacksman is said to have made £500. This turned out well for the weavers of Perth, among whom money was so scarce at that time. Salmon was sold at 4d. per pound, and other things cheap in proportion."

Mrs. Stewart writes:—

"*December*, 1816.—My dear child has this month had measles, and happily recovered of them though severely ill. Let us be thankful to the Father of Mercies for preserving her, and pray earnestly that she may become a true and faithful disciple of the blessed Jesus, and, the longer she lives, be the better prepared for entering into the glorious inheritance He has purchased for His servants by His blood."

These weeks of seclusion were long looked back to by Margaret as having been weeks of reading aloud to her by her mother and Miss Davidson, Scott's poetry being all read through again as the lighter portion. In 1817 Mrs. Stewart went for the summer to Seafield, Ravelston, and Holyrood House. These proved to be her last visits to her sisters. She returned home, and wrote:—

"*September* 5.—In my absence I have read two volumes by

Rev. Dr. Thomson, Edinburgh ; two by Sumner—a prize book on the Evidences of Christianity ; Biddulph on the Liturgy ; volumes by Gisbourne, Sturm, and James, of Edinburgh ; the lives of Williams, Doddridge, and Kirke White, &c. &c. I am now reading Sir Henry Moncrieff's Sermons. They are evangelical, practical, and highly useful."

In 1818 we find her reading through Leighton's Works, Milner's Church History, and "Redemption," a poem by Walworth. With this her journal ends.

From the time of Mrs. Stewart's marriage, and until Margaret was thirteen, a single knock was heard daily at the same hour at the door of their dwelling. As soon as she became tall enough to reach up and turn the handle, the child was often the first to open the door. The welcome visitor was Mr. Henry Nairne, with cocked hat, high gold-headed cane, and hair in the queue worn in France. Tall, erect, with aristocratic mien, he brought good cheer whenever he came. There was somewhat of sadness underneath, but it was kept hidden. From the night he left Culloden with the Prince till that on which he stood by his dying pillow at Rome, he was seldom absent from him. He remained in France till the last of the exiles had returned. His stories of the past were inexhaustible. On a wet or dull afternoon he would carry off his little listener with him in fancy to sunnier climes. They would wander among the gay flower-plots of Sancerre, which were still his, although he had been obliged to sell the house to which they belonged. Then he would lead her round the corner of the stiff hedge to the quiet spot where his father, Lord Nairne, his sister, and his brother had been

laid. Again he would repeat to mother and daughter the oft-told tale of his escape with Prince Charles Edward to France, and of the other time when he took ship to Holland from Arbroath. On that occasion he had accompanied his father, Lord Nairne, Laurence Oliphant, younger of Gask, the Rev. Mr. Maitland, Mr. W. Drummond of Strathallan, and Mr. Graham of Garvock. It took them five days to reach Amsterdam. He would tell of their entertainment by the governor there; of the long cold journey in open carriages to Gothenburg; of the great reception, when Lord Nairne gave a ball to the ladies, which was attended by the principal families; of the dinner which preceded it, where one dish was a wild turkey with twelve blackbirds round it, another, two pickled geese, two hares, &c. Mr. Henry Nairne was poor; the fifty Louis d'or allowed him annually by Louis XV. had been chiefly used to pay his father's debts. He now lived in an apartment, on the third storey, in St. John Street, from which he would descend on Margaret's birthday, dressed in full court costume of dark green satin, and carrying a parcel of *bon-bons* for her.

In summer time another visitor often joined them, Colonel Collyear Robertson, Mrs. Stewart's uncle. He still passed the winter months in London, where he was often consulted by army men on account of his well-known skill in military tactics. His other portfolio he could more fitly bring to interest the little grand-niece in the Watergate. This contained plans he had drawn of the interior of the Ark, with all the measurements of

the space required for all the animals which could have been within it. After years of labour spent in this, he was able by it to answer the objections of some sceptical friends against the truth of that part of the Old Testament narrative.

These two aged men, who had passed through such very varied scenes in life, engaged in learned converse with the lovely eager listener seated at their feet, formed a group which none who saw them could easily forget.

After Waterloo, Margaret wrote, at twelve years old, these her first lines, on hearing in the garden by the Tay the sound of the guns fired from Edinburgh Castle for the victory:—

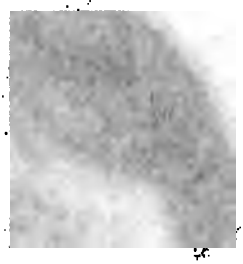
"FOR THE FORTY-SECOND GOING INTO BATTLE.

"See a martial band advance
With uplifted sword and lance!
Hark! in stirring sounds they sing:
'Praise the Lord, of armies King.
In the battle's fiercest rage,
Where our bravest foes engage,
There may all the nations see
That we put our trust in Thee.
And when Peace propitious smiles
O'er our mountains, rocks, and isles,
Grant then, Lord, that it may be
Still remembered 'twas from Thee.
When our country calls us home,
When to Scotia's land we come,
When our friends, our nation, hail,
Hear us tell the wondrous tale,
Still may this our chorus be,
'Twas the God of Hosts—'twas He.'"

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOL.

AT fifteen, she went to school at Newcastle. Mrs. Stewart's strength had been declining; she only thought of her child's good, and never of herself, else she could not have parted with her. "I left my mother," writes Margaret, "without solicitude. Margaret Sandeman promised to spend some hours with her almost every day; and each of her sisters and brothers would also do their part, besides my cousins and their many friends." Her parents had planned that she should spend two years at school. The travelling chest had been ordered long beforehand; it is still preserved, full of keepsakes of herself, with its brown leather cover, and brass nails set in patterns on the top. Smaller preparations being completed, her father set out with her on the coach journey to Edinburgh. They rested at Holyrood with his sister-in-law and her husband, Mrs. and Major Nairne, whose only child William was now ten years old. The mother was then in the midst of her anonymous song-writing, still undiscovered, but in later years to be known as the authoress of the "Lays from Strathearn." Next day brought them to Newcastle.



"I was specially committed," writes Margaret, "to the charge of Miss Smith (a lady without any earthly ties, who resided in the house), a devoted saint, who had just been the means of the conversion of her friend Miss Kemp, the talented and dignified head of the Seminary. The powerful intellect and proud spirit of the latter had bowed at the foot of the Cross. She had been governess in Lord Barham's family to Baptist Noel's sisters, and though not then a Christian, her defence of the Sabbath had been made of use to her young pupils. Regarding Miss Smith there was a mystery. None of us knew where she had been brought up, or who she was. Her God had separated her to the work of winning souls, and she stood as a mother to the girls, not only while under Miss Kemp's roof, but always after. My mother's highest aim was to see me the subject of converting grace. I found on arrival, in a blue silk pocket-book, or rather letter-case she had sewed for me, lines, most of which have for long years escaped my memory—

" 'Dearest child, we give thee up,
But not to chance or fate;
My Lord and Saviour is thy God,
Who shall secure thy state.

* * * * *

And to our arms thou shalt return
Again a child of God.' "

Mrs. Stewart Sandeman's recollections of those times when God began to call her to Himself, and to fit her for His service, were, like everything else in her experience, remarkably vivid. On the second Saturday morning, when she was passing from the dressing-room on her way out to spend the day at Frances Featherstone's (a fellow-pupil), Miss Smith met her on the landing. Those whose life is one long act of kindness to others can afford to make a startling and pungent remark when they see it is called for. Her words were: "Miss Stewart, do you know that you must either be a

Margaret.

Three years old.

London. Published by James Nisbet & Co. 21. Berners Street.

one of us should be suddenly called to a better world.' A shadow crossed my spirit: she was not so well as usual, I thought. But youth soon disperses shadows."

Margaret wrote to her father:—

"22*nd May*, 1819.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I received with very great pleasure your affectionate note. I owe much to your kindness in coming for me, and not in this alone but in every instance of it which I have experienced since I was born. I trust I shall be enabled to repay in some way the sacrifice which you and Mamma have made for my improvement. Many thanks for the money which is designed for me. Miss Kemp will without doubt send the receipt. I hope Miss Kemp and Miss Smith will go to Scotland next year in the holidays. I have told Mamma about our drawing master's intended visit to Scotland, and hope you will be able to give him some information about inns. I hope he can see the walks at Bonskeid, though Sir David Wedderburn is there. I wish he may see it.—I remain, dear Papa, your affectionate Daughter, M. STEWART.

"*P.S.*—Miss Kemp desires me to give her compliments to you and Mamma, and to say that she hopes you will sleep here while in Newcastle, as on Thursday she will have an empty house."

Before the three weeks had run out her father came for her; the journal continues:—

"One day, unexpectedly, my father arrived to fetch me, saying she was not well, but concealing the sad reality that she was within a few days of her journey's end. I gathered as much, however; and on the road home that word came with crushing power, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.'"

No shadow, however, hung over the sick-room towards which the child was travelling. Eagerly the dying mother looked for her return. Her sister Caroline, Lady Nairne, who had taken charge at her niece's

birth, had now again been some time watching over her sister in the altered scene. Christie, the same little maid whom Mrs. Stewart had chosen some years before and had taken exceeding pains in training, was now repaying her mistress by minute and thoughtful attention. Mrs. Stewart asked if a water-colour of Bonskeid,* which Mr. Douglas, one of her friends, was finishing, had not arrived. It had; but they had not ventured to bring it in at such a time. "Bring it and hang it opposite my bed," she said; and to it her eyes were always turning until they closed for ever.

Mrs. M'Vicar, an intimate friend, came to take leave of her. To her she said, "I have no pain—nothing, only constant fever,—and but one unanswered prayer. I have one little idol, too, that I have found it difficult to give up, but I have committed her to good hands. I have pleasure in 'the well-ordered Covenant.'"

Afterwards she asked her maid to bring the store-room key for Miss Stewart. When it was brought she said, "You would not give it her in that state?" and sent it to be brightened. So this chamber, where the command had been so often obeyed, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father," was now the scene of that open reward which is never withheld.

Into that room, in her thirty-seventh year,—just twenty years before, she had come a bride from Gask. She was then a duty-doer, a keeper of Church festivals,

* Engraved as a vignette to this volume.

accustomed to record the text of each sermon she heard, observing all that had been enforced by the chaplain of her childhood, Mr. Maitland,—one of the nonjuring clergymen. In that room, during nine years, she had dressed for the ball and the theatre, going with her husband wherever he led the way. Converse with her sister, Amelia, at Dalguise, had indeed begun to show her that there was more of heaven to be had on earth than she weened: even the Saviour's hand to be caught and held. Mrs. Hannah More's tracts had let in further light. But it was only when she lost that sister, and confronted death undisguised among her weeping children, that she perceived and welcomed her own share in the finished redemption. There, in the motherless home at Dalguise, she had stood forth in the light of God's grace. The dedication of her own child, now five years old, to the Redeemer, was then made in a new way, and had been lived out since, not only in great things but in small.

The carriage with its two occupants arrived.

"At five o'clock," writes Margaret, "I entered my home. She was now only listening for my voice. There, close beside her, lay the store-room key for me, and already, to another room prepared for him, she had sent my father's pillow. Her soul was at rest on Jesus' bosom. Aunt Caroline, as she sat with her that long day, thought once she saw the Saviour's glory come for her sister. When I entered she kissed me, and touched what she saw hanging on my neck—the silver medal. She would let none but me read the Bible to her. After I had repeated 'My God the spring of all my joys,' she asked for 'the comforting hymn.' At each one I tried she shook her head, until 'There is a fountain filled with blood' brought the sign of assent. But a mother's love and a

believer's faith were fast merging in the love of Jesus and the fruition of glory. Her last words were from the hymn beginning, 'The hour of my departure's come.' A short struggle; Dr. Wood said, 'Take Miss Stewart away;' and I was left desolate indeed."

The following letter lay written to her daughter:—

"My Dearest Margaret,—Look up with the eye of faith and rejoice in the happy change.

"Whether I am suddenly called away off the stage of life, or leave it by some lingering disorder, I am endeavouring to be in a fit frame of mind for my departure, so that I hope to be found watching when my Lord comes. It may, however, be the will of God that my disorder may be such that I shall have no recollection at the time, or be deprived of speech and unable to express my feelings. It is, therefore, a satisfaction I wish to give you and other dear friends, that I trust I shall die reconciled to God by the death and resurrection of my Saviour; that is the only plea I can make for pardon and acceptance—by free grace I am saved; and blessed be the Divine Spirit that gives me an earnest of the glory that shall be revealed.

"If Mr. Skeete, or whoever is clergyman, thinks of endeavouring to benefit the congregation of the English chapel by a sermon on death the Sunday after the interment of my poor remains, perhaps he will have no objection to take for his text the first verse of the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians—'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' The apostle does not assert this as hoping only for the accomplishment, but as if he saw and knew it as confidently as any matter of fact on earth; and not only for himself, but for those he was addressing. 'We *know*,' &c. I hope that a truly evangelical sermon will be preached and blessed to the hearers, whatever the text may be.

"You know I was keen about a crimson pulpit-cloth, instead of any cover that might be intended for our pew, but when the other repairs take place the Vestry may perhaps think of that. A copy of the Homilies is in every chapel in England,

Mr. Skeete says, and surely they can afford one here. Thus far written (but begun some weeks ago).—*2nd December*, 1816."

A June day lent its light, early and late, to the large funeral, for the eight-and-thirty miles to the old church at Blair.

The summer holidays were spent in retirement by the young mourner. Besides the irreparable loss of her mother she lost two of her kindest friends in 1819—her grand-uncle, Colonel Collyear Robertson, and her uncle-in-law, Mr. Keith of Dunnottar, who never lost an opportunity of giving tangible proof of his affection for her and her lamented mother.

His widow left Ravelston, carrying in her hand a farewell written to her once happy abode by her niece, Margaret Stewart of Bonskeid, beginning—

"That lovely wood, that swelling hill,
I now, alas! must leave;
But 'tis my heavenly Father's will,
And I no longer grieve."

Among her mother's papers Margaret found a volume, containing, besides the journals from which many extracts have been copied into these pages, the following: "Unconnected hints and instructions for my dear child, as they occur to my mind. Begun April, 1812."

"It gives me much pleasure to see that her late disorder has inclined her to increased carefulness about religion—that is, making the proper improvement of it—and in the same manner I hope every illness or affliction will be the means of spiritual good.

"She asked me lately if I would wish her not to go to balls. Though I would not say I hoped she would not, which might have entirely prevented her, as she tries in everything to act up to my wishes, yet as I have not had her taught to dance, it will show her that I do not wish her to show herself off, if she should at any time be desired to go. Without excelling in dancing, and without being adorned to attract admiration, her going will not have so many bad consequences as is commonly the case. Another most important objection remains, and that is the impossibility of attending to the duty of evening devotion immediately before or after even the simple preparations she would be obliged to make for going to a ball. Her dress, indeed, might be the same as at home, but would not her thoughts be abroad? and of course her prayer would be an empty form. Another form would be repeated, and with as little recollection next day, for the morning would be passed in bed, breakfast would be late, and so all the employments of the day would be in some degree deranged. This, at the most moderate computation, is the effect of going to a ball; fatigue, catching cold, vain thoughts, or disappointed hopes, may often be added.

"As for the play-house, as she values my injunctions she will never enter it. So far as it exhibits the pomps of the world (not to deter from, but to invite to follow), she has renounced these in her baptismal vow. Nor are the flesh and the devil less sworn against anywhere than in the theatre as at present conducted. Attending it has, besides, the objection made with regard to balls—viz., the play must be so much in the thoughts, that evening devotion, if performed at all, will be a mockery instead of a homage to God. Going once will make one more keen to go a second time, and continually while the opportunity is afforded; while the price of the ticket, &c., on each occasion might be the means of supporting a poor family for almost a week. Another consideration is, that every person who encourages the play-house by frequenting it, is more or less answerable for the temporal and perhaps the eternal misery of those poor creatures who contribute to amuse the audience; but who, after their gaudy part is acted, are often destitute of the comforts and necessaries of life, while their children are brought up in idleness and vice. There are excep-

tions; but this must be the case with the greatest part of those who follow the wretched profession of actors and actresses. Let my dear child, instead of encouraging, do what lies in her power to dissuade any individual of that class who may apply to her from continuing in that way of life. Let her give them books to instruct their children, and the money a season's ticket would have cost, to put them to learn some useful employment, so will she be exercising a double charity, and endeavouring to turn souls from the error of their ways. Of those who do so, it is said, 'They shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

"I have already warned my dear child against balls, and prohibited, as far as my commands will hereafter control her, going to see plays. I must now express my entire disapprobation of all sorts of gaming, that is playing at any sort of game for money, however trifling the sum, laying wagers or taking bets, engaging in lotteries, or any other thing where there is certain loss for uncertain gain by way of amusement. I do indeed find myself *obliged* sometimes to join in a game of commerce, where I put in sixpence, and may gain the money of all the other players at the table; when I do so, the pool is invariably allotted to the poor; but I oftener lose my sixpence, which would have been certain gain to some poor object. I think the time lost is still worse, and entreat my dear child will never play more than a very limited time, more especially as a company goes to cards or backgammon at the very time that ought to be allotted to evening prayers. I am therefore perhaps blameable in not prohibiting them altogether, and indeed I trust when she may have a house of her own, cards will never be seen in it.

"I have allowed you to learn music; the principal reasons for doing so were higher, but one was, to be as a substitute for cards. If the instrument is the organ, and the subject sacred music, you not only will amuse, but delight and edify the company, even on a Sunday evening.

"You have often heard my sentiments with regard to work. I think you should work busily during some part of the day, but not in ornamenting clothes for yourself, or even making them. Mending I have no objection to; it is what a servant seldom does neatly; it will not be apt to engage your mind too much,

and it is the means of saving a great deal to give away; for some articles will last as long after being neatly repaired as before they required mending, so one article may serve as long as two would have done. Your chief works should be for the poor, whether useful for them to wear, which is the best employment, or ornamental for them to sell; in this your visitors may be very willing to assist you. When engaged in working for others, your thoughts will more naturally flow in a right train than if you were making clothes or ornaments for yourself or friends.

"Drawing is a most pleasing amusement, but it is too apt to engross the thoughts to be much indulged in, and ought to be confined to flowers, and light easy ornaments for your charitable works. I spent much time and money in painting in oil; and I would wish you never to attempt it. Drawing is one of those employments that cannot so well be applied to charitable purposes as many others. Where it can be made serviceable, I have no objection to it, and it may sometimes be made instructive to young people, either in the way of copying maps, or in making collections of drawings of plants, where the botanical and common names can be subjoined (as in a collection of Miss H. Fergusson's). Where the plants themselves can be dried properly, the process will take up less time than drawing, and answer the purpose of learning the names as well. Small books of these dried plants might also be made for basket-women to sell. If sold along with a little nosegay of the same flowers in a fresh state, it would increase the interest.

"You will find reading a constant source of instruction and amusement. You know my sentiments as to the nature of the studies I wished you to pursue in your earliest years. The Bible has been the constant companion, solace, and guide of my youth and my old age, and I trust it will be yours through life. When you were very young, you delighted in reading hymns and getting many by heart, and I regret that I ever permitted books of a different description to be put into your hands. I mean children's story books; because the tales in them were not true, and because they prevented your continuing to relish as you would have done your infant studies. I trust much mischief has not been done to your understanding, since you now can listen with pleasure to

history, and that God will graciously incline you again to relish religious books, and put away from you all the evil my inconsideration may have occasioned, as well as supply to you every good advice and means of instruction I have omitted. For this I continually pray. It is very hurtful to read any book in a cursory manner; choose those that are excellent, and peruse them regularly and deliberately, endeavouring to recollect what you have read the day before, when you are going to resume your reading. Even your present library of religious books, if studied in this manner, will occupy a considerable portion of time, and tend much to your improvement.

"When it shall please God to deprive you of your dear father and me, you will probably have no near relations who will have it in their power to reside with you, and whom you could consult and be directed by in anything that embarrassed or disquieted you; but He who allots your situation will be with you, His ear will be open to your call, and His Word will afford you light. Walk by that safest of all guides, in simplicity of heart, wishing and praying to be directed in the right way, and casting all your care on Him who will never leave you nor forsake you. He has called you to be His child, and has led you hitherto, therefore in all your wants apply to Him for relief. Our blessed Saviour has said that whoever does the will of God shall be as His sister and mother. Who can despond after such gracious, such astonishing encouragement? Only bring it home to yourself, and keep these and similar promises in your mind. Above all, if left to yourself, keep from all dissipation, pray to be enabled to make a plan to act upon, and strictly adhere to it. Establish family worship, and be intimate only with those who, like you, consider themselves as pilgrims travelling to a heavenly country, not to be turned aside by the vanities of this world, but partaking moderately of its necessary refreshments to help you on your way. Help others with all your power and influence to go on in the same blessed road with yourself, but never permit, no, not the dearest friend or relative, to take you aside from it. If narrow, it is safe and pleasant, and offers a boundless prospect of your inheritance at its termination.

"Nothing gives me more anxiety than the thought of your

marrying without due consideration. In this most material of all steps, pray earnestly and unweariedly to be directed. If you do, you will not marry a man of whom you cannot think He to whom you pray would approve. You may be taken in by a designing and artful man if you marry on a short acquaintance; it is therefore necessary that you should be vigilant and watchful, that you may not suffer yourself to be drawn on to so great a partiality for an agreeable outward appearance and the semblance of good qualities, as to make it painful for you to draw back when upon further acquaintance you find the essential qualities wanting. You know what these are, and how few possess them. Yet if you marry where they are wanting, you involve yourself in numberless difficulties relating to this life. You will be thwarted in your best designs, grieved to the heart to see him whom you are bound to love and obey going on in a course you cannot approve, and your prospect will be beyond the grave clouded by the thought that your partner on earth does not live such a life as to leave you a reasonable hope that he will partake with you of the joys of heaven. How much more happy, easy, and respectable will it be not to marry at all, than to be united to one who, instead of leading and drawing you on in a holy life, will be not only as a clog to impede your progress, but who will be dragging you back. You will not be able to regulate your time, your servants, nor your children, as you ought, nor to pay that duty of esteem and love a wife owes and promises to a husband. You will not be able to have regular family worship, though that is so essential a duty that you cannot expect a blessing on your home without it. See on this subject a sermon by Drysdale, the introduction to Jay's 'Family Discourses,' and an excellent treatise 'Concerning Prayer and the Answer to Prayer,' by Mr. John Brown, minister at Wamphray (1720), where most convincing arguments for family devotions are adduced. Oh, may you never be mistress of a family where the day is not begun and ended with prayer and praise to Him who gives us all we have and are. I cannot see how the practice of card-playing is consistent with the duties of the evening, and therefore I must repeat what I have already mentioned, that I hope cards will not be resorted to where you are mistress, nor be joined in by you

when you are at the houses of others. The self-denial of coming home, or retiring to your room when they begin, will be amply repaid by the consciousness of doing what is acceptable to God, and having your mind less distracted during family and private prayer than it would otherwise be.

"*September*, 1818.—I would have thought it too soon to write anything on the subject of forming a connection, &c., had not a late occurrence showed me that even a girl at school may be addressed by foolish or artful men, actuated by motives of interest much more than by regard or attachment. You happily escaped from this snare, but others may be laid by persons who are more prepossessing in their appearance and manners, who yet may be actuated by the same motives. Fix it, therefore, firmly in your mind that you will never countenance the addresses of any person who is not decidedly a religious man."

Dr. Stewart's practice had to go on. The summer of 1819 was an exceedingly hot one. Agitation, owing to his loss, with exhaustion from over-work, in such a season, brought on symptoms which threatened apoplexy. He could not be prevailed on to take repose, though he had fallen asleep at the bedside of more than one patient. Neither could he be hindered from setting out again with his daughter for Newcastle, where her mother had requested that Margaret should study for two terms more. An anxious circle of friends gathered to take leave of them when the hour for starting came.

"A week before our journey," writes Margaret, "I had travelled with my father in his gig, while he slept with the reins in his hand, and the servant, who was mounted, had to lead our horse. He would allow no one to accompany us on the journey to Edinburgh, but he trembled at every step while he walked from the coach to the carriage, and on reaching the royal apartments of Holyrood, the residence of my uncle and aunt, sank helpless into a chair. Drs. Hamilton and Abercrombie bled him profusely, and

contrary to expectation, he was still alive in the morning. His herculean constitution rallied so quickly that he was able to carry out his venturous resolution, and took me on to Newcastle within the week. He arrived haggard and exhausted, to the alarm of Miss Kemp; but strict diet and abstinence were the means of his recovery. He returned home, and I was left to my school work."

She wrote to her father :—

"NEWCASTLE, 16*th November*, 1819.

"MY DEAREST PAPA,—Your affectionate letter, which arrived on Saturday, was rendered more welcome from my not having heard for so long a time. We were rather uneasy about your health. I rejoice to hear of its continuance, and may He, who still studies our good whether He gives or takes away, long preserve it to be a blessing to me and all around you, and when it is His will that we should bid adieu to earth, may we, though utterly sinful and unworthy in ourselves, be received into glory for the sake of Him who died to save sinners, and die like my dearest Mamma, rejoicing in that Saviour. I am quite delighted with the patriotism of those whom I consider it an honour to call my countrymen (and you among the rest) in subscribing £1000 for the poor. Long may Perth be a bright example of benevolence in the higher, of submission and resignation in the lower, classes. I have seen two lines, 'Let Glasgow flourish ever fair, and long may Perth with her compare.' However, I think the latter has not only attained the comparative but the superlative degree in this affair.

"The Sandemans are wanderers now. I must say Anna is not the fixed star of Springland, yet we must not call her a wandering star; she is rather a planet shedding its mild influence around, and then returning to its favourite point, for Springland will still, I think, be her favourite place of abode. I shall, 'tis true, miss them very much if they go, but shall I complain whilst my dearest Papa is striving by every kind attention to please me? Many thanks for the stuffed birds; yours has ever been kindness which I fear I shall never repay, but it shall be the endeavour of my life to do so. The draught arrived safe within the

letter. I am much obliged to you for the money which you send me. I will take great care of my music and all my books. I was sorry I forgot the hair, but will send it in this letter. In case I cannot write to Aunt Keith, will you tell her that I never received two letters from her, so one has been lost I fancy. Mr. Croser's family are coming into town for the winter, so I shall perhaps not be asked to go in the Christmas holidays. I have heard nothing from Miss Chaytor. How little £2000 is, when divided amongst four, yet I hope Mr. Kay's friends will assist his children. Be sure, please, to remember me to General Stuart; and, if you see Miss Chaytor, to apologise for my not calling. I am sure I did mean to ask you to go, but we went off in such a hurry to Dalguise that I could not well do so. As for her brother's displeasure, that shall not deter me from doing what I consider as my duty, and I believe as to preaching I shall not lose by the exchange; though Mr. Skeete's opinion of the Scotch clergy is very low, mine is not so. Miss Kemp desires me to present her compliments and thanks for the draught, which is perfectly correct, and for which she sends a receipt. Miss Smith also desires her compliments to you. Farewell, dear Papa.

"Please give my kindest love to Margaret, and tell her to write very soon. Love to Mrs. Rollo, Mrs. and the Miss Youngs, and the Miss Scotts, Mrs. Marshall, Fen House, and the rest of the Sandemans, and receiving the same for yourself,—I remain, my dearest Papa's affectionate daughter, MARGARET."

Dr. Stewart wrote in answer:—

"PERTH, 30*th November*, 1819.

"MY DEAR MARGARET,—I was favoured with your very sensible and well-expressed letter of the 16th current, evening, Miss Kemp's receipt for her amount, and balance that was intended for you. The sentiments expressed there are very proper ones, and such as I would wish to be the rule of my conduct not only to the present, but in the future. It surely is my duty, and now a double charge devolves on me, and hope I will be supported in fulfilling that attention necessary from a parent to a child that has never yet given me the most distant cause of

offence, but ever anticipated my wishes; and I look with pleasure and satisfaction to the time that I will be blessed with her society and advice in our domestic concerns, which I know will be given with sincerity, and from the heart. Since writing last I have had several of our friends with me here. In the first place, Mrs. Keith, on her way south. Colonel Collyear Robertson, on his way south, was at the same time joined by Mrs. Keith on her way to Dalguise for the winter. Then came Mrs. Douglass and her niece on their way to Edinburgh; and, some days after their arrival, they were joined by her son George from his tour on the Continent, in good health and spirits; and he affords them great amusement looking over his sketches and journals. All these mention you with pleasure and regard, as do all our acquaintances in town, and desire their best wishes to you. The Sandemans and the Miss Scotts are only arrived in town last week, General Stewart's family, the Rollos, the Youngs at Bellwood. Miss Isabella is to be married soon, I believe, to Dr. Ramsay, who came home some time ago in bad health from the East Indies, and returns there again, having got well, attended by her. Margaret Sandeman wrote to you last week, I believe. I carried her up to Logie Almond on Saturday, and Glas was of the party. She remains for a week. He and I returned on the Sunday. All there are well. They had a letter lately from Sir William and Lady Drummond telling of their safe arrival at Naples, where they are to pass some time. I had a very long letter, dated the 26th October, at Rome, from Mrs. Oliphant of Gask. She says Laurence has got quite stout, and that she means to set out from there early in the spring with her family for Gask, where she means to stay for the future. I think they will be home about July or August. She inquires very kindly for you; and says she received a good and kind letter from you. To-morrow I am to have Captain Gilbert Stewart, Kinvaid here, I believe, to acquaint me of everything being nearly arranged for his marriage with Miss Nan. Stewart."

Most heartily she threw herself into her work till the following spring. Friends previously made came round her with every proof of love. Like a star shone

before her eyes the text her mother chose and left in her desk for Mr. Skeete to preach from on the Sabbath after her death, "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Yet how to reach it was the problem, and the fight with unbelief lasted still.

"I went," she writes, "to the communion. At one time in preparation I seemed to catch a glimpse of Jesus. At another time I went in an agony to knock at Miss Kemp's door to ask her to let me stay away, for I could not believe. She did not know the depth of this unbelief, and refused. I felt that to all my overwhelming sin was added that of doubting God's own Word."

But though in conflict with unbelief and unsatisfied, she could on occasion, when placed on her defence declare to which side she wished to belong.

It once happened, when the young ladies were amusing themselves in the evening, that one of them twitted Margaret on the tendency of the Scotch to boast of their ancestry. Seated in her deep mourning, while cut to the quick, she repeated grandly these lines in answer:—

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned or rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The child of parents passed into the skies."

Before leaving school, she wrote to her father:—

"NEWCASTLE, 24*th April*, 1820.

"MY DEAR PAPA,—It is a long time indeed since I wrote to you; but spring is at length arrived, and writing will soon be unnecessary. I need not say that anticipation affords me great pleasure. June is near, and I then hope to see you. Have you been at Bonskeid lately? There has been a mas-

querade here. I think it is a most improper thing; for such speeches are made, and it seems rather like children at play, to say nothing of the waste of time.

"So Mrs. Sandeman and her daughter are to be in London. Springland looks so desolate when they are gone; but really nothing is certain on earth. I had hoped to see them all this summer; but disappointments are necessary for us. We must learn to look higher for perfect happiness, my dear Papa. We are all too apt to think that we can love God of ourselves; the Bible bids us ask for new hearts, that we may arrive in heaven. Do you think you will trust to Mr. Tyson to bring me? He will not come till a day or two after we break up. With what delight shall I see dear Scotland again!—

> "'O Tweed, gentle Tweed! as I pass thy green vales,
> More than life my tired spirit inhales;
> For Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
> With her bare-footed lasses and mountains so blue.
> To the mountains away my heart bounds like the hind,
> For home is so sweet, and my (parent) so kind.'—
>
> BLOOMFIELD.

"You see, I retain my Highland spirit still, and my love for Scotland! I hope to hear from you, my dear Papa, in the next *frank*. I have been going on with dancing at your wish, but fear that I cannot say that I show 'in every action dignity and grace.' However, I trust you may see some improvement."

When Miss Kemp gave up her charge of Margaret at her leaving school, she wrote to Dr. Stewart:—

"NEWCASTLE, *June*, 1819.

* * * * * *

"In parting with Miss Stewart we shall all feel deep regret, for I never met with a young person who so completely interested every one in her favour. She is, indeed, universally beloved here. With regard to myself, I really cannot express my feelings. The ties of affection and friendship which bind us will, I trust, never be broken. May she long continue a blessing to you, sir; and may you long live to enjoy it, is the wish of . . ."

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE.

TURNED seventeen, she went home in June to stay with her father for a little at Bonskeid, and visit their friends in the neighbourhood. Neither Dr. Stewart nor his daughter could disabuse the minds of tenants there of the terror that spirits were to be heard wailing in the old burying-ground, called *Claoidhe-cille*, by the Tummel side, as well as making noisy demonstrations at the Mains of Bonskeid. They asserted that ever since the contractor who had built the new farm-house there had stolen some gravestones to complete it, the spirits had returned to the place where their ashes lay to bewail the indignity to the dead. While the farm-servants were at supper, stones came rattling down the chimney; and when the inmates went to bed, low moaning sounds were heard which would not let them sleep. An old man still tells that when he went to supper with the little boy of the family at the Mains, and the two sat down by the hearth on their *creepies* (low stools) to eat their porridge, a long wand would mysteriously come over from the door and touch them gently till they shivered with fear, and then as unaccountably be lifted

off again and vanish. Articles appeared in the papers on the subject, and people came to see from all quarters. While the minister of Blair-Athole and a friend were on a visit of inquiry, the trough at which the swine were feeding began to move, mounted to the roof, and disappeared on the other side. At last the Rev. Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, resolved to go and remain till the mystery was solved. It became clear to him that two young persons who wished to marry and settle there were determined to frighten the old people out of the premises. When they found their plot was discovered, and that they would now be watched; quiet was restored to the graveyard and farm. The good people, however, could not live at ease in the same house with the dreaded stones which had come down the chimney, so Dr. Irvine had them placed in his gig, took them to the mason who was then erecting the wall round his manse, and had them built into it, saying they would trouble no one any more. A circle of beautiful green thorn now grows like a labyrinth in the centre of the ancient burying-place. Remains of a ruined wall can be seen round it. The sacrilegious hands which removed every gravestone may have pulled the wall down too. Of the ancient Culdee chapel which tradition no less than the old Celtic name indicates to have once stood there, and connects with the Priest's Stone across the river, no trace now remains. For dwellers on both sides of the strath this was the favourite resting-place up to the middle of last century. Thither the dead were brought from the glen, and by the ford from over the water, in the public

basket-work coffin, which was then in fashion, and laid in mother earth. Later still it became the customary asylum for such as had forfeited the right to burial in sacred places.

Mrs. Stewart had suggested that Christie should return to be her daughter's maid; but Margaret had become independent at school, and delayed the arrangement. One windy day, however, at Perth, she set out as usual on her favourite walk to Springland. As she reached the end of the bridge, a gust of wind carried her large crape veil to the opposite side of the bridge, where, unobserved by her, Christie was walking. In a moment the girl was by her side, the veil was securely pinned, and an invitation given to call next morning. Margaret walked on, thinking how each trifle seemed to bring about her mother's wishes, and then stopped to look out on the beautiful river on the banks of which her whole life was to be spent. Farther north it was the roaring Tummel, and here it was the wide, fast-flowing Tay. Never could she be persuaded long to leave its banks, unless for a visit of duty to any one who was ill. Seldom is such a life of eighty years so perseveringly spent at home. Next morning Christie came to remain. Sixty-three years afterwards, she writes:—

"22*nd August*, 1883. Miss Stewart was always writing poetry and throwing the scraps away, so I was always gathering them and hoarding up those I liked. I thought perhaps you might like to read the two I enclose—all that I have now. The one that is so much soiled, I suppose I had snatched out of the fire. [redacted] *addressed* to her friend, Margaret Sandeman, after Mrs.

Stewart's death, and is still legible, though torn, singed, and marked with the folds of sixty years."

"She is gone whose tender heart acted well a mother's part;
She who loved us well when here surely claims the falling tear.

Who shall now direct my way? Who shall be my guide and stay?
Who shall hush my every fear? Who shall dry the falling tear?

Hark! my friend, a soothing voice bids my drooping heart rejoice;
'Tis my mother's voice I hear, see, she dries the falling tear.

'Ere I left that world of woe, and was done with all below,
While I saw thee weeping near, saw the frequent-falling tear,

Then with faith I asked of heaven that a Guardian might be given,
Might dispel all grief and fear, and might dry the falling tear.

Then, my child, mourn not for me, Jesus shall thy guardian be,
He who is for ever near; then, oh dry the falling tear!

Nor forget my last request ere I mingled with the blest:
I bade thy Margaret be near, bade her dry the falling tear.

To her affection I resign that youthful heart that once was mine;
Thy drooping spirit she will cheer, she will dry the falling tear.'"

Margaret received numerous visitors from town and county. As the months passed more than one sought her hand. A lady of rank held counsel with Dr. Stew-

art, to bring about a union with one of her relatives who had occasionally met Miss Stewart. The girl was not to be told, but a visit at the Castle was arranged, and there accordingly she went. Nothing came of this meeting, nor of subsequent interviews at home; at which her father was much displeased. Her heart was already given to the brother of her early friend, Margaret Sandeman; although he was too considerate of her youth and prospects to take any opportunity for the existing feeling being made known on either side.

A party of young people was made up to show a school-companion from England the grounds of Craighall. Margaret brought home with her a white rose, and told her father who had given it. He questioned her about the matter, and sent for Mr. Glas Sandeman.

"Might she not, at least," asked Mr. Sandeman, towards the close of their interview, "be permitted to go abroad?" as it was well-known that her aunt and cousins at Gask wished her to accompany them to Italy. Not a word should, meantime, be spoken or written by him to her. The reply was that he was a fortune-hunter, but that his ambitious schemes should be effectually guarded against, and that the marriage must be now or never.

"Then," exclaimed the young man, "undoubtedly it shall be now, should she consent."

Margaret, in turn, when told of this interview, begged to be sent to Italy for a year, free.

"*And do you* really believe that when you return,

after a year, you will do as I wish?" asked her father.

"Never, papa," was the reply, "could I do anything but with your permission; but in my own choice I am unalterable."

After this conversation she wrote to him as follows:—

"My Dear Father,—How my heart is lightened by the thought that my beloved father is not entirely estranged from me. A wish from you is enough. You alone shall name the day. Should it be six months hence, I will delay it! Yes, with delight shall I remain with you, if you will still love me, and still feel pleasure in my showing myself, and subscribing myself, your attached daughter, M. Stewart."

The old chief, however, now in his sixty-eighth year, would neither reason nor relent. The decree went forth that the marriage should take place in a fortnight, with her rights to property signed away; otherwise—with his permission—never. In a fortnight was the wedding-day.

The morning of the last day in her father's house had come; he had been called away for the forenoon. At the ringing out of St. John's bell she came down dressed for church as usual, wearing, for the last time, mourning for her mother. Miss Maria Drummond, who had spent three weeks with her, bade her remain at home, as the banns would be proclaimed. She handed Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who had come the night before, a volume of sermons to choose from, to read one aloud when the household should assemble; and offered Margaret some

small white pin-cushions to arrange with her initials in pins, for fastening on the favours at the wedding next day. The bride asked if she might delay this till the morning. "Brides are always useless," said the lady, and did it herself.

The bride sat by, her thoughts sometimes reverting to the paper of discharge she had signed for her father the night before along with her marriage-contract which settled on her some hundred pounds.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning, 18th September, attired, as was then the fashion, in a riding-habit, a hat with a white plume held in her hand, her hair plainly braided, she descended the stair of the old house, leaning on her father's arm. Margaret Sandeman was bridesmaid, along with Miss Maria. Her cousin, Laurence Oliphant of Gask, was groomsman. Dr. William Thomson, of the Middle Church, performed the ceremony. The guests crowded in to the breakfast-table in the dark dining-room. Dr. Stewart had ordered a cake of unusual dimensions, and, it was remarked, had never played the host with greater charm. The four horses could scarcely draw the carriage through the moving mass of citizens gathered in the narrow Watergate and filling the streets at either end. Cheers rent the air when she appeared; cheers, too, for her husband, who was not less beloved in the city; and together they drove away—'Fair Maid of Perth,' that she was, and fair matron now to be. After a wedding-trip among the Scotch lakes, they went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Fraser at *Newton.*

The windows of the apartments in Charlotte Street, to which they returned, command a view of the Grampian chain, the Tay, and Springland—the residence of her father-in-law, Mr. David George Sandeman. He had first married his cousin, whose son the bridegroom was. His present wife had been Miss Margaret Fraser, of Newton, Inverness-shire.

The brothers and sisters at Springland, who had all had Margaret Sandeman for a playmate as far back as they could remember, vied with one another who should give her the warmest reception, or oftenest row her across the river to their home, where she passed most of her time. With the girls she continued her studies. Mademoiselle Maillard knew how to impart that perfect French accent which Margaret never afterwards lost. With Anna, so good a performer that there was silence whenever she opened the piano, the young bride practised her duets.

In these days embroidery formed the constant occupation while reading aloud was going on. At the French Court, under the old régime, it was supposed conversation could not proceed without it. Margaret's grandmother had told how, at Versailles, they would work a pretty leaf with their tatting-shuttle, seeing who would finish one first, and then toss it into the fire of oakwood on the tiled hearth, unwilling to have it thought they were working for any useful end. The young ladies regularly visited the Perth Female School, to found which Mrs. Stewart and others had secured from the town a flat in the Hospital buildings. On Sabbath, husband and wife went always to Dr. Stewart's

pew in the East Church, and spent every evening with him when he happened to be at home.

In speaking of the happiness of these first years, her husband repeatedly said that no words described her so well as those of Burns—

"Artless simplicity marks her its ain."

We quote a verse from a ballad—one of the two which Christie, her maid, sacredly kept for sixty years after the young writer had thrown them aside, and which gives us a glimpse of their life together; it would be written only to sing once to him, to the Scotch air to which the words were set, and then to be thrown away. "There 's nae luck aboot the hoose," and "Jock o' Hazeldean" were her favourite songs. Referring to her husband, she says:—

"He canna bear his wife to be
A moment frae his sight;
And if I chance to speak a word,
He listens in delight.
A single smile I daurna gie,
I canna heave a sigh,
But he, my dearest husband,
Is sure to ask me why."

Soon afterwards another bride entered the family—Julia Burnand, wife of Hugh Sandeman in London. She became to Margaret a sister indeed, and their warm attachment lasted to the close of life. They were of the same age. Year after year Julia's children made Springland their home in summer time; and her daughter Margaret became the wife of Mrs. Stewart Sandeman's fifth son, Charles.

One day in the autumn of 1821, Dr. Stewart met his daughter in the street, she took his arm, and he saw her home. The next day she was prostrated with lassitude, accompanied by overpowering sickness. It was not long till, as he watched by her bedside, her father recollected that, just before meeting her, he had been helping to lift a man in confluent small-pox. Her mother-in-law kept watch beside her, told her the complaint was simply a miliary eruption; but found various pretexts for removing the mirrors. When the disease was at its height, however, Margaret chanced to pull her watch from the pocket hanging overhead, and turning it in her hand, opened the case, where she at once caught sight of the frightful secret. Her watchful mother-in-law looked on aghast—her care all in vain. She only redoubled it. She had herself twenty-one brothers and sisters, and great experience of life; nor could her stories to amuse the patient soon come to an end. Her mother, Margaret Chisholm of Chisholm, had married in her sixteenth year. It was told of her that when the first visitors arrived at Newton to pay their respects, the old butler could not find his mistress, Mrs. Fraser, till he bethought him of looking up into the branches of a large pear tree, whence she descended to receive her friends. A year later she had carried her baby with her into the closet where the linen was kept. Having transacted her business with the housemaids, she went to look after another part of household work. When nurse came for baby, he was amissing, and Mamma was at a loss. In a moment she flew with the

keys of the linen closet, and on one of the shelves found baby safely laid.

The patient struggled bravely through; the long dark tresses were saved, her husband separating hair from hair, and only one mark remained on her temple. But her first babe, little Marjory Ann, came trembling into life in consequence, and opened her eyes upon the world only for one short month.

In March, 1823, a second daughter was born, and was named Margaret Fraser, after the mother-in-law who had so tenderly watched her through that terrible illness. Another daughter was a disappointment to some of their friends; and so the young mother valued the more the congratulations sent her by old Mrs. Allison of Montreal Cottage, accompanied by the message that a girl was very useful as the eldest in a family. The young mother trained her up to be less a daughter than a sister for sixty years to come.

Remembering her own experience, Mrs. Stewart Sandeman afterwards wrote these lines:—

What is a marriage without love?
A mighty preparation
Of gold, and gems, and broidered robes,
Of settlements and station;
Of smiling, curtseying Abigails,
To ornament the bride;
And pretty ambling ponies for
Her chosen one to ride.

The last Parisian pattern for
Her bonnet there must be,
And the finest *petitpoint* for
Son bonnet de nuit.

Her cards for visiting engraved
With copperplate so fair;
And the chains, and all the pretty seals,
The new-made shield to bear.
Oh! charming the confusion, the bustle, and the show,
The decorated Bride, and the smiling, scented Beau.

What is a marriage made by love?
A deep and swelling joy,
A bliss too overwhelming—
Which knows not of alloy.
Two minds attuned in harmony
To feeling's softest tone;
Two loves so fondly plighted,
Two hearts becoming one.
Their whole existence lighted
By one unclouded ray;
All happiness before them,
And sorrow fled away.
The thought, all re-assuring,
Whatever storms may rise,
That still love's star of splendour
Shall re-illume their skies.
A hope that far outstretches
This dark terrestrial ball;
A faith serenely smiling
That triumphs over all.

CHAPTER VI.

PEGGY'S NURSERY.

MARGARET'S mother-in-law chose for her as nurserymaid one who had served herself not long before as housemaid. Peggy came to her post, and held it for forty years without asking respite or holiday, except to go with the children where they went, and to visit them when they came to have houses of their own, where she received all the love and reverence due to a second mother.

She had only one near relative, an aunt, who left her house furniture; and Peggy, in her independence of spirit, paid the rent of the room all her lifetime, that she might have a place at command to retire to, using it for only one hour in the week—between morning and afternoon church on Sabbath—till, resisting every entreaty to the contrary, she retired to die there at the close. She bequeathed the savings of a lifetime to various charities in Perth, and to her church, after dividing £200 in equal portions among the grandchildren of the family. So identified did a nurse at that time become with the family she served, that it was not uncommon for her to be called by the family surname.

Into the nursery at Barossa Place, Peggy received, 31st August, 1824, the boy who came at last, named, for his grandfather, Alexander Stewart, as beautiful a boy as ever bounded over the heather. His grandfather gave him a rock at Bonskeid to be his own, with ferns, and bluebells, and blaeberries, too, upon it; it was just opposite the old front-door to the north. In later years it was covered, by the desire of an English tenant, with cart-loads of earth, and grass sown, and laurels and juniper planted, for, he said, it was out of taste to have anything so rough as rock near a front-door.

He was a warm-hearted, if a passionate boy, but he showed no temper to his sister; and these grew up together as one in play and spelling-book till school days came for both at the same school in Barossa Street, where they sat on two forms, the one behind the other.

23rd April, 1826, another boy came into the nursery for the two others to take care of; for Peggy really made them think they shared the charge with her from the very first. As he was born on the day when we used to watch at the window for the rockets shooting up into the dark sky, because it was the birthday of the king, George IV., Augustus was added to the little boy's name, David George, after his grandfather. The first thing we dimly remember of him was seeing him carried to the window by his papa, who wished to assure himself that his eyes were black like his mother's. As weeks, they said, sometimes pass before the colour of a baby's eyes is surely known, this examination was

repeated, till we began to wonder if there were anything wrong in the colour of the blue eyes already in the nursery. Perhaps this led us the more to watch these large black orbs of his when they did begin steadily to shine out on the inmates of that nursery, and this made us the less surprised when passers-by would stop the nurses on the street and ask his name. Not that these black eyes smiled on us or others; he was a very grave child, and was not seen to smile even at his play till he was four years old. He was easily put out when interfered with, and though he did not get angry like the others, he became rather sulky, and then ran away of his own accord to a convenient corner under the slab of the open sideboard of the dining-room, or if it were in the nursery, behind the folds of the dress of his dear nurse Peggy, till he felt he could come out again. If we followed him to bring him back among us, he would say, before he could well pronounce the words, "No speak to me, black dog is on me." Where he got this way of describing his little temper we did not know, but we had to learn to wait his time; and before long, with slow pace, he would cross the floor to his little stool, drawing it in before the chair on which his toys were spread. He liked the toys divided before he began to play. He gave a large share to each of us, but once allotted, his own was sacred. He was often seen at such times with a little flock of sheep in order before him, penned in with the white stakes and stiff row of green trees on one side from the box of toys; he would spread his arms round them if any one came near him,

and say, "Me no allow anybody meddle with me beasts." His grandpapa, Dr. Stewart, made a joke of his grave ways, and his care for his sheep, and said that if the boy would get good Gaelic, he would try to get him the parish of Dull when he was a man. David being, after that, from his gravity, called "Davie Dull," kept it in mind, and on a stormy day, when again the sheep were set before him, he looked out at the rain and wind, saying, "Oh, what my poor sheep do now, me take and put them in me church at Dull."

David awoke early, and was clamorous for the striking of the light in the dark winter morning. Children now-a-days can hardly fancy all that went on a generation ago before a light was got. No gas jets were then ready to rise in a moment from a spark into a fan-tail flame. No matches were then found to rasp on the sand-paper. Before the hour could be seen on the face of the nursery clock, the long weights of which hung half-way down the wall, a great deal had to happen. Peggy's grand object was to maintain quiet in the nurseries till the youngest should awake, quite early enough, of himself. Then she rose and felt for the tinder-box. Then came a sound of the flint, a sight of her face, and all was dark again. After many strokes, one spark of light rested in the tinder, which we had seen her make, then the brimstone end of a long white wooden match tried to catch the fire and give it to the candle. Years after, when lucifer matches were invented, a lady gave David, as the greatest possible present, one of the first boxes that

found its way to Perth, so that he could light his own candle for study in the early morning.

For use at breakfast Peggy had for each child a wooden porringer, a pretty horn spoon, and milk-tin of different shape or size, so as to avoid, as far as she might, the ever rising disputes of the little ones. Instead of the week-day *content* (milk and water) at tea-time, she asked them to *brown tea* with herself on Sabbath evenings, and gave each a cup of tea out of her own tea-pot.

One of the most amusing events of the year to us was when she carried the contents of a certain patch-work bag, containing odds and ends which others would have thrown away, to Miss Forrester's little china-shop to be exchanged for stoneware, with the balance paid in coin out of her own pocket, and let the children choose mug, cup, saucer, sugar-basin, or tea-pot, according as the breakage of their careless little hands might have been. This made the children very careful of such ware. Grotesque patterns and gaudy colours were chosen for the new dishes, each of which seemed to have a little history of its own. She assigned to each child a broad, low, flat stool, which she scoured white every Friday; and as one of her rewards, we were allowed to turn them upside down for boats, the feet being favourably shaped for this. The children of the next generation, climbing up the same nursery stair, had boat races beside Peggy in the same stools.

With the making-up of the fire for the day she would by no means trust the nursery-maid. How often we watched her doing it! To keep a cool nursery, save

coal, and avoid dust, she put on each cinder, large or small, saying the cinder was the best of the coal, from which no more dust would fall; then some fresh coal with dross, and a few ashes on the top, with a sprinkling of water to keep the flame down. All this time baby was fast asleep where she had tucked him, after his bath, in the crimson swing-cot with the green gossamer curtains—the cot so tied that it could only rock a very little way. She held it to be a sin to awake him, as, if he did not get his sleep out, he would not be happy all day after. If we stole up to her and said he was moving and awake, she would spring to the cot, and with a very slight rock and a very faint hush! hush! quiet him again. Six baby boys, one after another, had their slumbers watched in that crimson cot by Peggy's jealous eye.

Each of those brought up in that nursery owed more than they can ever tell to her who was to each a second mother. The laws she made in many trifling little things are law to them still. She was strict with her children, yet they had no fear of her, nor minded asking her the same question many times. One of them remembers going to her again and again to ask her the difference between an apostle and a disciple, when she would have been ashamed to ask again anywhere else. She put the children to sleep for a treat when she had time, by reading a chapter of the Bible, or the Pilgrim's Progress, or the Holy War.

She was very orderly, thrifty, and saving. She had a rule that only one candle was to be burned nightly;

and as she sat up late to mend or put to rights what had been torn or spoilt in the day, she would try to amuse the children by the light of a bright fire, till baby's bed-time came, without lighting the candle, so that when her hands should be free it might burn further into the night. Some said Peggy's candle was the last to be put out along the Terrace. Little David was the most apt to learn her habits of order and her methodical ways. She could even trust him with the candle to go into the next room, when she would trust none of the others. She knew he would hold his little hand up between the flame and the draught, and let the socket swing between two fingers so as to carry it straight.

When sent with a message up to the nursery, his more nimble companions often rushed down two or three times over with the wrong article; but when David was the envoy, he was sure to come back with his sedate step and serious face, and with the commission carefully executed. The fable of the hare and the tortoise always found illustrations in him. In childhood, plodding was his life, nothing came to him otherwise. He did not trust his memory, as it had sometimes failed; and he never dreamed of being beaten in what he tried. He had been sent up for some embroidery cotton, cut and folded in papers. Other little feet going on other errands passed and repassed him on the stair. He sat down on each step to repeat to himself, "Long threads," and came safely down again with his cotton.

When he was three years old, being hungry for breakfast, he slipped away for his porridge, reaching up on tiptoe to the window where it had just been set to cool. The whole contents poured down into the poor little bosom, taking off the skin from the chin downwards. His patience was pitiful to look on through days and nights of pain, for he could not even bend his little head. The dressing of the burn was borne without a word, then at once he cried, "Cap on, cap on; rise up, rise up; mamma's room, mamma's room." He was very amusing in the whooping-cough; arrested in his play by the coming fits, he retired to prepare to meet the enemy by taking a firm hold, and then trotted on again to his play. That play was hushed for a few days by the fear that the sister was to be taken away from them. One remedy more was thought of, and Peggy hastened to procure it. The young patient detected in her hand, half-hidden, on her return to administer it, a copy of "Jack the Giant-killer" in yellow cover, as a reward. Peggy had seen her looking at the book one day in the shop window. The child long treasured the book.

When a child was really ill, our mother's room was the hospital. There the kindest of fathers bent over his little girl for weeks, morning and evening, and the sweet mother taught, line by line, till it was committed to memory, the hymn—

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I place my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view."

The words of the whole are beautiful, and such is the force of gracious habit, that they have been more or less remembered by the learner every evening since.

Frederick, born 24th September, 1827, was now the baby, and so fond of Peggy that nobody else had much chance. Some one asked him why he would not be happy with the rest downstairs. He said, "Mamma is just mamma, and papa is just papa, but Peggy is a dear jewelly pet of a pet."

For reasons to be afterwards explained Mr. and Mrs. Glas Sandeman exchanged their house in Barossa Place for a less expensive one in a row then building in Marshall Place, and Peggy proposed to undertake the nursery work alone, only intrusting the children to the housemaid—a kind, accommodating woman—on the Friday forenoons. It came to be the weekly treat to disappear with Jane among the daisies, the buttercups, and the clover of the South Inch, just as we had done the years before on the beautiful North. Set a-searching for a four-leaved clover, strained eyes and tired fingers were then ready for a game at "French and English" with the "Carl Doddies" Jane had gathered. Sides taken, the heads of either enemy were knocked off. For luncheon a penny each had been served round in the morning; thus there was a trip along the streets to the baker's, and a roll and gingerbread—not the square parliament-cake found everywhere, but a cake with six round portions joined, which Perth still supplies. On these Inches rich and poor had a boundless playground. The lowing of the cattle on the first

days after their winter imprisonment, and the varied hourly ringing of the tuneful bells of St. John's, must linger in the ears of citizens scattered all round the world. To every colony Perth has paid out her large proportional tribute of the boys and girls from her great playground.

This kind helper, Jane, the friend of Peggy and the children, left the family only to be married. The intimacy continued, so that Peggy assisted her in sending her only son to the university, and he is now a medical missionary.

Each lesson was either prepared for school by the children with their mother's help, or repeated to her when learned. By her bedside, when it was scarcely light, or by candle-light at an early winter hour, the more difficult parts of the lessons were again repeated by the little boys just before starting for school. When the Latin rudiments were begun, this still continued. Her little girl went to private classes and early began French, Italian, and German. For some years at this time their mother did not even dine out, except at her father's house; she was never off work, almost never ill, never from home. As a reward for diligence she read aloud in the evenings Gillies' "Greece," and popular histories of Rome, France, and England, skipping what she did not intend them to hear, and willingly stopping to answer quiet questions or make it plainer by her own version. The little boys sat at the table with her, drawing, often in grotesque fashion; the girl sat next her working a sampler, with an old minute Gask one,

bearing the initials of the children of the school-room there, for a pattern.

She always stopped at nine to read God's word with us. She did not put away our reading or play just at that moment, for this does not lead children to love the evening reading. She read early, and then we might begin again till each would drop off to bed.

The fourth boy, Hugh, was born on 28th July, 1830. When the mother was indisposed, the little boys went on tiptoe not only when passing the door but long after they were out of her hearing. They went to see a menagerie just then, where Frederick called out to the cockatoo, "Be quiet, thing, don't you know mamma's asleep?"

Intending to be away for the day at Gask, when her little girl of eight should be left to herself, Mrs. Sandeman bought a pretty little copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which the child had not before seen. She set her to read it in a corner of the garden, and found her in the same place in the evening, with the little red square book, Christian and Christiana having both been followed to the gate of the Celestial City.

CHAPTER VII.

BONSKEID.

THREE years of unclouded prosperity had been enjoyed by the circle at Springland, when a dark shadow fell upon them. Margaret and her husband were staying there in November, 1822; he was about to take his eldest sister Anna to the Perth Assembly. Before he could reach the carriage the horse started, the driver fell, and the young lady was carried along at full speed alone. When the horse was approaching the toll-bar, half-way to Perth, fearing a collision she resolved to get out. Gathering her ball dress round her, she sprang out, and reached the road apparently safe, but afterwards fell with her head on a stone. The horse and carriage reached the stables in safety. She walked home with her brother, and said she was not hurt; but while she spoke blood began to trickle down on her white dress. A year after, 10th November, she died, at the age of twenty-three, of effusion of blood on the brain, and the physicians attributed the fatal issue to this cause.

Three years later Mrs. Glas Sandeman took the liveliest interest in the marriage of her sister-in-law and the

earliest friend of her life, Margaret Sandeman, to William Fraser, younger of Culbokie, 25th July, 1826. But the second sister, Jane, returned from the festivities in Inverness-shire with a bad cold. Her illness and death was to become the occasion of the deepest sorrow; though the dark valley was brightened to herself, as to the sister who went before, by simple faith.

At this period some deaths occurred among Margaret's relations on her own side. In the end of 1828, the death of Charles Steuart, Dalguise, of yellow fever, at Gibraltar, where the 42nd Regiment was then stationed, caused deep grief to his cousin and all her family. Lady Nairne wrote to her regarding it as follows from Caroline Cottage, Edinburgh :—

"*3rd January*, 1829.—Many happy years to you and yours, my dear Margaret. I hope you are now all well, including the Doctor. We have not had a merry time during the holidays, but I hope it has been profitable. Few events have been so much felt by every one of this little circle as our last loss. How greatly beloved darling Charles was I think we hardly knew ; his kind, sweet, lively temper, added to a fine mind and excellent talents, furnish incessant recollections—I dare not add, regrets ; but nature will in some degree prevail, and I need not tell you about him. I have asked, dearest afflicted Margaret Harriet to give me a copy of the verses you wrote upon her brother's death ; they express very naturally what *must be felt*, and some of us may perhaps live to be thankful for what at this moment seems severe. For all *is love;* if we do but take events as from a Father's hand, the blessing is sure. The firm trust that, amidst many temptations, our beloved Charles held by his Christian principles, and was enabled by Divine grace to commit his soul to his Saviour, not only in words, but in deed and in truth, is heartfelt consolation to all who loved him,—and they were not a few. I did not think it worth while to write on purpose to discuss the view of

Bonskeid you mention. I have not painted at all for a considerable time."

This loss was followed by the death of her cousin, Captain Gilbert Stewart, Fincastle. He had been one of the most severely wounded of the officers in Spain during the Peninsular War, and bore the unsightly scars to the last. Mrs. Sandeman wrote the following lines for his widow at the funeral. He was laid in the Fincastle family burying-ground near Loch Tummel.

"Wake, wake ye the coronach, mournfully sound it,
Oh! swift be it borne by the echoes afar,
For he over whom its sad dirge has resounded,
Was foremost in danger and bravest in war.

"Now, now, is it swelling o'er moorland and mountain;
Aye, wake it yet louder, for these are the strains
That bade him the foes of his country encounter,
And shed his best blood on Castilia's plains.

"And gather, ye clansmen, to him ye were dearest,
True spirits like his beating high in your breast;
And now in his last hour should ye be the nearest
To bear him away to the place of his rest.

"Ye fought by his side in the land of the stranger,
And meet is it now that your tartans should wave
Where, far from the scene of his trial and danger,
'Mid his own native mountains we hollow his grave.

"Now hush these wild notes to the music of sadness;
Fair lake, on thy waves let its last cadence swell;
While, sorrow's tears mingling with hope's tears of gladness
We bid thee a long not an endless farewell.

"1830."

From the time Dr. Stewart came to Perth prosperity had largely attended him. His lands had been disencumbered for him while he was with his regiment in Holland, by the exertions of his cousin, Mr. Stewart of Balnakilly,—the creditors on the estate had each given up a year's interest. His house had been built and furnished for him by Sir James Pulteney and Lady Bath. The planting had been done by them under his direction, the property improved, and the grounds laid out without any expense to him. At various periods he had originated, by imbuing others with his enthusiasm for athletic sports, the Athole Gathering, the Dunkeld Games, and the Highland Society of Perth. He had bought Lick, Duntaulich, and the south side of Farragon. He was beloved as a landlord, and had become trustee and guardian to many, never sparing himself in the discharge of the manifold duties. In the long minority of his young neighbour, Archibald Butter of Faskally, he did not miss one meeting of guardians, riding up the thirty miles and back without a thought, looking in on patients on the way north and south. While the new house of Faskally was being built when Mr. Butter came of age, he lent him Bonskeid.

But, unhappily, he scarcely knew how to refuse to sign a bill when pressed hard by a friend. He was at last inextricably involved in the affairs of his brother-in-law, Captain James Stewart, Fincastle. These troubles ended in his own property being put under trust. His son-in-law having persuaded him to allow Mr. Morrison, accountant, Perth, to act for him, engaged to pay

his debts, on condition that his landed property should be handed over to his wife and him. A few sentences suffice to tell this; but there were years of anxiety and difficulty to pass through. As soon as Mr. Sandeman saw what was before him, he took every step within his power to prepare to give him assistance, and to save the ancient part of the property for his wife. Her strong attachment to it is shown in the lines she wrote when she thought it was to be sold, and went to see it for the last time:—

Beloved of my fathers through ages long past,
And oh, how beloved of their child to the last!
When chilling and cold on my bosom there fell
A summons to bid thee an endless farewell,
Then failed the last hope, that still vainly had strove
To cling to the land of my earliest love.

Yet I roused me and looked on the ages gone by,
And lo! through the space o'er which memory flew,
A long line of ancestry greeted mine eye,
All ending at last, O my father, in you.

From the days of that Robert, the first of our race,
Through years of invasion and conflict and change,
I saw them unstained by contempt or disgrace
Through their own lovely lands in security range.

My boy, I had hoped the white plume on thy brow
Would shine e'en more bright than thy fathers of yore;
But alas! for thy mother, my darling, e'en now,
In sadly believing, her hope is no more.

Yet the oak of the forest, the pride of the wild,
Must bend to His thunder, by Whom it is riven;
And the God of all Providence, grant thee, my child,
A changeless inheritance glorious in heaven.

* * * * * * *

Thou valley of loveliness ! * proud mountain brow ! †
Nor prouder nor lovelier ever than now ;
(Though the light fleecy clouds have your summit o'ercast
In mercy to shroud from my gaze—'tis the last)
Soft mists o'er the valley too, silently tell
Ye would spare me the anguish of such a farewell.
And bright recollections of hundreds of years
Have dissolved even Nature herself into tears,
While she views the sad heiress of mountain and dell
In agony bid them an endless farewell.

Yet hear roaring waterfall, precipice wild !
Oh, hear ye the vow of your desolate child ;
The son from his sire may be destined to sever
And lost to his bosom for ever and ever ;
But needs it for this that his sire must remove
From the depths of his fondness, the strength of his love ?
Nay ! sympathies bind him, none other can know,
As near to that heart as its ebb and its flow.
And first must the stream from its fountain retire,
Ere he cease to remember and honour his sire ;
And such be my love, such it ever shall be,
My own fairy land, my own valley for thee.

* * * * * * *

And now, lovely spot, now the sunbeam has shined,
And I see by its light all thy beauties combined,
Lake, valley, and mountain, my sad vision meet,
With a smile my heart owns, but too fair and too sweet,
And I turn from them weeping for ever away,
Like our fathers from Paradise sentenced to stray.

But their image remains, 'tis engraven as fair
On memory's page, as if still it were there.
And there it shall rest till that solemn day,
When even these beauties shall vanish away,
And a new heaven and earth unto these shall be given,
Who are heirs of a heritage fadeless in heaven.

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* The Vale of Tummel. † The Giant's Steps.

The arrangements for winding up the Bonskeid trust were very tedious. They were prolonged by the impossibility of finding a purchaser for the whole of the Fincastle estates. After three years the Court of Session authorised its division into lots. Mr. Sandeman had to buy the lot which Mr. Colquhoun could not take—the lower part of the glen of Fincastle, and along with it the right to two days' fishing in each week at Linn of Tummel; Bonskeid had before possessed the other four days. The end to be attained was worth labouring for, and nothing was grudged in the pursuit.

Towards the close of these negotiations Asiatic cholera appeared at Perth. At first, as usually happens, its ravages were confined to the poor and the intemperate. But one morning Adèle Gilmour, the children's playmate, who had been out playing in the morning, was seized by it and buried at nightfall. The following night Mrs. Sandeman's little girl of ten sickened; but before the doctor arrived every measure had been taken; for Mr. Sandeman and Mr. Morison being seated at midnight with a good fire, studying the Fincastle papers, both hurried up and at once applied hot fomentations. The doctors thought this circumstance led to the saving of the child's life.

Mrs. Sandeman's joy and thankfulness when all was settled regarding Bonskeid were thus expressed:—

'Imagination wherefore fly?
See! thy resting-place is nigh!
See these cool, inviting groves,
Shaded footpaths, cooing doves!'

—'Yes, bright and beautiful these trees expand,
Fair the extensive prospect they command ;
And o'er the trellis of this green arcade,
India's exotics skilfully displayed ;
But yet though beautiful, they are not dear,
Home of my heart, I cry,—Not here, not here.'

'Haste thee, haste, the warder waits !
For thee ope the palace gates !
Lo, where lordly pomp can boast
All the world can value most,
Rest, nor farther wing thy way,
Stay thee, pretty trifler, stay.'

—'Proudly waving o'er my head
Fame's armorial banners spread,
Burnished gold, and diamonds rare
Dazzle with their gaudy glare ;
Mid their radiance bright, but drear,
Still I cry,—Not here, not here.'

'Go, then, little fitful thing,
Lo ! I free thy quivering wing,
Wander where thou wilt for me,
Who have offered all to thee.
Away ! away ! with the glancing beam
Or illusion light of some happy dream,
That ere we could well believe it given
Has fled to the place whence it came, to heaven !
With Hope, her rainbow, around thee flinging,
And voices of seraphs about thee singing.
Away from the lowlands, away to the glen
Thou art gone, thou fair vision, and lost to our ken.
But I hear in the distance a wild thrilling cry
As of joy in her utmost agony.
And I see thy form from yon hills descending
To a lovely vale where streams are blending.
And I see the roe-deer bounding fleet
To lay himself panting down at thy feet.

I hear the eagle's piercing cry,
And the timid dove's soft tones reply,
And the voice of the distant waterfall,
And thy song of joy above them all.'

—'Ask ye where lies the land of bliss?
In the pride of my heart I answer, "This."
Hie if ye will to your southern homes,
Your flowery glades and your jewelled domes,
Leave me, leave me in bliss to roam
'Mid the scenery wild of my Highland home;
And when joy grows too intense, I'll rest
On the heathy side of yon mountain breast,
And silently weep o'er the spot so dear,
And silently whisper,—'Tis here, 'tis here.'

A far greater gift than the security of her earthly inheritance was to be bestowed upon her from above. It followed an illness which she had in the spring of 1832. Perhaps the loss of friends and the long period of anxiety, prepared the way for the great change. Let us read her narrative, written June, 1865, for the account of her recovery from this illness, and for the retrospect of her soul's history in these twelve years from her leaving school:—

"I came home in 1820," she writes, "and what of my soul? When Jesus, the beloved Jesus, the Substitute, has not yet been apprehended for the sinner's own, ah! what abundant room is left for everything else; and so it was with me. An earthly attachment long felt gained strength, and suffice it to say that in a few months it was carried into effect. I had knelt down to ask direction, for I knew I should only marry a Christian; but had risen without obtaining, or rather was unwilling to listen when

it came. Then followed the usual history of a soul that had so placed itself. For that object I gave up all that was dearest; and besides, believed I was renouncing all prospects as to this world. And most heartily I did it. But, my Saviour! I knew Thee not as mine. Who shall say how I delayed the revelation? Fondness, refined affection, love from the family which my husband had already made my heart's chosen home—for many a year these were all mine. But when my children were able to be told of the truth of God I felt great anxiety. I was like Mrs. Graham, of New York (a memoir much read at that time), 'never forgetting the concern of the soul, yet struggling to act out a faith that should save, and could not.' Once when Mr. Thomson, of Moneydie, preached that it was not to the faith, but to its object I must look, there came a gleam of light. The death of Anna and Jane, beloved sisters of my husband, and as much of mine, came, but I groped on. I wondered how Miss Smith had said, the Spirit must teach me. How could He now when the Canon was closed? In 1832, when Margaret was nine and I was twenty-nine, I had a severe fever of influenza, and was long confined to my room. Prayer was urgent; the world was shut out; I was not happy. How could I be? I was convalescent; I had dressed in a shot silk pink and blue, my favourite colour, like the dove's neck, gayer than I would have chosen afterwards, to take my first walk with my husband, on a sunny day in May. Dearest Miss M. Sandeman* had sent books for

* This lady was Mr. Glas Sandeman's cousin, and afterwards widely known in Edinburgh as having resided for many years in the family of the Rev. John Duncan, D.D., Professor of Hebrew. Mrs. Sandeman's journal, contains a notice of the work regularly done by Miss Sandeman while resident in Perth: "It shows by its variety what one woman can do. She has a letter from Mr. ——, New York, attributing his first impressions to her class. She still conducts a young communicant's class weekly, where forty or more are often assembled. She has a class for boys of a higher order once a-week, a class for young ladies, a class for servants, and a similar one early in the morning. She visits a large district, the Jail, the House of Refuge, the School of Industry, and the Infant School. She has a meeting for ladies on [illegible]ys, and one not confined to the congregation on Saturdays. Be-

Alick as well as his sister to read; and among them, with 'The Holy War,' was a little pamphlet, in brown paper, lettered outside, 'The Fountain of Life.' To the best of my memory I have never seen it since. I sat down at the head of the table to read it, as I waited for my husband. It was a little spiritual allegory, but began by describing a fountain to heal all diseases. An old man, one of the otherwise incurable, was standing arguing on the brink, that he could not get in. Said one standing by, 'Will you not let the waves flow over you?' When my eyes fell on the words, it was done. Salvation flowed into my soul. Heaven on earth was begun. I have never, by the glorious grace of my living Saviour, had a doubt since. Once for a few minutes, twenty years after, Satan threw a dart into my heart at my Beloved's eternal sonship, but one word of God dispelled it, and He saved from that first hour, and He has undertaken all, and He stands in my place before God. I stand accepted in the Beloved; He has brought my children to Himself, and those made one with them.

"I believe in, and now am claiming and getting, the promise of righteousness upon children's children. Three of these are already with Jesus, along with my three noble sons and my two infants. Since I became a widow, Jesus has been to me what no tongue can tell or heart understand but mine alone.

"The occasion of my writing this record is my having set apart this Sabbath day to remember that my youngest son and his wife are to-day taking to Thy house their third little one, my name-daughter. Lord, for this youngest and weakest I claim what I have seen given to ——'s children, and many of the others; and what I ask for all is the fulfilment of my sainted mother's prayers in the salvation of every one who belongs to her child."

11 George Square,
Edinburgh, *June*, 1865.

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sides, she visits those distressed in soul, writes many letters, is ever ready to give advice, and, above all, gets near access to the Lord on His Throne of Grace. The Lord be with her, make His face to shine upon her, and through her labours revive His work in Perth."

CHAPTER VIII.

SPRINGLAND.

IN order to receive Dr. Stewart into their house, which his state of health now made desirable, Mr. and Mrs. Glas Sandeman moved to Athole Crescent, where he could have apartments on the ground floor. But before he occupied them their seventh child, the infant Anna, had entered and left the dwelling after a month's short sojourn. This was a peculiarly bitter trial, as the infant caught erysipelas from the monthly nurse, who was not known to have had it. Her baptism, the day before she was taken, was a most solemn event in the family, and touched her grandfather deeply. The younger doctors had hoped for recovery, but the old man shook his head hopelessly at the first glance of the grave symptoms. When her little brother Frederick heard the name was to be Anna, he said, "Why not Christiana?"

The little boys asked why they might not sleep as usual in the room that night with their marble white sister. Their mother gave the same impression to her children regarding death which she had received from her mother, who wished her husband's motto had been,

"Victory *in* death," instead of "Victory *or* death." She made them feel that after coming to Christ there is no such thing to meet as death in the believer's path. The dreaded beast of prey stands yonder, but he has been slain by Christ, the Conqueror. The awful figure may cast a shadow across the road, or may not; but at the most God's child only steps upon a shadow cast on a safe pathway. Death has been disposed of in reality, and sleep has come in his room.

When the children required during such an illness as that of their sister to be sent from home, there was one country-house where they could always arrive unasked to pay a visit. This was Logiealmond, nine miles distant from Perth. Three sisters, the Misses Drummond, resided there, the fourth having married Sir George Stewart of Grandtully. These ladies never allowed Mrs. Sandeman to feel that she had lost a mother. Their housekeeper too, Mrs. Gilchrist, made her room most charming to children. To reach that room they must pass along a sunk stone corridor, which never lost the scent of peat and wood-embers, sometimes varied by a slight flavour of toasted oat-cake, or a whiff of roasted potatoes, and, when it was reached, all delicious things were found in the good woman's cupboards.

From early childhood Margaret Stewart yearly sojourned there. She called it her second home. "Tender care," she writes, "was lavished on me, there was but one drawback to enjoyment. The long summer Sabbaths had to be spent in the chamber, or in the lovely woods, all scented with hyacinth, orchid, primrose

violet, and other wild flowers. No church bell broke the silence. While others walked far to find a place of worship, I remained; for, as a child, I could not accompany them. Time wore on; my little daughter had taken my place under the friendly roof, but she had not the same weekly deprivation. The old family chapel, around which lie the ashes of their dead, has put on its Sabbath garb as of old, for the use of the dependents, and now a faithful man of God proclaims 'the fulness that is in Christ,' and people wend their way through the woods from the mansion and from the cottages around."

All felt the influence of the Rev. John Omond. The eldest sister never left the house on foot at any time farther than the door-step, where she met and parted with her guests. The second, who in earlier days had declared that she would rather be a Roman Catholic than a Presbyterian, appeared one Lord's day in the great pew, to the unbounded joy of the worshippers, and never was missing again. The third died peacefully, resting by faith on her Saviour. The eldest left her confession of faith, unbreathed in human ear, to be discovered only by accident. It was long after her decease that a relative, who at her death came into possession of an Italian box, presented to her brother, Sir William Drummond, when envoy at Naples, found under the golden lid set with lapis lazuli, malachite, and bloodstone, a small slip of paper containing the words, "I have to thank God for having found peace in Jesus, my Saviour." Thus did all the

sisters ascend to rejoin their mother, the circumstances of whose death had thrown for years after its occurrence a terrible shadow over the house at Logiealmond. Lady Nairne, then Miss Oliphant, described it thus in 1791:—

"LOGIEALMOND, *Friday, 3rd June.*—On Wednesday night at Gask I stood speechless till I should know what agitated Laurence, Margaret, and Charles so violently; at last learnt that Lady Catherine Drummond was dead, and came upstairs in great affliction, but till next morning did not learn the dreadful truth that on Tuesday evening she had walked too near where weeds were burning, her clothes took fire, and she was burnt so much that she died next day."

Mrs. Glas Sandeman was as much interested in Dr. Duff's return to Scotland, as she had been in his going from the braes of Moulin fifteen years before, to St. Andrews University, at the instance of her relative, Mr. Stewart of Balnakilly, near whose residence Alexander Duff had been brought up.

In the spring of 1835, those who sat at the Communion in Lady Glenorchy's Church, Edinburgh, were astonished at the appearance of a stranger conducting the service. He was so emaciated and exhausted that it almost seemed as if he might have passed away with the broken bread in his hand. It was Dr. Duff, who had just returned from India. He rested during the summer with his family at Edradour, at the foot of Ben-y-Vrackie. Dr. Duff visited Perth to address the Presbytery there on the Indian mission.

Mrs. Glas Sandeman and her children watched the arrival of the missionary, still an invalid from over-

work, at the door of the Rev. Dr. William Thomson, a few doors from their own. They all heard him preach on the Sabbath morning. The steep galleries of the old Middle Church were crowded, and even the seats behind the great pillars were filled. The text was, "Be not conformed to this world." The preacher cut right and left, root and branch, at the worldliness in the Church of Christ. He described how men and women carried it into God's house, and could be seen stepping down the aisle, with a look so proud that an archangel would blush to see it. The schools gave an afternoon holiday for his address on missions, as the little city had been moved throughout at his coming.

Mr. Esdaile, the erudite minister of the East Church, followed by the Presbytery, accompanied him to the pulpit steps. The gaunt figure in the pulpit, soon rid of the gown, was seen beneath the coloured window, which had become a permanent picture-book for the little people when wearied by the scholarly discourses of Mr. Esdaile. But on this day the eloquent descriptions of the far-off land seized on their sometimes wandering attention. Snow peaks, dense forests, aromatic gardens, and the Ganges' waters were the background. The idolatry of India was pictured in the most graphic manner. Each arrow-like sentence of appeal for help was barbed with reproach to the selfish Britons who had come home rich without doing anything to enlighten the natives of poor, pillaged, ravaged, unhappy India.

Next day at school a penny a-week subscription

began among the children. The mother took up her pen and wrote:—

He crossed o'er our path, like an angel of light,
The sword of the truth in his grasp, gleaming bright;
O'er mountain and valley unwearied he flew,
Imploring our aid for the poor lost Hindoo.

The rich gorgeous East, with its dark Indian grove,
Was the land that he pled for—all pity and love;
But we caught the swift glance and the dear mountain tone,
And claimed him with reverence and pride for our own.

Yes! dark Ben-y-Vrackie, all rugged and wild,
And fair vale of Athole, ye welcome your child;
For oft have his thoughts turned in fondness to you,
While he toiled for the soul of the darkened Hindoo.

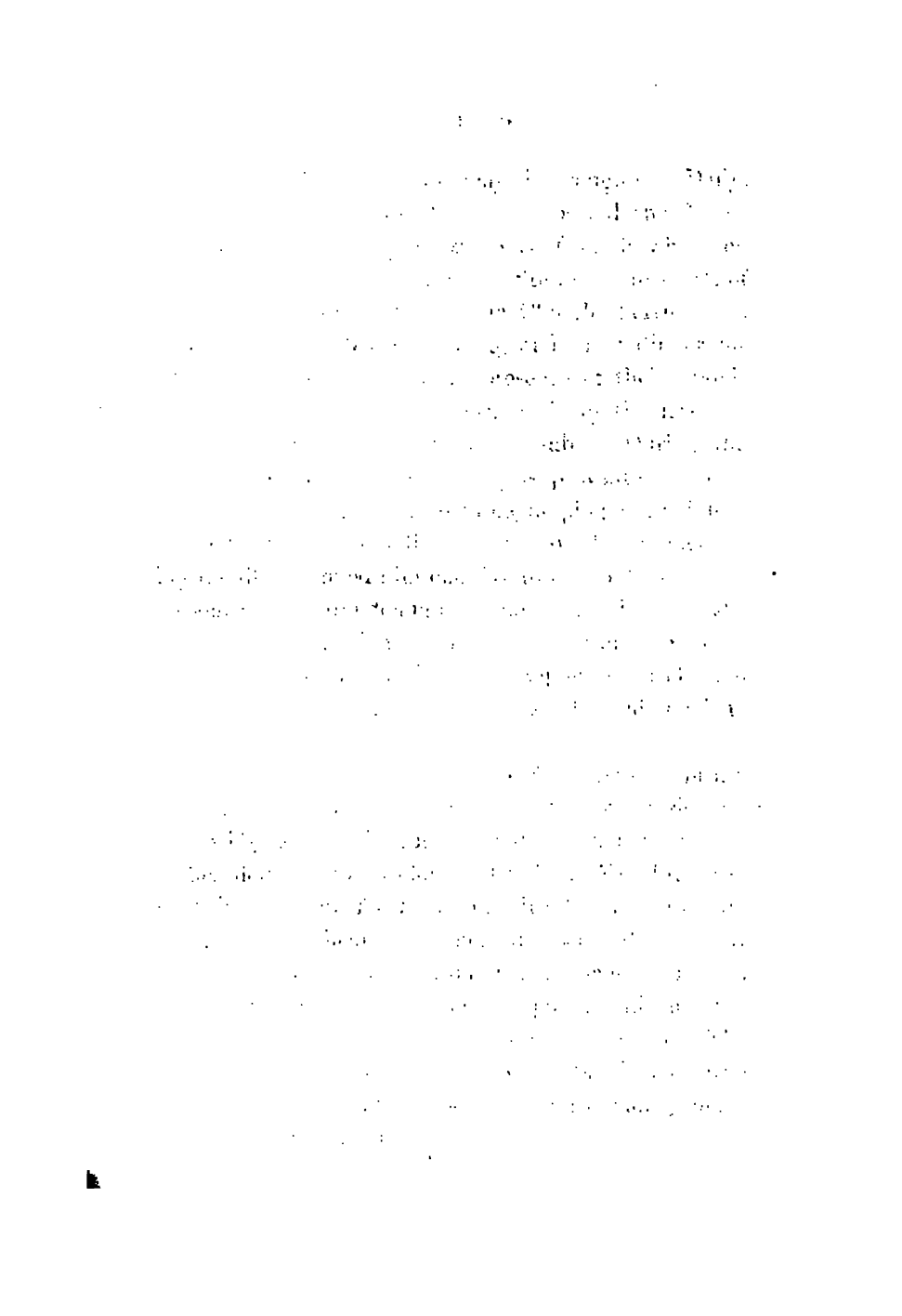
And shall we not aid him with heart and with hand,
To ope fountains of truth in that desolate land?
Nor break the witched charm that he over us threw,
While in anguish he pled for the erring Hindoo.

Some years previous a similar crowd, including the above-named listeners, had gathered in the East Church to hear Edward Irving, then at the height of his popularity. He was preaching on the coming of Christ. The afternoon was lowering, and a thunder-storm was about to burst over the town. And as the preacher was reading the words, "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be;" he was suddenly interrupted by an almost simultaneous flash and peal.

Dr. Stewart's last years were peaceful. His daughter seldom left him but in the evening, when his grand-

children read to him or played draughts attended by his servant, he walked round the Inch, and on Sundays to the East Church, became a member. Mr. Charles Stewart, after Kirkmichael, then of the Gaelic Church, Perth to dine every Sabbath evening, and after dinner structed the young people in presence of the father—he a listener in his arm-chair by the they the pupils gathered at the table. In last week of his life, when paralysis prevented ing, he still kept his seat at table, helping the to what he knew they liked best. Weakness ing rapidly, confined him one day to bed, but he sent for his granddaughter, and asking if was not practising her music as usual, bade the piano. He died on the 6th September the funeral procession again took the old Blair.

In May, 1835, Mr. David George Sandeman land, had been called away at his Edinburgh His wife, who had long resided at Pau of her delicate and widowed daughter, Mrs Culbokie, set out for Scotland with her Sandeman, on hearing of her husband's Bordeaux she was taken from the carriage the hotel, where she suddenly expired, embalmed remains came to her husband's same year Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Sand at her father's death took the family Springland their home.



Greenland.

On the first evening they spent there the blended feeling of past and present was thus expressed :—

TWO ROSES.

1820-35.

'Twas on a dazzling summer's morn
You plucked that rose and gave it me ;
I pressed it close, and felt no thorn
In that sweet hour of youthful glee.

Three lovely sisters gathered round—
My sisters they were soon to be,—
And how did every bosom bound
With joy, and hope, and harmony !

Again, this dewy summer's even,
A rosebud from that self-same tree
By my loved husband's hand is given—
Which rose is dearer, love, to me ?

The sisters,—two are laid to rest,
And one is exiled from her home ;
The parents,—ah ! that heaving breast
Tells who has newly closed their tomb.

The hour to-night is one of woe,
And falling tears this bud bedew ;
But sweeter does its fellow blow,
And fonder beats my heart for you

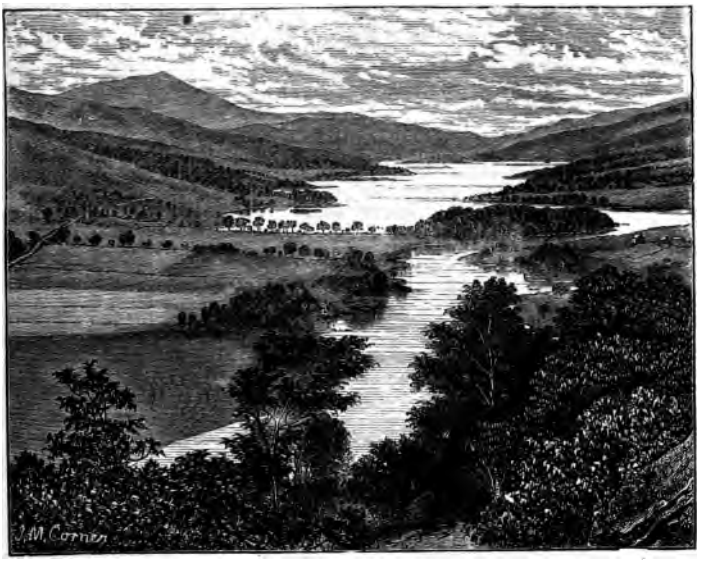
Than on yon dazzling summer's morn,
When that first rose you gave to me.
I press it close, I feel no thorn,
This hour of calm solemnity.

In May, 1836, Mrs. Stewart Sandeman first occupied Bonskeid with the feeling that it was now all their own. Delicacy towards Dr. Stewart had prevented his son-in-law from beginning meditated improvements

there while he lived. The family enjoyed during that summer frequent intercourse with Mrs. Keith and Miss Steuart, who were to spend the winter with Lady Nairne and her son on the Continent. Some years after leaving Ravelston, Mrs. Keith had added to the cottage at Steuartfield of Dalguise, built on a very elevated situation. She carried out to the letter and to the last the injunctions of the old epistle from her father to his four little girls at Gask. There still remains a rug which her diligent hands worked in imitation of pile-carpet; it was knitted during the time between the sounding of the gong to dress for dinner and the time when dinner was announced. Its progress was not more perceptible to the little onlookers than that of Penelope's web; but the stripes for it were finished at last, the border completed, and the children taught the value of odd minutes; she kept a large, round, China-silk bag in the chiffonier, full of remnants of Berlin wool for her rug. The children might take from it what they pleased. The first pieces of their work were done at her side. Her eyesight was not dimmed by cataract till she had provided a series of manuscript books sewed into black linen covers, with all the words of our Lord in the Gospels copied in a large hand. The half-text of the children appeared in some of these. Diminutive pocket-books covered with silk contained the first words or the first lines of all the hymns she could repeat, aiding her ready memory to retain a very large number. She had watched over her niece's welfare since the deplored death of her mother in the

year of her own widowhood, 1819. But she could now see that in her case a mother remembered may be almost as potent an influence as a mother possessed. On a visit to Bonskeid, she wrote:—

"11*th June*.—Glas and Margaret are so very kind; she manages her house and children well, and is bringing them up to help her in everything. May parents, brothers, and sister, all be blest."



LOCH TUMMEL.
From photo. by Wilson, Aberdeen.

"16*th*.—BORENICH, LOCH TUMMEL-SIDE.—I have had a long walk and drive with my niece, and desire to be most thankful for the delightful feeling of robust health so graciously bestowed here. I write in the open carriage, while M—— and her daughter go to visit a tenant's wife on this part of the property.

In this farm-house at Borenich, on Loch Tummel-side, Rev. John Fraser, afterwards minister at Lowick, Northumberland, had spent his youth; as tutor at the Perth Grammar School, he directed the education of Mrs. Sandeman's elder boys, and was an intimate friend of the family.

In October, 1836, their son Charles was born; in 1838 their youngest, Frank; and in 1837 their daughter went to Brussels to Mrs. Keith of Dunnottar, and Miss Steuart, Dalguise, who waited there to be near Lady Nairne and her only son dying of consumption at the age of twenty-nine.

The plans which Mrs. Stewart Sandeman had formed for the home-education of her daughter having failed, she had decided to send her to school. Without confiding her own thoughts to any one but her husband, she went to Edinburgh and visited several schools, calling on Mrs. Alexander Keith to learn the most recent accounts of the party at Brussels. Mrs. Keith, who was just writing to them, happened to mention the search for a school, and within a week Maggy's grand-aunt, and for the next two years, second mother, wrote for her to join them. These incidents are told to keep in sight that chain of Providence which, seen or unseen, winds all the way in the path of those who seek God's guidance, and act consistently with their constant prayer for it.

When Mr. Sandeman and his daughter drove up to the door of Mrs. Keith's house in Brussels, the servant in mourning showed that all was over. Through missing a steamer they had been detained, and Lord Nairne's *funeral* was already at the cemetery.

The physician at Brussels advised that as far as possible the bitterly bereaved Lady Nairne should have some one with her—and especially in her carriage on her journeys—who did not remind her of her son, so Maggy was often her companion.

Two letters from Lady Nairne, the one written after her daughter's arrival, the other two years later, are here given:—

"BRUSSELS, *December*, 1837.—Though writing, even to friends, is no longer, as formerly, one of my occupations, I cannot resist the temptation now offered of thanking you for your kind letter, and sympathy with me under the heavy affliction which it pleased our Heavenly Father to send me. No one but myself can know what I have lost in my darling companion of almost thirty years, as none besides could witness his never-ceasing tenderness and confidence. Whilst I had him, the thought that it was a thing *possible* that I might lose him, though high in health and spirits—the very thought would at times embitter to me our delightful intercourse. This, I know now, arose from excess of attachment, and surely I have much—much reason to give thanks for the grace that enabled me to resign him at last with the full conviction that all was well for him and for me. You are the first to whom I have written of my inmost feelings, as I really have not strength of mind or body for much."

"NICE, *9th November*, 1839.—I do indeed now very rarely write to any one; but I must, with my own hand and heart, thank you my long-loved Margaret, for your kind and satisfactory letter. . . . I am much weakened in mind and body since I saw you last, and how can it be otherwise? Age and sorrow will tell, yet I am here a monument of mercy and tender dealing. Surely loving-kindness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I know will follow me to the end. Though I am sensible that both the outward frame and faculties are subject to decay, I humbly trust that through grace the inward man is renewed day by day. . . . The Holy Spirit is promised to all who

believe our Lord's promises, and believingly pray for their fulfilment. . . . I have often *in other days* felt a chill of apprehension when I read the words, 'He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me.' You are aware of the danger. May you be kept from idolising any created good! My mother, when she had six thriving infants, resigned them every night into our Saviour's hands; she learned much by the death of her first lovely boy at a year old, and was six years without a child. Then your mother came to be her comfort. . . . Do you know a small pamphlet, 'The Sinner's Friend'? When people are convinced of sin, it is quite a cordial. To the unawakened, nothing is good. Praying for them is the only hope—though appropriate tracts have been blessed, perhaps in answer to prayer. Adieu, dearest M. May you and I, with all we love, meet in due time to part no more, and in the meantime may you be enabled to fulfil your mission."

The following letter came from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fraser, written a few days before her death:—

"ROME, *4th March*, 1838.

"MY DEAR MARGARET,—I cannot leave this world without saying farewell to you, my first, dear, and earliest friend. Often do I think of our early days, and tell dear Glas that, in all my absence and illness, I have ever loved and fondly thought of you and him. I know how dearly you both love me, and that that affection you will now transfer to my children. Do not grieve for my loss; I trust, through God's mercy, that I am going to heaven. What a blessed change will this be, from pain and suffering here! I send you no little remembrance, as I have desired in my will a sum of money to be given to each of my brothers, to be laid out in some souvenir of their last sister.

"God Almighty bless you all.—Your affectionate sister,

"MARGARET C. FRASER."

Her Journal contains the following:—

May, 1838.—Pleasant to be left alone to-day to think over my prospects for eternity. I desire that my Saviour should be all my joy;—yet often I cannot believe in Him at all. Could I

choose, I am sure I could part with everything that interferes with my whole heart being His. May the glory of God be revealed to my soul, His holiness, His Majesty. May all these low thoughts of Him, and that evil heart of unbelief which fights against my being happy in Him alone, be put down by His power. Even after having been made one with Jesus, how quickly would the world usurp its lost dominion! May the scales never turn again with me as to the real values of things, but may I this week have direction in each step I take for myself or my children. Then shall He receive me into His presence with exceeding joy; then shall the entrance be an abundant one for them and me. May I pray perseveringly by His grace for all dear friends. Truly I am always happiest alone with my God."

No trouble was spared in procuring books interesting for Sunday reading for the children. While Mrs. Sandeman lived in Perth, she went on Saturdays to get something fresh and true from the Religious Tract Society's room at the bookseller's, and brought down next morning the attractive brief memoir for the day; at Springland she kept a small store by her and sent the children to learn the hymn and Shorter Catechism in the garden. She urged such as employed the English Church catechism to be very clear in their teaching of it to the young; she retained always a vivid sense of the deception, in spite of her mother's training, under which she had remained for fifteen years, through having been taught to say: "My baptism wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." She was decided in her prohibition of novel-reading till her children were seventeen; they were then promised the use of their own discretion. The choice of good stories for children fifty years ago, was limited; all the more prized were—

"The Robins," "Robinson Crusoe," "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," "Sandford and Merton," "Henry Milner," "Father Clement," "Miss Placid and her Daughter Rachael," "The Tales of the Covenanters," and Scott's Poems. When seventeen came and the young people were free to read fiction, some of them had not the wish to begin. The true stories their mother had given them to read and passages in her own history, stranger than any found in this volume, were interesting enough. The old people of the generation preceding hers lived less on books than on the oral traditions handed down and perpetually repeated to the young. She herself added to a store of reminiscence real dramatic power and genuine humour. She was not afraid of speaking frankly to her children nor of showing them signs of the anguish it would cost her should they in any wise flinch from faithfully following the royal Master she served. Were a remark made in her presence which she thought deserved censure, her way of most strongly conveying this was to leave the room. And while the offender sat trembling at the very thought of having vexed her and framing an adequate apology, she would re-enter the room by another door with a smile of guileless dignity, making a remark quite foreign to the discussion of five minutes before. Her instantaneous forgiveness and forgetfulness of the past was almost startling to the offender whose remembrance of the offence was thus lastingly secured.

At Springland there grew a weeping ash, under which feasts of fruit were made frequently by the

children, who gathered the fruit and arranged it on the pale green and purple curled cabbage leaves for themselves and their companions. When the number was too large, their mother gave them the use of the Tower. She would arrange their places for them, and then leave them to themselves. These lines of hers, preserved during forty years by one of the sharers in these feasts, come to us to-day :—

"TO THE TWELVE COUSINS MET IN THE TOWER, 1840.

"Meet in gladness, for the spell
Of youth, charmed life, has brightly bound ye.
Meet in gladness, it is well,
Earth's best gifts thus thrown around ye.
Taste the fruit, and cull the flower,
Like yon songster carol lightly ;
While, refreshing, near your bower,
Sunlit waters flow on brightly.

"Meet in gladness ! Why should care
Throw her envious shadows o'er ye ?
When life's pathway seems so fair,
Lighted up by Hope before ye.
Yet for Jesus—as ye part—
Keep the undivided heart,
And the Spirit's power implore
To protect you evermore."

* * * *

After twenty-five years had passed, the cousins of another generation are at play on the banks of the same river. Change and grief of every kind has passed over the owner of the dwelling, but her interest in making children happy outlives it all. A snow-storm has covered the landscape with white, loading the

branches and burying the snow-drops; while Laura's hands have shown the rest how to make a man of snow. Her grandmother wrote regarding it when the thaw came:—

"They gathered of the snow-drift,
They fashioned it in form,
A figure bright,
In robes of white,
It glistened in the storm.
They made it eyes, and for its head
They twined a wreath of berries red.
And happy little Laura ran
To see her beautiful snow man.

"The sunbeam came and kissed its cheek,
It melted quickly down.
The famished birds, with eager beak,
Plucked its bright berry-crown.
And sadly little Laura spake,
'I cried as if my heart would break.'

"Yes, pretty little maiden!
Go, tell thy simple tale;
Thy many fair young sisters
Have treasures just as frail.
Tell them to trust for happiness
No idols here below,
For quickly shall they melt away
Like thy poor man of snow."

The close of 1839 found the community in Scotland deeply moved by the work of God which had taken place at Kilsyth, mainly under the preaching of Mr. William C. Burns, afterwards missionary in China. In many records of different kinds has the work so begun at Perth been chronicled. No one spent a whole day

in the company of Mrs. Stewart Sandeman, without hearing snatches from her of the wondrous story. It was the crowning of the preparatory work of the faithful men who had long laboured, and still were at their posts to hail it. The most careless of the community reclaimed; Christians refreshed, and their exertions doubled; the sign-boards of nine publicans taken down in one street, when the three months were over; these were the proofs of God's power sent forth. Mr. Sandeman brought his daughter home from abroad on the last night of 1839, the most remarkable night of all in the beginning of that revival of religion. She was in after-life asked by the editor of Mr. Burns' memoir to communicate her impressions of the revival in Perth, and wrote as follows:—

"It was in a hotel in Rome that we first read, in the columns of *Galignani's Messenger*, the name of William Burns. The article was a bitter and sneering caricature. Arriving in Scotland a few weeks later, without having had any opportunity of being in church in the interval, and with the bewitching mummeries of the Roman Church, as they surrounded the person of Gregory XVI., in vivid recollection, we were taken to an inquirers' meeting conducted by Mr. Burns in Perth; and the forty years which have since sped away, instead of effacing, have only deepened the impression of the scene we then witnessed. William Burns was speaking from Revelation xix. of the doom of Antichrist, and the hallelujah which shall rise from the redeemed when the smoke of Rome's torment shall ascend in their sight. He was warning the unsaved that over their destruction also the same assenting 'Amen, hallelujah' must yet arise, if they persisted in rejecting Jesus. He was inviting poor sinners to come to Calvary's fountain and wash and be clean. He was warning such as imagined they had washed and were living unholy, thus:

'You are saying, "If I sin it will easily be washed out again." Or, if not *saying* it with the lip, you are acting it out fearfully in the life. Ah! the soul that has washed its filthy garments in the stream of Calvary is careful how the remedy is used. Many believers have so much allowed the stains of conformity to the world to disfigure the white robe, that instead of representing the work of God within, they are scarcely to be distinguished from the servants of the devil.' He was setting before believers the coming joys of the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and said, 'This blessedness is not so far off as the world seems to think; the meanest saint can tell that it has already set in with a sweetness unspeakable. Ushered into the breast of many by billows of affliction and temptation, beating wildly on the soul with their tempestuous swell, yet are the beginnings so glorious and so blessed, that they are an earnest of a springing up of a life eternal in the heavens. On the joys which shall crown our union with Emmanuel no destroyer shall lay the withering blight of his death-cold hand; no ruthless separation shall snatch our happiness from us, or us from our happiness. After washing for a few days more in the free fountain here—after a few days more weeping on account of sin and sorrow—you shall awake suddenly in the city of our God, to walk with Emmanuel for ever in the courts above. The company, small here, will be innumerable yonder. Ten thousand times ten thousand are their voices, and ten thousand times ten thousand are the harps they tune; but it is as the sounding of *one* voice. Hallelujah! 'tis the key-note of an eternal song. Only *one* name rests upon their lips; it is Emmanuel. They know but *one* song, the song of the redeemed. It is sometimes difficult to say here '*all* His judgments are righteous,' for they are often heavy and severe. When you join that company, your narrow and short-sighted views will be gone. If I were ever to see the smoke of your torment ascending before the throne, I would have to say Amen; hallelujah! and if you, standing on high, were to see the smoke of my torment ascending, you too would cry Amen; hallelujah! . . . An hour has nearly elapsed since we began to speak with you; it is just taking wing; a few seconds and it will have fled to bear its tale to the judgment-seat. Shall it announce the

submission of a sinner, the return of a prodigal, the adoption of a son into the family above?' The deepest solemnity pervaded the assembly, as the simple, searching truth was calmly presented. Individuals were conversed with in St. Leonard's Church for an hour or two afterwards; and many a burden was there laid upon 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' These inquiry meetings were held three times a-week, and in the evening the church was open for the crowds that thronged it from town and country. An hour before the time of service every seat was filled. The multitude generally remained in silence, and many heads were bowed in prayer. The stairs leading to the pulpit were also filled, and it was with difficulty the preacher could be conducted thither. The Rev. John Milne, the recently settled pastor of the congregation, usually shared the pulpit with the speaker. We recall especially one evening when a chair was handed up for James Hamilton, then of Abernyte, to sit at their side. It seems now as if one chariot had sufficed to carry home the three, William Burns, John Milne, and James Hamilton. That night was one of power. 'Tough boughs require sharp pruning,' said the preacher, when some one would have tried to blunt the knife, by advising him to the use of more measured and tempered language. 'A sleeping minister and a sleeping congregation, what will they do in the day of judgment?' He was privileged to break this sleep—in congregations, in kirk-sessions, and in manses. The first part of his discourse always embodied a mass of telling doctrine, holding up the Divine law right in face of the conscience. The appeals in the latter part were irresistibly winning, brimming over with the freely offered love of Jesus. The Spirit was glorified. He arrested many before the preacher had time to enter his subject; in some cases the arrow sped from the first psalm that was given out, and many were awakened during the opening prayer. It is not easy to describe his prayers. Adoration of Jehovah's uncreated glory, as it falls on the darkness and corruption of man's heart, and reveals the abyss of a yawning hell, filled the first part. He brought himself and the saved part of his audience down into the sides of the pit whence they were hewn, in a way that made the greatest outcast in the church feel

that he or she was sympathised with and carried abreast; and then his soul would as it were be seen to pass anew through the cleansing flood, up into the very presence-chamber of the King of kings, and there looked up into the Father's face with unutterable love. His theology was unbiassed, and swung like a pendulum across the truth of God, avoiding all limited, classified, partial, and one-sided expressions of it. His training of young converts was thus invaluable to them. 'No cross, no crown,' was the term of enlistment. 'Suffering is the law of the kingdom.' 'The greater your sacrifices for Christ, the more of His joy will fill your heart.' 'Forsake the glass, the dance, and the song, if you would drink of the rivers of His pleasures, if you would leap for joy on the shores of Emmanuel's land, if you would take up the unending hallelujah.'

"He warned the young that if they would live near the Lord, they must be content to be singular even among believers, and to travel sometimes almost alone. 'I am often reminded of this,' he said, 'when setting out by the early stage-coach. The morning is sharp, companions few, and from the top of the coach you see whole streets shuttered in as in the night. But just here and there, one, earlier up than the others, has begun her morning work, with no one apparently to notice or thank her. She will find out the good of it before nightfall. So with you. Forget the crowd, walk with God alone.'

"It was a high standard he himself set before them. 'The longing of my heart would be to go once all round the world before I die, and preach one Gospel invitation in the ear of every creature.' He had a tender regard for those who were kept long in darkness; saying, that those to whom the Lord had revealed much of their own sin and misery in the place of dragons, were often led into high places in the school of Christ.

"All the roads from the town were nightly trod by groups of country hearers. Some were returning home to sing for the first time the new song. Others with heavy pace carried an arrow rankling in the heart. Others bore the good news of companions in town turning to God, the public-house signs taken down, the police comparatively idle, and families and workshops sharing the wide-spread blessing."

Throughout the Perthshire highlands the same impressions were made during the summer, and on the 9th September, 1840, being a guest at Bonskeid, Mr. Burns preached in the Tenandry Church to a large audience deeply moved. The features of the work remain written a generation after in the histories and minds of hundreds of the Highlanders.

The summer of 1841 was spent at Fonab by the Tummel-side, Bonskeid being let. Mr. Burns again visited the district, and the country people gathered in multitudes. About this time we find the following entry in her Journal:—

"FONAB, 28*th September*, 1841.—I have of late been much distressed by fears lest I am not God's own. Reading Erskine on the promise was helpful. My Saviour knows it is my choice to live on His Word, to go to Him as blind that He may guide me. Pride, indeed, says "No" to this; but then Jesus sees into my heart,—sees the full tide of joy which rises there when He enables me to throw myself right into the ocean of His love. Then can I drink great draughts from His promises, because of being so desolate, so strengthless, so altogether sinful. I would, therefore, look to Christ every moment in reality,—away even from ministers and Christian friends. How I feel a severe word, a suspicious look; then let me be tender to others. Let me have such words spoken to me as I need most. I gave myself all quite away to God. I would not draw back from this bargain since He has the keeping of my soul. I would be as Mary weeping at His feet, wiping His sacred feet."

"SPRINGLAND, 1*st October*.—Great conflict in my heart; yet I pant, I long, I agonise to be in that rest of His—to live in Jesus, to breathe in Jesus, to bask in the beatific vision. My whole soul says Amen to the Gospel plan. It is my life to enjoy Him. He is my choice."

When May, 1843, came, Mrs. Stewart Sandeman joined the Free Church; and although she could not be in Edinburgh in person, her son and her daughter saw the whole proceedings of that memorable day. Early in the morning they were in St. Andrew's Church with the multitude, hearing the protest of ministers and elders read, seeing the Lord Commissioner withdraw overcome, and then they left the church along with the last outgoing men. Whilst the procession marched on towards Tanfield Hall, the crowd upon the pavements walked faster and arrived sooner. Thus they had a view of the entire procession, recognising many an honoured and well-known form. Thousands of young people received a lifelong impulse from that scene.

She wrote, on 26th May, 1843:—

"QUITTING THE MANSE.

"We are leaving the scenes of our happiest hours,
So gay and so lovely with spring's opening flowers;
Our children's last look to their homes has been given,
And faith's eye is fixed on her mansion in heaven.
Now, Scotland, our task is accomplished for thee,
And the Church of our country is faithful and free!

"Last week in His house we united in prayer,
And we felt that the God of our fathers was there;
Yet 't was solemn and sad thus in parting to pray,
And the *last* song of praise on our lips died away.
Now, Scotland, our task is accomplished for thee,
And the Church of our country is faithful and free!

Yes, secured to thee now is the Gospel's sweet sound,
And our conscience is peaceful, our fetters unbound;
The shield of His truth He will over us fling,
And the shout that ye hear is the 'shout of a King.'

The crown on His brow shall for ever endure,
His throne as eternity steadfast and sure.
Now, Scotland, our task is accomplished for thee,
And the Church of our fathers is faithful and free!"

As she could not give all she could have wished in money, she parted with some of her father's plate. A portion of it shines in the communion cups of Moulin Free Church, Pitlochrie, while her massive gold chain is now possessed by her family only in her portrait by Watson Gordon. Twice her husband bought it back; but the third time she sold it, she got leave to lose it in the sacred treasury.

In December, 1843, she received the following letter from the Rev. William Grant, minister of Tenandry:—

"My Dear Madam,—In Mr. Sandeman's absence in London, I must inform you that an interdict has been served on me and that I have delivered up the keys of the church. Our strong expectations of retaining the church as having been a chapel of ease belonging to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, are now at an end. We worshipped yesterday (24th December) in the open air, a day unusually fine, and I intend being here also next Sabbath, if the Lord will. I had the tent on the glebe last Sabbath, but as Mr. Niven is to be in Tenandry Chapel next Lord's day, I don't like to be so near. On this account I write to ask permission to put the tent in your park or birch wood at a little distance from the house. Your attachment to the cause might have rendered this application, in the opinion of some, unnecessary, but I wish to do nothing of that kind unauthorised.

"I am almost single-handed in this country. We have had no permanent relief sent as yet. From Sabbath morning to the following Sabbath night, I sometimes ride one hundred and fifty miles, and after all cannot undertake the third of the work. How anxious I am about my people! So great is my concern

for them in the present emergency and with their present prospects, that I may say I have no other concern. Expecting to hear from you,—Yours, WILLIAM GRANT."

Among her papers we find the order sent to the ground-officer after receiving this letter:—

"DAVID,—I am surprised to find that the people were, on Sabbath last, worshipping in the open-air, and as Mr. Grant wishes a place on our ground for the tent on Sabbath next, I have told him that you will go to Tenandry to consult with him as to the best place for it to be put, and I hope a convenient and sheltered one will be found."

As her manner was when deeply moved, she wrote in verse.

"TO OUR PEOPLE, WORSHIPPING IN THE TENT IN SNOW AT BONSKEID, PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

"Ye are welcome, beloved! though cold be the blast,
And slight is the shelter that we can afford,
Though a tear dim the eye when we think on the past,
Yet we welcome you here in the name of the Lord!

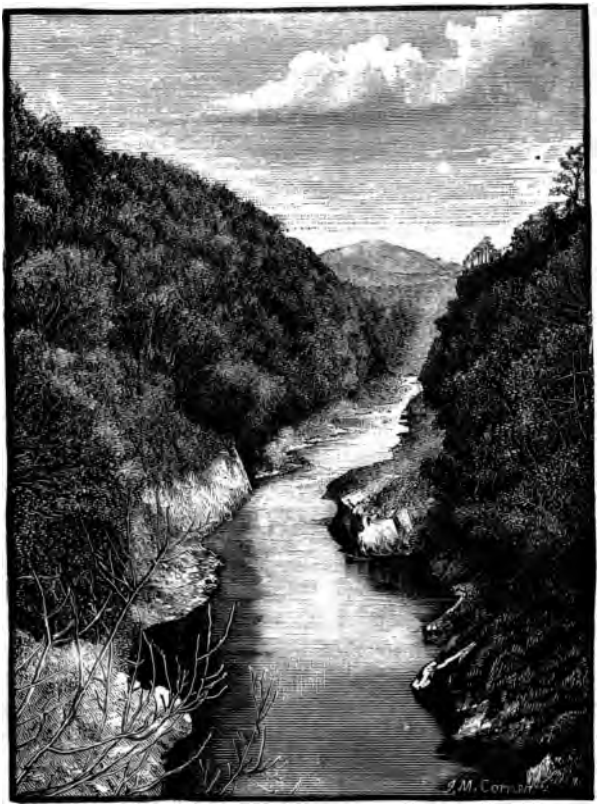
"And faint not, beloved! we meet in His name,
If our pathway be rough, He hath guided us here,
In faith and in patience still following the Lamb,
We wait for our Master, and He shall appear!

"Oh! be not faint-hearted, but think on His love,
Believe though these rocks and these mountains depart,
His covenant faithfulness cannot remove,
And His people still dwell in the depths of His heart!

"Then look unto Jesus, be watching His eye,
Poor sheep in the wilderness, He will be near,
And bright as these sunbeams, and clear as yon sky,
His Spirit shall bless you, His presence shall cheer!

"1ST SABBATH OF JANUARY, 1844."

Mr. Sandeman at once had plans made for a chapel two and a-half miles from the old church. It was opened by Mr. Grant in 1844. Alexander, the eldest son,



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.
From photo. by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

who had been much in England preparing for India, and was not yet quite in sympathy with the Free

Church, good-naturedly told the servants that every one might go with the family to the opening service, and he would look after the house with his favourite sporting dog, Glenny. The dog had noticed every labourer and servant depart from the place, and coming into the house and finding his master alone, behaved so strangely to make him go out, that he took his cap, locked the door, and appeared at his mother's side, Glenny lying motionless at his feet.

The thanks of the congregation at Moulin, Pitlochry, for the communion cups she had sent, reached her in the following letter from the Secretary of the Free Church Association there, dated 8th July, 1844:—

"The vote of thanks passed by acclamation on Tuesday evening was not a formal one, as was evidenced by the gush of feeling on the part of all present. The speakers received the response of the multitude in heartiest acquiescence. Your rich gift was for the first time applied to its intended purpose on Sabbath, the 16th ult., when upwards of 400 sat down to commemorate by means of it the dying love of Jesus, the gift of God that is unspeakable. We earnestly pray that God, 'in whose hands our breath is,' may privilege you often to renew your love to Him, His cause, and His people, in the solemn ordinance which your bounty has so materially enabled us to celebrate becomingly for the first of many times, we hope, within the walls of our church; and that, life's troubles over, you may meet with many here to 'drink it new' in that heavenly temple above, whence there shall be 'no more going out' as from earthly sanctuaries, but where all the worshippers shall enjoy alike a happiness unalloyed and undisturbed, because of its source and its immortality."

In September, 1844, the Queen and Prince Albert, during their stay at Blair Athole, visited the Falls of Tummel, and the carriages were turned in the park at

Coillebhrochan. Into these woods Robert the Bruce retired after his defeat at Methven in 1306. The gable of an old house has been preserved to record this in Coillebhrochan Park. It was in remembrance of the shelter then afforded that he gave the lands to be possessed by the family, which has since held them from father to son, bearing alternately the names of John and Alexander. Mrs. Stewart Sandeman was the first heiress; she wrote her welcome to the Queen:—

"She looked upon the foaming waters,
She gazed upon the rocks around,
And she, the Queen of England's daughters,
Was hailed by mountain torrents' sound.

"Fit throne for thee, our Highland Queen,
Beside the roaring waterfall;
For grand and solemn is the scene,
And thou the Sovereign of it all.

"Here on the soil thy foot-prints rest,
Memorial sacred,* as 'tis dear,
More deeply is thy name imprest
On every heart that loves thee here.

"Four centuries have rolled away
Since first these rocks 'twas ours to claim,
And from this memorable day
They shall be graven with thy name.

"My fathers sleep in Highland glen,
Only a woman lives to pay
This homage by her humble pen,
And now would bless thee on thy way.

"Oh! blessings on thy honoured head,
Thou lovely and beloved one,
May God in quick succession shed,
And be Himself thy shield and sun."

* The marks of Her Majesty's footsteps were long preserved at the spot.

During the thirty-eight years following until the Queen's train passed south in October, 1882, the hour for the passing of the royal carriages opposite her windows, across the Tay at Springland, being known beforehand, was reserved for prayer for the Royal House.

The following lines are dated 30th August, 1864 :—

"ON THE QUEEN UNVEILING THE PRINCE'S STATUE.*

"In widow's robes I see her stand,
She gazes round, she waves her hand,
The Union flag is furled.
A statue by its folds concealed,
Is now to open view revealed—
Ah! vain and mocking world!

"Is this thy best for her designed,
For her, the first of womankind,
For Britain's crowned brow?
Love, wedded love, 'twas all her own,
The brightest light about her throne—
Is this its image now?

"We saw her erst a happy bride,
Her royal husband by her side—
The change, how can she bear?
The sight I cannot longer brook,
Nor on that royal mourner look—
I seek relief in prayer.

"Jesus, Thou Living One, to Thee,
Thou Prince of Life, I bend the knee,
Make that riven heart Thine own,
Fill it with Thy celestial peace,
And when earth's troubled reign shall cease,
Be hers a heavenly throne!"

"Opening my Bible alone, while others were seeing the Queen, I hoped for comfort. This was in my chapter, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.' It came with power."

* The work of Brodie the sculptor. The original was removed to Bonskeid after Mr. Brodie's death, and placed there.

CHAPTER IX.

SCATTERING.

DURING the succeeding years the scattering from Springland began. Alexander had obtained a civil appointment for Madras, and was being trained at Haileybury College; David was to be the merchant, and after learning weaving in Barossa Street, was sent to Worksop School in Nottinghamshire, where only French and German were spoken; Frederick went to the University of Edinburgh; Hugh was at the Perth Academy; and Frank and Charles were the home pets under Peggy's care.

But in 1844 David having finished his apprenticeship in Glasgow, was brought to see the truth in a very clear light at Springland in April, on his way to business in Manchester. It was a most memorable day to his mother and to him. She asked him after his arrival on Tuesday if he would go with her to the communion the following Sabbath. He said, "No, for Mr. Somerville told me in Glasgow that it was only for the friends of Jesus." "Will a child of mine tell me on Tuesday that he will remain away from Jesus until Sabbath? Did you ever give yourself up to Him? If

not, then do it now." On the way upstairs his sister met him. They had been long parted. They went into the schoolroom together. Ignorant of what had taken place below, she knelt at his side in prayer. He went up to his room, the west attic looking on the Tay, and locked the door. There he knelt, and said from the heart, "Lord Jesus, I give myself to Thee." It was final—the last of so many weary steps. He realised that he had been taken at his word by the unseen Listener, and that he was no more his own, but given away. Mr. Somerville came on the Saturday following to assist in conducting the communion services, and to stay at Springland. Far into that Sabbath morning the faithful minister and the rejoicing disciple sat together speaking of the Saviour and the inheritance newly claimed. He lived out this dedication at the communion table, the family board, the office desk, the pattern-rooms in Manchester.

David told of the divine love at his Sabbath-class, in the teachers' meeting, in a prayer meeting held weekly in the house of an invalid. The light and the life grew apace, and to his sister at Bonskeid a letter came from him in September, begging her to find out if it would be too great a disappointment to his father should he now become a minister. His mother wished he might; often she had given up her six sons to the ministry. Yet it seemed to her a doubtful course to interfere with his father's cherished plan. His purpose was to divide what he possessed equally among his children, leaving it to the one who could earn its value to possess Bonskeid.

He often quoted a remark of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, that the father of six sons could never call himself rich. He deemed it unfair to bring up one son in luxury by leaving the others impoverished. He had advised his own father against purchasing more land to bestow upon himself.

Mr. Sandeman took his daughter to Manchester to have one interview with David before the University classes began—unable to trust himself to approach the painful question, and her mother being unequal to the journey. A day with David and an hour with his employer settled it; he was released from his two years' engagement, and left for Edinburgh University. On the 24th April, 1845, he was groomsman at his sister's marriage to George Freeland Barbour.

It was a sore wrench for the mother to part with the one who had shared her every thought. She was far from well, and she and her daughter had settled between them that it should not be asked of her to be present at the ceremony. The incident is recorded because it was so like herself. They had parted in the forenoon, when she gave to her daughter some verses, beginning:—

> "They bid me sing a song, my love,
> When my heart is nearly breaking;
> They bid me smile to my gentle dove,
> Her happy home forsaking."

She was not to be disturbed again. Every preparation for a quiet wedding was finished. All at once the

nursery bell rang for Peggy. On entering her mistress' room, she was desired to bring in her coloured dress. It was a dove-coloured shot silk, covered with a black lace shawl, and she came down, the loveliest in the room. Her black curls unmixed with grey, her eye fixed on the bride all through address and prayer, the smile never left her face. As she watched her daughter change her attire for going away, with the Bible in her hand, she gave her this precept, "Walk before Me, and be thou perfect;" adding, "I had set myself to pray for you alone this afternoon. I opened my Bible to search for a promise, when this met my eye, 'Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet.' I dared not remain upstairs."

After three weeks spent at Bonskeid, the bride returned to Springland on her way to Manchester, where she was to take up David's class in the Sabbath school of the Presbyterian Church, and attend to the people he had visited. Her father and brothers had an arch of flowers and every other mark of welcome waiting for her. Her mother read to the family these lines:—

"Ye deck a bower for the bonny bride,
When she sits enthroned by her husband's side,
With the waving flag and the flowers of spring;
And ye make the air with your welcomes ring.
Proud rose the arch for our highland Queen,
When she came to the land, where she ne'er had been;

And round her gathered, fresh and free,
The flower of her northern chivalry.
Ye deck the bower for Queen and Bride,
And welcome both with the full heart's pride.

* * * * * * *

But make room, make room, there's a nobler band,
That higher yet should in honour stand.
For have ye forgot, like a tale that is told,
The day that is scarce two summers old,
When the noblest of Scotland's sons came by,
With the firm set step and the dauntless eye,
And gave Caledonia in guerdon to Thee
A Church that was loyal, faithful, and free?
They left the fair manse in this sweet month of May,
And the woodland haunts and the garden gay,
And wife and children had tears in their e'e,
That Scotland's Kirk might be faithful and free.

* * * * * * *

Nor are they the last that the path have trod,
And given themselves to their country—to God;
See these fair youths,* with the flashing e'e,
Haste on to keep pace with the brave and free;
And proud and joyful may Scotland be,
Such ardent ones in their wake to see.
And when they are gone to their rest away,
They'll bear the burden and heat of the day.

After this trying parting, God was gracious; the weakness of seven years passed away, and strength and enjoyment were given for work and duty. She waited on her boy Charlie, and still more closely on her nephew William Fraser in typhoid fever. An orphan and the only son of her earliest friend Margaret Sandeman, Willy made Springland his home in his school holidays. He

* Her two sons, David and Frederick, preparing for the ministry.

was very dear to her, and endeared himself the more to his uncle by the remark which he made to the Master of Loretto School on not having received the usual letter, "I wonder what can be wrong with the post-office that no letter has come from uncle Glas!"

At this time she began a weekly class in the Tower on the river, to keep hold of the pupils of a day-school which had been taught there for four years. This day-school had originated in a trifling circumstance. Her daughter had for some time taught in the house five children belonging to farm-servants in the neighbourhood. One wet day their feet had left marks on the stair-carpet. She was told that it would be necessary to put them off at least till summer. This was promptly done, but with sore regret. It was not long till her parents told their daughter that having at once acquiesced in their will, she might have the use of the Tower at the water's edge for the class. The five children had not been many days settled on a school-form, bought for them, when other little hands came knocking. At length sixty children were on the roll, forty in attendance; the rule of admission was that parents had either been too careless to send them or unable to spare them to a regular school. The hours were from nine to one, so the rest of the day was free for home work. She took a great interest in the school, opening the window to hear the singing of the rhymes and hymns, and when the teacher was wanted to do anything for her mother in the house, the children were

on their honour to continue, the girls sewing, the boys knitting, and all singing, till her return. They petitioned to have also afternoon school on market-days and race-days. On these occasions some of the children from the Perth infant schools used to come and join the lessons. On the wedding-day above alluded to, the children came in the morning and sang at the window, receiving thence, as a present, their dress pinafores and work-bags, now no longer needed. The best pupils —two sisters, Margaret and Kitty—were soon received at Springland, to be for thirty-eight years Mrs. Stewart Sandeman's attendants and assistants throughout, in sickness and in health.

To all children she in a special manner endeared herself. All through her life we find this exemplified, till at the close her class-list preserves the names of more than two thousand young persons regularly instructed by her at different dates.

She wrote to her daughter in Manchester, 29th October, 1845:—

"DEAREST M.,—As you would hear by the intimation from Gask, Aunt Nairne died on Sunday. Her age was seventy-nine. I had, as a child, expressed to my dearest Aunt a strong desire that the title might be restored. She said sweetly, 'Ah Maggy, we should have no keen wishes concerning earthly things.' What she had then said came back so forcibly as I looked upon her after the spirit had fled. What true dignity was imprinted on that lovely countenance, which still bore a decided intellectual impress! I felt that she belonged to the aristocracy of heaven.

"The day before, she was out in the garden-chair. They wheeled her to the door of the chapel, which is nearly finished. Aunt

asked Mr. Oliphant if he had written to the Bishop of Cashel about consecrating it, seeing that he would not have it done by a Scottish bishop. Mr. Oliphant said he had not, and that it was as well at present to have no ceremony, as superstition was going to such a height. He repeated the words—

> 'Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
> There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
> Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found;
> And every place is hallowed ground.'

Aunt Nairne heartily said 'Amen,' and added, 'the place will soon be ready for me.' Next morning she was unable to speak, but quite conscious. Mrs. Oliphant read to her portions of Scripture and verses from her favourite hymns. To her she reached out her hand affectionately, and gradually became weaker until she passed away."

In the autumn of 1845 Alexander left home for India. A few days before he set out, she was spending the afternoon on the terrace with him at her work, while he walked up and down, reading aloud from the Hindustani grammar. She wrote in pencil and laid on the open book the lines, of which these are a part. It was often in this way, and not by conversation, that she made known her deepest thoughts:—

* * * * *

"And that strange volume in his hand,
Its character I may not know.
Ah! speaks it not of that far land,
To which too soon himself must go?

"Too soon—my heart, be still, be still;
Blessed and happy 'tis to know
That one all-gracious, perfect Will
Controls our every step below.

"Almighty Arm! awake, awake,
Upon him lay the grasp divine;
Never Thy charge one hour forsake,
By oath and covenant he is Thine."

It had grieved his mother that the serious impressions of his boyhood, although these had never been so deep as to give her confidence, had apparently passed away at school in England. This is expressed in the lines she wrote when he went to his first ball:—

"Go tread yon airy scene of joy,
If joy indeed it seem to be;
But while its charms thy thoughts employ,
A mother's prayers shall go with thee.

"Amid the dance, the laugh, the song,
Each serious thought afar may be;
Yet as the moments sweep along,
A mother's thoughts have flown to thee.

"Yes, full of life, and free from care,
Thy youthful breast may dance with glee;
But there's a heart thou know'st not *there*,
A mother's heart is fixed on thee.

"While all around wear smiles so bright,
And joy lights up each face you see;
E'en on this gay and mirthful night,
A mother's tears are shed for thee.

"Nor think me gloomy, dearest boy,
If scenes of mirth seem vain to me;
How my heart pants to share heaven's joy,
A long eternity with thee!"

Early in 1846, she spent two months with her daughter at Manchester. The day before she was to leave it her first grandchild was being carried upstairs, when a dust-shovel, unperceived on the landing,

tripped the servant's foot, and the infant was thrown to the ground. During days of suspense the grandmother's faith and calmness were conspicuous. Recovery seemed to be complete, but six months later she had to surrender the child to Him who gave it.

In November, 1846, she joined her husband at Torquay, where his physician had sent him to recover from an illness. They afterwards visited at Clifton, her aunt Mrs. Keith and her cousin Miss Steuart, Dalguise. Mrs. Keith's loss of her sister, Lady Nairne, loosened her hold of life, and full of faith and love, engaged to the last in the good work which ever engrossed her, she died at Clevedon in 1847. They also spent some time at Brighton during this visit to England in 1846. Her journal contains the following:—

"BRIGHTON, 10*th December.*

"Having to go to church alone, leaving Charlie and Peggy with my husband, I was shown early into one of the pews for strangers. A lady handed me the hymn-book, and, as we waited, spoke. It was Mrs. Candy, wife of a missionary at Bombay. I afterwards visited her. She gives a delightful account of the way in which the Lord blesses her husband's labours, especially to the good of young men. Eighteen of them from Britain breakfast with him on the Monday morning, and read the Scriptures. Numbers who left home careless are being brought to Christ in India. The missionaries are full of brotherly love, and meet often for prayer. She bore witness to the zeal of our Free Church missionaries."

"13*th December.*—A young woman, previously very ignorant, living in the house, has been brought into conversation about eternity. She was asked whether she had ever had any concern

regarding it. 'I am sorry to say I never had time.' Did she pray? 'No.' How did she hope to get to heaven? 'I never had thought on the subject.' But the result of the interview was evident alarm and anxiety. A second followed, and she wept bitterly; the arrows of the Lord seemed wounding her deeply. Her companion heard from her, and she likewise desired to have conversation, and was in tears. The former of the two trembled at God's Word, saying, 'Yes, I felt I was a lost sinner ever since you told me.' But she could not receive the glad tidings of a Saviour; the desire to do something for her salvation hindered her. She admitted that in so doing there could be no safety for her. She seemed earnestly to desire Christ, to see that He is a perfect Saviour suited to such as she, could she but call Him her own. Her friend is obliged to leave Brighton, and has committed her and her fellow-servant, who from the first was deeply moved, into God's hands, that they may be brought into true solid peace in Christ alone. They are entrusted to a Christian lady's care. Their whole demeanour during the week was consistent with what they expressed; may this prove to have been God's own work. Lord Ashley, Mr. Bickersteth, and others have raised a fund of £20,000 for supporting 700 Scripture readers in Ireland."

"SPRINGLAND, 22*nd January*, 1847.

"The subscriptions for the starving Irish and Highlanders go on liberally. When in Edinburgh, I found the ladies at S—— making up quantities of red flannel for the Irish poor, Dr. Chalmers coming in to encourage them with his brilliant and practical words. The ordination of the Parsi, Dhanjibhai, in Canonmills was a grand scene. Dr. Candlish preached from 'The glorious liberty of the children of God.' About 5000 persons were present. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, sat by his young friend, the Presbytery of Edinburgh around, with Drs. Chalmers, Gordon, Cunningham, Buchanan, and other members of the Foreign Committee. The charge by Dr. Candlish went over the events of the Parsi's life, and alluded to his being the first fruits of Persia unto God. 'Smitten by the arrow of conviction you forsook father, mother, sisters, brethren; you left country, rank, possessions, friends for Christ. Do you repent it? Look around

you, brother! Behold your mother and your brethren. . . . Go brother, and carry through trial, through suffering—it may be to death—the unsearchable riches of your God and mine. Go, impelled by Him, and at His call. Go not as a minister of man's making, not at the bidding of a Free Church, but in the name of your Master and ours, on the strength of that commission given ere He ascended, and which I trust He has sealed upon your heart."

"24*th March*.—The Fast ordered to be held, and proclaimed in the Queen's name in the Grassmarket and in other convenient places, has been kept with great order, and we trust by many with much humbling before the Lord."

"21*st April*.—The Reverend W. C. Burns, hitherto so blessed in Scotland, England, Ireland, and Canada, has been ordained as an evangelist to China at Sunderland. The committee asked him when he could be ready to proceed thither. He replied, 'To-morrow.' He charged my son-in-law with his messages to friends. During the ordination service there was not a dry eye in the church."

"—— *May*. — The most revered name in Scotland is now named as among the illustrious dead, and Chalmers has entered glory; his last day on earth a Sabbath; his last exercise of worship in his family performed at its close. Monday morning they drew the curtains to find the noble tenement deserted. The massive head with its crown of silvery locks lay on the pillow; the countenance, full of peace and dignity, seemed to say, 'I am gone up.' Beside him lay his prepared deliverance on the Sustentation Scheme and the College Report. The General Assembly is waiting to receive his words of wisdom; but the knock at his door brings no answer. The desired documents—there they lay, but the master spirit was departed. Professor Macdougall went to tell the weeping Church, and to hear her cry, 'My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' The Assembly sang—

> "'Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
> In Jesus fall asleep,'

and adjourned."

In India Alexander distinguished himself as a civilian in the Madras presidency. It was during the first year of his residence there that divine truth took possession of his mind. The society at Haileybury had not been such as to lead to this; nor would he accept of introductions to the missionaries abroad.

He was upright and honest, making no profession of religion; but at sea, hearing the New Lights, as decided Christians were there called, made game of at the dinner-table, he said, "Not a word against the New Lights; my mother is one." This remark led two ladies of the company to retire to their cabin to pray for him. Their interest was further deepened by observing that he forgot on more than one occasion that it was Sunday. They were bound for Madras, as he was. When the ship struck, and most people showed anxiety as to their fate, he betrayed none. All the more did these kind friends continue to make request, until, on the Eastern shore, their prayers were turned to praise. He kept out of the way of the Scotch missionaries by going on Sundays to the Cathedral, lived at the club, studied hard enough, but joined in every amusement. A fancy ball was in prospect; he had ordered his dress. Cholera began to prevail, and he had a slight attack. In its spasms he exclaimed, "My God!" It sounded in his own ear like prayer, which had long been discontinued, but in that hour was renewed, not to cease again. He recovered, and the first day he was able to leave his room, asked at the office of the club the way to the Free Church Mis-

sionary Institution. His buggy threaded the thoroughfare, and left the fashionable part of the town behind. Arrived, he introduced himself to Mr. Anderson, the revered man whose labours were sealed by so much proficiency among the pupils, and by many conversions. He did not tell all his errand, but visited the various classes. When Mr. Johnston and Mr. Braidwood showed him some youths who had become deeply interested in the Gospel message, the young stranger replied, "But will it last?" He was invited back to dine with them next Sabbath, and became a constant visitor.

Free intercourse with the young natives who had been baptised not only helped to guide his own feet into the good ways of God, but much increased his proficiency in the Tamil and Telugu dialects. To this he ascribed the honours which he carried off in his examinations. The joy which these tidings brought to his mother knew no bounds. Daily during his voyage she had withdrawn with his brothers, David and Frederick, to ask this thing for him from God. He copied for her passages from his New Testament which had brought him light. It was the little pocket Testament she had given him in former days, which he searched for as soon as he could creep from his bed to look for it in his illness, and had covered with a piece cut out of the velvet of his ball costume, which had been brought in during his illness. To the sea-shore he carried, in the cool mornings, a little text-book, in which all the dates of birthdays and other family red-

letter days had been marked by his sister, and which had been packed in with his books unknown to him.

Along with Messrs. Harrison and Nesbit, two Englishmen who had also become decided Christians, he applied to serve under Mr. Huddlestone Stokes, who was an outstanding servant of Christ. But that happy service did not last above four years. The hot season came with severity in the trying climate of Guntoor, and Alexander first, with eight others following during that year, had to be removed from it by various results of sunstroke. He came home invalided to Springland, to be once more at his mother's side. She wrote before his arrival:—

"To Alick.

"Oh, welcome beloved! across the white foam,
To the land of thy fathers, thy fair island home;
To her heart that has longed for thee often in vain,
And pants to embrace her own darling again.

"That feeling of blessedness how could I tell,
Which fills all my bosom as waves onward swell,
Which a mother on earth is permitted to share,
Yet is worthy of heaven, and perfected there:

"To know that the Lord has in mercy received,
To know that on Jesus my child has believed;
And to gaze on thee now, thus for ever made one
With the child of my love, my thrice precious son."

She devoted herself to him, listening with keen interest to his graphic details of his work. Travelling in the South of France with his sister he met Miss Caroline Bourgeois, whose father had been President of

the Canton de Vaud, and they were married at Geneva in the following summer. He returned to work in India on the Malabar coast on the expiry of his leave.

His mother closed the record of 1849 in these words:—

"The year leaves us lying low before our God, because of sin, unfruitfulness, and unfaithfulness, and want of grace to praise Him for deliverance. Cholera has passed over and carried away many, while we are spared; others have sunk, and we are all alive unto this day. Trials of faith have been sent to many of His people. The clouds have passed away, and the sky is clear again. Waves have gone over the believer, he has been tossed as if out of life; but has he been overwhelmed? The child of God has been cast into the seven-times heated furnace, but has one hair of his head been singed? High above these floods, and bearing his head over flood and flame, has shone the imperishable and eternal word, 'When thou passest through the waters,' &c. All has been fulfilled this year, has it not? Let us inscribe on the annals of 1849, 'He is faithful.'"

And again:—

"14*th January*, 1850.—I have sought to suppress even in this record the distress caused me ever and anon by the words of friends who seem to have a right to speak. They tell me I am blighting the prospects of my family by trying to bring them up as followers of Christ, as I see the path laid down in His word. Each trial that comes I am charged with having brought about. The teachers chosen for them, the companions, ministers, books—all come in for a share of the blame. Where health has been lost, it is the missionary work attempted in addition to their secular work that is accused. My heart is poured out in sorrow when no eye sees it. Ever since God led me, against all the bias of my nature, to follow in the path of blessing, this furnace has been heated for me, and appeals have been made to me by not a few to desist, my unbelieving heart sometimes speaking louder

than them all. I pray that these fires may only burn the bonds of self-will and cowardice, and confirm my choice wherein it is God's choice, for me and mine, on whose behalf He has done wonderful things. Let the rebellious will be broken, let Satan be bruised under our feet, let not the old question be still asked, Where is now their God?"

In her Journal she tells how a fire at the house of Bonskeid was arrested in a singular manner:—

"*July*, 1852.—David and his friend Oswald Allan were on a walking excursion, and chanced to be coming up the Pass of Killiecrankie, and on by the road over to Bonskeid, which is let. They saw the glare of flame at the house, hurried on, and reached it just in time to aid in extinguishing the fire. 'We saw the power of God in wind and flood and fire during that visit,' he writes, 'for there came on a pouring rain, and a blast which uprooted trees by hundreds.' Our tenant tells us David stood on the roof, near the burning rafters of the offices, and by his coolness in giving orders was a chief instrument in preventing the spread of the flames. The servants had gone to dinner and left the furnace door and laundry door open, the clothes were caught in by the draught, and it is so far from the main house that the flames took hold unobserved. Part of the offices will have to be rebuilt."

CHAPTER X.

BEREAVEMENTS.

IN the autumn of 1852 Mrs. Stewart Sandeman's brother-in-law David left home in Dumfriesshire to consult a physician in London. While sitting in his brother Hugh's house on the Sunday evening at dessert, leaning as he talked, his head upon his hand, he ceased speaking and was found to have died of disease of the heart. His eldest brother Mr. Sandeman hastened from Springland to the funeral, and on his return had an illness at the Grange House, Edinburgh; his wife came over to attend him, and employed their little grandsons Freddy and George constantly as her messengers from the sick-room. On his recovery, they returned home to Springland. The same evening the boys' mamma was writing to Springland, and asked if they had any message. Freddy said, "Tell Grandmamma that we have been working in our garden; I can't send her any love, for all I have has gone with her." It was only three months after that visit, that their grandpapa came to Edinburgh to see them before their intended journey to Manchester, which was thus, almost unaccountably to themselves, delayed a day.

The boys laid down the railway-map before him, and showed him all the towns which they must pass. On the 4th of March, as he travelled north and they south, the railway accident occurred which stole the two boys away.* Their Uncle David went from college at Edinburgh to tell his parents of the five lives (including the servants) gone or in jeopardy. His mother observed him near the entrance, and opening the front door, said, "Do not come up one step, till you say what has happened."

Mrs. Stewart Sandeman was much occupied during the summer in attendance on the surviving members of that family, accompanying her son-in-law and daughter, with their infant, to Harrogate, and bringing them home to the Grange. Her son David had now begun mission-work among the colliers at Hillhead, which had already proved a remarkably prosperous field of labour. In 1854, after the visit of the Rev. William Burns of China to Scotland, David obtained his parents' consent to offer himself as a missionary of the English Presbyterian Church to China. A small but beautiful link between his parents and that land had already been formed, their two grandsons having each saved half-a-crown, and given it to a missionary to buy Bibles for the Chinese children. Their strange death a fortnight after caused that missionary, the Rev. James Johnston from Amoy, to name the last gift of the brothers where-

* "The Way Home; and how the Children reached it by a Railway Accident." Nisbet & Co., Berners Street, London.

ever he went. Their grandmamma interested herself in the scheme, for which £500 was gathered for Bibles, through this incident.

Among her papers of this date this meditation is found:—

"*Saturday Evening.*—Hour of prayer for David. Have been enabled to give him quite up to the Lord to go anywhere all over the world. To-night, praying for the outpouring of the Spirit over the world, over His ministers in Scotland, and missionaries in China. I return to Him Samuel, whom He gave me. Only the Lord establish His word, and make him a blessed minister. A dear, dear boy he is to me. At the end of prayer, felt much hope, and indeed an answer that a plentiful shower will descend on this parched earth; but faith must wait His time. To-day David begins his Hillhead station. Lord God of Elijah be with him, stand at his right hand, bend souls before the power of Thy Spirit, and show him clearly whether his work is in Scotland, or whether Thou wilt send him far hence unto the Gentiles; whether Thou wilt have him learn that most difficult language, and spend much time at his age in this, or whether Thou hast work anywhere else by his own or already acquired languages. O Lord, show his path clear as noon-day, let there be no doubting or darkness; and, when once Thy holy Will is clearly shown, let us all with alacrity welcome it and follow it. I thank Thee, that he has a single eye given him to see that Will by."

Just after David's offer was accepted, intelligence reached Springland that Alexander was very ill. For three years he had acted as assistant magistrate to Mr. V. Conolly, Collector in Malabar. There was a rising of the fanatical Moplahs. Though a civilian, he went into the jungle to assist the Officers of the Station in putting them down. He caught jungle fever and died at Cannanore.

Before next mail brought the announcement of his death to his parents, similar news arrived from Buenos Ayres of the death of their fourth son, Hugh. On the night of the railway accident, 4th March, 1853, he had been for hours exposed in sleet and cold winds, while searching for the missing infant of seven months old, Margaret Stewart, Mrs. Stewart Sandeman's name-child. Heedless of himself, he also was present at the inquest on her little brothers, brought their bodies to Manchester, and arranged for the funeral. A neglected cold never passed away, though he still was unremitting at warehouse work, his Sabbath-class, and choir-practising. A sea-voyage was ordered too late, and he sank in one week after reaching South America, 24th December, 1854. A pencil jotting told that he often wished that he had his old nurse, Peggy, with him—Peggy, who had packed the boxes, and was to receive them back again to her now forsaken nursery.

His desk contained a journal, and at the end of it a register with a nightly entry of the hour at which he reached his lodging. Left for the first time alone in a large town, with no eye upon him, he took this way of protecting himself from late hours, and of saving time for his nightly reading. He was reserved as to the progress of his own mind in Divine truth, even while successfully using its precepts among others, but a paper in the desk told his mother that he first apprehended the freeness of Divine grace, when at Ben Rhydding he took from the shelves a volume of Dr. Cumming's sermons and read one. The poor families in

his district and connected with his class had cause to miss and mourn him.

We find the following lines written by his mother in June, 1855, when walking in her garden the first time the lilies bloomed after these successive bereavements:—

"The valley's sweet lilies that grew in the shade,
All fragrant and fresh in my bosom I laid;
But their bloom and their sweetness are o'er;
The Beloved to gather His lilies has come,
Has laid in His bosom and carried them home
To bloom in His light evermore."

In August, 1855, Alexander's widow, with her three fatherless children, came to Springland. The little Elizabeth, born at Lyons after her mother's return, was baptised in the drawing-room by the Rev. Thomas Dymock. Mr. Sandeman, unwilling to trust them with any other escort, resolved to accompany his daughter-in-law to Cannes, where she was to winter with her mother. His son, David, now about to proceed to China, left to spend the last month with his mother. The missionary's outfit was packed, his farewell sermons delivered, and there only remained a visit to Manchester, on which he set out. Mrs. Stewart Sandeman was alone. Her husband, accustomed to long journeys, had bid them leave the outer gate open, so that he might slip in late any night, as the time of his arrival was uncertain. It was October; a rough crossing of the Channel he always avoided, but having crossed, he made one run of it to his fireside. On

the morning of the 1st inst. she had the longest and most interesting letter from him she ever received. It went back to the days of their early love, and reviewed the long prosperous, if now clouded, history. It told that, having found it would take only three days to visit their old friend, Mrs. Stuart of Annat, at Montpellier, he thought he ought to give up the time to that, as the health of her youngest daughter was causing her anxiety. He might be home on the same day as his letter. He had written out his full heart to her, and wished the letter to be destroyed. Thrice she perused it, and as the day ran on, unwillingly threw it into the fire. She kept placing all his things as he liked to find them, and at last gave up expecting him and retired. At ten P.M. a telegram, with the tidings that Mr. Sandeman was laid up at Montpellier with Asiatic cholera, came to Mr. Marshall, Rosemount, Mr. Sandeman's partner in Luncarty Bleachfield, who carried it round to the kitchen door to break the sad contents first to Peggy, and then to the other servants.

It was decided by Frank, who came in later, not to tell his mother till the morning; and he rode off during the night to Bonskeid with the tidings. His brother-in-law went to Perth with him, to proceed to Montpellier; but news of the death met them there in the forenoon. Peggy had gone down at midnight to the river-side, where she could weep aloud. Her master had been throughout life her revered idol, and grief for the moment almost shook her reason. Next morn-

ing she was quiet enough to break the first news to her mistress, who met it calmly, and prepared to go to him; but when she heard the whole truth, her strength gave way. Faith remained unshaken, and her gathered children looked on their mother, wondering to see what the widow's God is able to do. A day later, Mr. Mason, the legal adviser, and one of the warmest friends of Mr. Sandeman, came from Edinburgh. He knew that from the nature of the settlements, the transfer of Bonskeid to his son-in-law could not now take place, as the latter was appointed guardian of his brothers-in-law. But on the second morning, written as in copperplate, came a letter by the post addressed to Mrs. Stewart Sandeman by her husband. He had arrived at the Hotel Nevet; among the crowd of visitors he failed, the first evening, to find Mrs. Stuart. Next day he felt ill; but having discovered at the post-office the number of her rooms, he spent that evening with her. The following morning he was unable to take nourishment, but wrote a letter, removing his son-in-law from his place as guardian and trustee of his children, so that nothing might hinder him and his wife from possessing Bonskeid. On his bed lay a French New Testament in large print, with the name of a Montpellier bookseller; all through it were marks showing that he had read the whole in the three days, and that God's word had been his stay when parted from all beside. He would not permit Mrs. Stuart or her daughter to approach his room. He knew the malady well, even before the doctor

came; he had seen cases of it in Perth during both visitations, and was not mistaken now. Mrs. Stuart's maid was able to sit with him at times and read from her English Bible—his own had been left at Cannes; and he sent by her the following letter, written in pencil to her mistress. Its careful thought for another is only in keeping with that forgetfulness of self in the desire for the well-being of others, which distinguished him from first to last. Not long before his friends at home had admired a proof of this in him. He had accompanied Miss Marshall of Rosemount, on a drive from Luncarty. The horses ran off and approached a steep embankment; the coachman leaped from the box for his life. Mr. Sandeman whispered to his aged companion, "I shall not leave you." With ease he could have done so, and for a few instants both thought they were approaching death together. But one of the horses entangled its foot in a low hedge and stopped for a moment, when Mr. Sandeman quickly secured both.

His letter to Mrs. Stuart at Montpellier, written within eight hours of his death, ran as follows :—

"*No. 95, Hotel Nevet, Monday.*

"My Dear Mrs. Stuart,—I don't think it would be good for you to have more conversation to-day; and seeing also that the weather continues inclement, I would beg to suggest that we do not meet again. Had I known that you, as well as Miss Eliza, had suffered when at Lyons, and likewise that Mr. Kenneth had come on to this place, and had only left you a few days ago under the care of a medical man, I think I should have passed on to Paris, however much it has gratified me to see you.

and Aspasia," with other theological works, pungent and powerful, spread the same principles in England and America, where the sect took the name of Sandemanians from him, but were bound together closely in doctrine and discipline. Down to our own day, Faraday and others of less note, have held the same tenets. Mr. Glas Sandeman's own mother had been a most loving disciple. Her portraits preserve her beautiful features; she was so gentle that even her pony could take his own way. She rode him slowly, often reading while she rode. One hot summer's day, she parted with one of her cousins at Perth, saying they would meet some hours hence at Luncarty. He followed her some time after on foot. To his surprise, he found pony and rider at a stand still in the green field into which it had walked, as there was no fence; the trees shaded them from the sun, the pony grazed, his mistress unaware, it seemed, of where she sat, or how time ran, was deep in the last pages of the absorbing volume. During the lifetime of Mr. Sandeman's stepmother whom he, as an elder brother, constantly and affectionately assisted in the upbringing of the young family, the name of his own mother was not mentioned. Four of her children had died before her, she herself died at twenty-eight. On his father's side Mr. Sandeman could not count further back, in Scottish dialect at least, than his great-grandfather, Captain Sandman, who had annually brought his fleet of five ships with timber from the Norwegian forest, and married in 1717, Margaret Ramsay of Baldinnie. George Sandeman, the oldest of

his five sons, bought Springland and married Jean Duncan of Seaside, grand-daughter of Elizabeth Bruce of Clackmannan; Andrew Duncan, one of the Scots Worthies, was her great-great-grandfather.

For ten years before he died, Mr. Glas Sandeman's mind had become imbued with the love of Scripture. It took the type of his mother's teaching; he sought for the books she had studied, revered especially the name of the man after whom she had called him, and sometimes far into the night took from the shelves the old volumes of Glas and Sandeman. He read them, and above all the Scripture, with his two younger boys, who only now were at Springland. In the afternoon the three might be seen together entering the Glassite meeting-house to listen to the expositions of Mr. James Morison, who had been closely engaged with him in winding up the Bonskeid trust more than twenty years before. Mr. Sandeman's remarks to the younger servants and to his own boys at family worship showed how deep his researches into Scripture had been.

The glass pane placed by the embalmer in the coffin was uncovered during the half-hour it lay in the drawing-room at Springland on the funeral-day. The widow's dress was thrown over her quickly, as for the first time she rose from her bed to go down into the drawing-room for a moment alone. She took her son David's arm and said, "With a hold of this I can do anything." As she kissed the pane of the coffin she said, "You are there, but not all there; you are in the white robes," and returned to her chamber.

About this date we find in her book the notice of her daughter-in-law's first and second visits—as a bride and after her return from India—and of her husband's death.

"THE VOICE OF THE SPRINGLAND FLOWERS.

"A lady came from a foreign shore,
We showered gay blossoms round her;
The bridegroom's gone; all shivered lie
The links of bliss that bound her.

"Under a glowing eastern sky
Softly he sank to rest;
While o'er his brother's grave there streamed
The sunset of the west.

"Our valley's lily hung its head,
The news it could divine;
The mother gathered it and said,
'So Jesus gathered mine.'

"Sadly the young widow came,
White blossoms round we showered;
And o'er her drooping head like rain
The dewy tears we poured.

"But when on fair Eliza's face
Baptismal waters fell,
We heard her grandsire's earnest voice
Wish the sweet baby well.

"That fervent blessing, 'twas his last,
Who left, but came no more;
He breathed that faithful spirit out
On the lov'd, friendly shore.

"'Ah! then we faded, laid our head
Low on the earth with him;
And under death's cold, icy tread,
Each brilliant tint grew dim.'"

The Committee of Foreign Missions of the English Presbyterian Church at once wrote protesting against David going to China for a year. To her and to him it was a year of near communion with Christ and each other. Always ready to preach and work around Perth, he made Springland his home. Bitter was the parting when it did come; but she would hear of nothing else. He was ordained at Liverpool in 1856. Her youngest son, Frank, alone remained with her.

"*Sabbath, 28th December*, 1856.—Alone. Mr. Burns was safely kept through his arrest and imprisonment in China. Comparing the dates, I find that we were met in prayer for him during his dangerous journey under guard of the Chinese officials. He has been brought before rulers for the testimony of Jesus. In loneliness, in sadness, may I be enabled to hold on in prayer while undergoing the process of creature alienation, that Jesus may have His own place in the soul. May the Spirit of God blow over the frozen surface which Scotland now seems to present. May the breath of life pass over this city—over the young people in it. May China be given to Christ for His inheritance, the uttermost part of the earth for His possession—Africa, slavery-ridden America, the world! Once in these rooms where I am thus alone,

"The hymn rose sweetly on my ear,
It sounds not as before;
And his sweet notes I cannot hear
Who sings on China's shore.

"There was a chorus full and strong
On every Sabbath even;
'Tis louder now the bless'd among—
These voices are in heaven.

"And those who still the psalm upraise
Are scattered far around;
Though true they sing the Saviour's praise,
I may not catch the sound.

"And oh, how shall I sing aloud
When sad and silent even
I think I yet must soon be gone,
And join the song in heaven."

"Let mothers trust in the last for their children. Mrs. C—— had left us with good hope of such. She servant, a young man of eighteen, died last week. Lady she had in some form asked him if he had placed his trust in the Saviour, but no reply was given. His minister told me how anxious he was, and I said his mother may hear him speak yet. The next day he died. Just before he left me a-seven, and his mother said it was over. The mother exclaimed, 'I have not yet an answer to my prayer.' After a pause the father said, 'He is breathing.' The boy awoke, looked to her, and whispered, 'Mother, mother.' She came near; for the last time softly put her question: 'Can you rest on Christ?' With a loud voice the dying boy cried 'Yes,' and expired. Prayer, prayer: Lord, teach us to pray!"

"*31st December*, 1856.—This year how many have gone! 'And the latest shade of the broken wing hath smitten one watchman more!' Hugh Miller is laid low. War with China is spoken of; and God of Thy people! God of missionaries! let Thy right arm be round William Burns, David Sandeman, and Cassalis Douglas."

"*Sabbath, 15th February*, 1857.—From my husband's Glassite hymn-book I read—

"'From yonder dunghill, lo, He picks
A topaz for His crown;
Sapphires and amethysts most rare,
Amid the rubbish thrown.'

"To-day I have been thinking of the preached word, trial, persecution, the still small voice seeking out and gathering to Christ the souls of men in Europe, in Asia, in America, in new-found Africa. Africa, with her open doors; let men be sent thither; the elect are there it may be in countless thousands."

"*15th March*.—Eclipse of the sun is nearly total this Sabbath afternoon.

"Rise in thy brightness,
Shine on thy way,
Break forth in splendour,
Monarch of day!
Full orbèd in glory,
How fair thou dost seem;
Creation rejoices
And lives in thy beam.

"Short is thy journey
Of glory to-day,
Darkness as sackcloth
Must shroud each bright ray.
'Tis on thee. Invaded
And shorn of thy beams,
The glory is shaded
And sickly it gleams.

"The sear tints of autumn,
They hang on the plain;
The cold chill of winter
Has reached us again.
Our sweet feathered songsters
On each laurel bough—
All silent the concert
They gave us but now.

"It darkens, it darkens,
The clouds have come down,
And closer enshroud us
With mantle of brown.
Jehovah, that mad'st them,
This earth, and that sun,
Lo! prostrate the nation,
The worship begun!"

"20*th June*.—This has been a sweet Sabbath-day to me. Twice at church, as for a month past I have been. Our former minister, the Rev. John Milne, is restored to us after being for years settled in Calcutta. I seem to be once more replanted in this house of God, which has been so often closed to me."

She spent part of the next year with her daughter and her husband at the Grange House, Edinburgh, and on her return to Springland had recommenced her class, and gradually been able to interest herself in kindred work.

Her niece, Anna (Mrs. Parker), only daughter of her earliest friend and sister-in-law, had been an inmate of Springland from time to time for many years, and now for a time made it more her home.

In June, 1858, her son Charles was married, and she writes to his bride on the day before the wedding:—

". . . In your happiness, acknowledge the Lord, who changeth not. Ask His Spirit now, that casting all your sins on Jesus, you may get from Him the robe of righteousness, to be adorned with it as a bride adorneth herself. So may you be united that death shall not divide you. Thus shall you be a crown to your husband, and you will begin to-day a union that will yield only blessing. May such blessings rest on you both. I can leave all earthly things truly in His hand. I give ye my own motto, 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added.' Be calm and rest on His strength, and He can keep you both through the solemn service looking unto Jesus.—Believe me, after twelve to-morrow, your attached Mother. M. S. S.

"A little box with flowers, such as we have, goes by this train."

In a letter written some days later she describes how the wedding-day was kept at Springland. It shows her constant habit of uniting all the household in every joyful family event:—

"In the evening Charlie's old nurse and twenty of the old servants and people had tea in the library. I gave the health when we went in to see them after tea. Janet's husband addressed the young ones, then prayed, and we sang the three last verses of

Psalm lxxx. Mr. and Mrs. Milne called, and he remembered you both earnestly in prayer."

When a child came to brighten the new home, she wrote to the same daughter-in-law :—

"Not only you but yours shall now be within the covenant. I would not give up an interest in it for my children for a thousand worlds, and for ever I shall bless Him who made me choose for them *all* the kingdom of God and His righteousness alone. Do so now in His strength, my own dear M."

Throughout these letters, and by a thousand other noticeable indications all through her life, it is striking to observe how completely she had learned the lesson which her mother, so many years before, had earnestly prayed might be taught her. She had made the choice, and determined that she and her house should serve the Lord. Now, she in turn hands on the lesson to her children, and prays through lonely hours in the old home at Springland that in each of their households, scattered as they now were in many quarters at home and abroad, the same principle might be faithfully adhered to. It is no small gift for a mother to give her children when they go forth from under the shelter of the old roof to build nests of their own, if she can point to the consistent example of her own life in such a matter as this.

In September, 1858, the China mail brought a letter addressed in a strange hand to her son-in-law. There was none from David himself, and so she opened this one. Her beloved son had been called away to his Divine Master's presence at Amoy, 31st July.*

* See "Memoirs of David Sandeman," by Rev. Andrew Bonar, D.D.

Now it was that those who were left of her family could really measure the strength of grace in its sustaining power. David had always been the most like herself; everything seemed gone from her; but God's work remained.

We take one of the last from the small packet of letters on thin foreign paper, which his mother received during his less than two years' absence from her, and which has not been printed before. His devotion to her was deep, and to him her love was priceless and peerless; her recent loss of two sons abroad, and of her husband, had deepened the love on both sides. He had been hearing from the American missionaries of the vast work of God's Spirit which had begun in the New World, and wrote as follows:—

"The American state of things will surely be the means of stirring up to expectation from God for Scotland and England. What a true use of the telegraph was that, communicating the number of souls hopefully converted to God, from city to city. And then so little outward means in the way of preaching, almost all prayer.

"The news of so many friends dining with you was pleasant, my dear mother. There is need by *all means* to keep the *whole heart* open for Jesus and His service. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' is a precious and weighty saying of Him who spake as never man spake. It is one of those comparisons of greater good and greater blessing which are eminently for the children of the kingdom, and missing the spirit of which, they lose untold treasures of blessing, both in this world and in that which is to come.

"Avoiding all enthusiasm, it is a most precious blessing that we are called to a complete giving over and handing up, as it were, unto Jesus, that He may (to speak with reverence) put His

David Sandeman

hand upon all, whatsoever we have, and use it for His own gracious purposes,—taking and making what use He chooses of anything that is ours. True love should conduct to this, knowing as we do, that infinite wisdom guides all that He does; and, again, remembering that, as Paul writes to Philemon, so Jesus to us, 'Albeit I do not say to thee how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides. Yea, let me have joy of thee.'

"Who knows how short a time we may have to be as the bride of Jesus, down here in the wilderness? What *is* the *use* of the things of this world, but to lay them out so as most to serve Him?

"I cannot tell how sweet is the love of Jesus away in these parts, it seems as if it were all doubled by the distance come in His sweet name. What used to be in some sort as a common vintage, is now as the most precious of sweet wines. Is it not even so, my dear, honoured, and at last, deeply afflicted mother? 'And the roof of Thy mouth (O Emmanuel) like the best wine for my beloved that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.' 'Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.'

"It is the best news to hear of dear M—— serving the Lord with all her heart. Do not be afraid of the opium question troubling me in the way you speak of. There have been too many warnings as to that, that such burdens are eminently to be taken to Him upon whose shoulders is the *government*. But this is consistent with a true and continuing sense of the guilt of our country and countrymen in the matter.

"Adieu—may the Lord Jesus be near you at all times, and hear all your petitions.—Your ever affectionate son,

"DAVID SANDEMAN."

In David's journal, the last words found written were "love and liberty." A missionary and his family had to move for change of air, and David had come to take charge of their beautiful dwelling. Among the last entries in his journal are: "*24th July*,—Gracious Saviour, my Lord and sole abiding Friend, be Thou

near to keep and sanctify. Deeply hast Thou been pleased to satisfy my heart with Thine own love; nor hast Thou withheld all those human founts for which man naturally yearns. Come Thou near now on this day of preparation for preaching the holy and blessed, though searching truth. Thy service, O my Saviour, is sweet beyond all thought, to preach in the name of Jesus.

"Living in this large, high-roofed dwelling, with its broad verandahs, the evenings especially I much enjoy. A touch of sickness, with health restored; dwelling near kind friends, so that I have society and solitude combined; an instrument of sacred music; moonlights of surpassing yet mild brightness, with now and then a passing sail, the notes of two snow-white turtle doves, crying gently morning, noon, and night, re-echo to my heart the sounds and scenes of my far-distant native land." "26*th July*,—Hundreds said to be dying daily from cholera. 'Be ye also ready,' at midnight, cock-crowing, or in the morning." Next day, 27*th*,—"Day somewhat darkened by the flesh." Afternoon,—"Reading in the Lamentations, found it good."

Two little girls, a missionary's daughter and that of an American captain, away on a voyage with his ship, dined with him. Next night the latter sickened; the native servants ran away before she died. David did everything for mother as for child. Flowers were sent, and he plaited the white wreath. The mother refused to leave the body till they came to bury it. The Rev. Mr. Doty only got her to her room by promising to sit

up half the night with the remains, calling David from his last sleep to take his post when he lay down. When the bearers came for the body David could only walk as far as the boat which was to row her to Ko-long-soo, and returned ill. When the missionaries came to his bed-side asking what gave him confidence, he replied, "From head to foot, righteousness!" "Any messages to friends?" they asked; "Tell my mother I thought of her, because she taught me the way to Jesus." "Is the High Priest precious?" "He always has been, He always has been, exceedingly precious, exceedingly precious, from the moment I knew Him till now. The love of Jesus has ever been to me as a cloudless sky; the one dark spot in it has been my sin. May grace be given you to pray earnestly for China and its perishing millions." Asked if he felt pain, he answered, "The only pain I have known since I knew Christ has been sin. The love of Jesus is like the sea around you! It was only last night, when I had a little more strength, that the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the waves of the sea—as if it would rend me—so that I had to cry, 'stop, Lord, it is enough!' Oh the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, of the love of Jesus! And I was constrained to cry out:—

"'I would go where Jesus waits me,
I would be where Jesus is;
All too long have we been parted!
Let my spirit speed to His.'"

The very evening his mother heard of her son's

death, after we had laid her on her couch, she recollected that Mr. Grattan Guinness was to preach in Perth City Hall. She sent for her maid and desired her to tell any one of the gentlemen who might go with the evangelist to the platform, of a message to the people of Perth in her son's last letter, that they should labour on, assured of a rich blessing at hand. As we watched her in these days, we saw the power to sustain which God's great work on earth possesses. She had given herself to it unreservedly. It gave itself to her; it bore her through. All, in a sense, was taken from her; what she cared for most was left—the paradox of the tried Christian: "Formerly, I possessed God in all things, now I possess all things in God." Fenelon was gazing on the features of his pupil the Dauphin as he lay in state, the idol of himself and France; yet he said, as one bemoaned the loss he had sustained, "If the turning of a straw would put me again in possession of what I most love, I would not turn that straw unless He bade me." For the rest of her life she was to subsist upon the work He had given her to finish, and on Himself the Finisher. "Heaven is nearer than China," were the first words that escaped her with the letter, one page half-read, in her hand. When her own minister, the Rev. John Milne of St. Leonard's, came to visit her, he said, "It seems, my friend, as though our Lord would have you in a sense possess the earth; India has one, South America another, and now China; they shall come from the east and the west to sit down in the kingdom." The

Rev. Andrew Gray, whose pulpit David had supplied for three months in the afternoon three years before, was the first to see her. He reached the foot of her bed, and standing there, repeated 1 Peter i., prayed, and left the apartment, unable to trust himself to utter a word of his own. Her niece, Georgina Sandeman, from London, remained with her for two years, became of one mind with her aunt, and by loving sympathy helped her to begin the course of lonely widowed life. Georgina pursued a bright course of usefulness wherever she went, and having guided others into God's grace was taken before her aunt into the life beyond.

The Rev. W. C. Burns wrote to her from China:—

"AMOY, *2nd August*, 1858.—I was surprised ten days ago in coming to Amoy to be told by Mr. Douglas that the committee on Mr. Sandeman's affairs, at their final meeting, had decided on giving to me his small Geneva watch. I value this legacy exceedingly, and from the very small size of the watch I may be able to carry it where I could not use my own. It has already measured off the short span of his life on earth, and may perhaps do the same for me."

We find the following entry in her Journal:—

"*17th October.*—Alone here, but ah! not alone in communion; Jesus in the midst of the throne, and the spirits of redeemed ones around Him. My husband, saved by the blood of atonement. The three brothers there, lovely in life, now undivided. How much more a home for me in heaven than here? The spirit's communion with Jesus, how satisfying even here! Holy Spirit visit thy heritage everywhere. May souls be won for Jesus to-day, this is my prayer—a diadem for His brow. Father, remember the travail of His holy soul under the sin of a whole world."

Two days later she writes:—

"DEAREST M.,—I hope you are better. I ventured to church, and at first felt overwhelmed as I sat down at the Table and they sang—

"'While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.'

It seemed to me as if our David, when he was dying, had in this been made, though at an infinite distance, somewhat to resemble his Lord. By-and-by I could rejoice as receiving the emblem and feeling that my Lord was at that moment the Living One above, and it seemed as if David and the rest were with Him, while we are left to struggle here. He sustains us, and is intimately near. Mr. Milne spoke from the Song of Solomon. After we returned to the pew Andrew Bonar was like

"'Rutherford, with look inspired,
As if his Master spake.'

His addresses at the table were on the Altar and the Sacrifice."

The missionary work abroad and at home had now received her to abide henceforward in its grand, wide chamber, heaven's vestibule. To lead as many as she could into Christ's presence, to bring the ear of her companion as close as her own to the open chink, the hand to the lock, so that the Song of the Redeemed within might be overheard, the chorus joined in—this was her chief occupation, whether she found herself among her friends, alone with her maid, or in the corridor with the telegraph-boy or other message-bearer. The outcast had free access to her. The weary labourer collecting money, scattering tracts, or carrying Bibles, left her presence encouraged and refreshed. The beginner in the Master's service, when in hesita-

tion as to duty, would come to her, and never left her without faith being strengthened.

An extract from her journal, 2nd September, 1858, shows how her heart was prepared for a higher place in this work. It was written while the Chinese converts at Amoy and Swatow were meeting daily to pray that she might be strengthened to receive the news then on its way to her, of her son's death.

"Alone, reading 'Pressing into the Kingdom' (by M. F. B.). Yes! Christ is enough, Christ is all; and is it no theme for praise that He is become so to me? How enduring is the believer's portion! How steady the brightness that flashes forth from the jewel that is ours! The heavenly inheritance, Christ yonder, and all that He makes heaven to be, we have not got possession of yet. We have Him by His Spirit in the soul, and the bright hope of seeing Him as He is. Lord, keep it unclouded. Remove the veil. Increase the attracting influence. Bring us near unto the unseen glory. Give days of such nearness as we have known both as a church and as a city; for unbelievers were then overpowered and confessed an awe was on their spirits. But why comest Thou not yet? Why appear so deaf to Thy people's cry? Working everywhere else over this globe—America and Europe made one—China open to the Gospel. Britain lies before Thee —Thy people in Britain wait, asking 'Come, O breath,' watching, Elijah-like, for the little cloud, pointing to the dead bones, the silent lips, the deaf ears, the powerless hands of thousands and tens of thousands of her unconverted children lying as in the shroud and the coffin. How easily do Thine own children endure the sight! Awaken them. They need the same spirit to arouse them that the dead ones need to bid them live. Dost Thou not see that Satan has administered to Thine own people a sleeping-draught, so that all appears to us in our dreaminess in false colours? Speak Thou first to our souls, and touch our lips with a live coal from off Thine altar, and inspire all Thine own to say, 'Send me.'"

overflowed the City Hall. Ministers of every denomination, from all parts of Scotland, from England, and Ireland, came to share in the descending blessing, and remained to help. The evening trains brought in listeners from the country parishes, and carried back witnesses to God's goodness. Mrs. Stewart Sandeman took charge of the side-room for women on fifty-seven nights out of the seventy. The City Hall having after that time been let for another purpose, she told the young people of her side-room that they would be welcome at Springland on Saturday afternoons. From this date the numbers of her class increased, until, at the close of her work, the list which was kept by her contained two thousand and thirteen names.

Services of the same nature were carried on in August, 1861. Her house was the home for almost every evangelist who visited Perth. The following list, copied from her Journal, was kept by her, that she might follow each in his work elsewhere:—

Messrs. Grant, of Arndilly, Brownlow North, Reginald Radcliffe, Richard Weaver, Albert Boswell, Harrison Ord, James Sillars, W. P. Lockhart, J. S. Hendry, Dr. W. P. Mackay, David, Alexander, John, and Robert Simpson; Messrs. Grattan Guinness, John Fraser, James Tinling, Steele, Tytler, Stone, and Collie; Dr. Craig, Major Ross, Captain Hull, Messrs. Jenkinson, Donaldson, Colville, Duncan Matheson, Gullane, R. C. Morgan, Beaken, Fullarton, Horatio Gilmore, and Professor Martin; Revs. F. G. Littlecot, J. M'Nab, J. H. Wilson, R. Cowan, W. Davidson, Horatius Bonar, Andrew A. Bonar, William Milne; James Wilson, Wm. Reid, John Tait, James Stalker, Simeon Macphail, John Coventry, James Gall, David Brown, Donald Fraser of Inverness, A. Moody Stuart, A. Macmurchy, A. N.

Mrs Stewart Sandeman

London Published by James Nisbet & Co 21 Berners Street.

Mrs Stewart Sandeman

Somerville, H. Williamson of Huntly, Brock of Clifton, Wm. Pennefather, and James Wells; Admiral Otter, Dr. Graham, Messrs. James Adam, Ledbitter, Hargrove, Drysdale, Reed from Australia, Daniel, and Smith, with many others.

To preparation for her class, now open to all, her strength was devoted for twenty years. The Saturday was wholly given to it. A paper published on Saturday was recommended to her, but she said, "I could not take that paper, it would break in on my Saturday." She would spend the forenoon in the garden, and be alone after an early dinner till five, the hour of meeting. She then came down to the dining-room, seated in front with low forms for the little boys and girls, higher forms behind for the older children, and chairs round the sides for the friends whom she invited, or who asked leave to come. The frequent singing of hymns kept the little ones from becoming tired. The hymn-book was often changed during these twenty years. She knew how young people liked variety, and invited any friend who might be staying with her or passing through Perth to give the address. Yet the service was always most interesting when conducted by herself. From frequent intercourse with the young people she had read their hearts and taken possession of them. It was often on the first night of a stranger's attendance that the impression was made which was to be life long.

Arriving in Perth on a Saturday to conduct a series of services, the evangelist generally began his mission in her house at that meeting, thus causing a great interest

to hang around it. She held the young hearts for Christ, and knew how to throw in a passing remark when she noticed anything wanting in the address for the special need of her young people at the time. One Saturday a worthy man had delivered a somewhat formal address, omitting the one truth which her own soul lived on, and which had been pressed home in the case of every one blest through her — substitution: One dying in room of all, with instantaneous cleansing through His blood. Had the speaker been quite inexperienced or young, she would have added a few words, but she was most considerate, especially in the presence of children, both in word and look. On this occasion there was a pause. She left the room, saying, "I am going to show you some flowers." She returned with a large flat plate of red and white camellias, and, placing them on the table, turned to the children, saying, "Little ones, you know it's just like this. Our sins are *that* colour; we wash, and are as white as *these*."

A linen cover was spread on the floor of the adjoining library; an illuminated text stood against the mirror over the black marble mantelpiece, with the words, "Forgive us our sins." Round the room were the closely-packed shelves containing many old books— Latin, French, and Spanish. The globes, with ancient stamped leather covers, stood in the corners of the room. To this room those whom she wished to converse with alone, retired. Once a-week the order of the drawing-room was disturbed for the tea-party of the

missionaries and friends who had been helping at the meeting. "The little grandchildren," writes one of themselves, "who crept in, thought this the pleasantest part of the evening. Their grandmother allowed one to pour out tea, and another to hand round the buns on the white-and-gilt plate, or cake in the silver basket. There was no constraint. She knew well how to glean from each of the workers stories helpful to the young, or gain for the labourers themselves counsel from the riper experience of minister or evangelist. In the long summer evenings the meeting was often held on the lawn; from it the children helped to carry away the forms. Some could scarcely tear themselves away from the brightness of the group in the drawing-room, where the setting sun streamed in on the workers as they knelt in prayer or tried some new hymn on the piano, before they took leave of her whose beaming smile and devoted life were a stimulus and strength in their own labour."

She lived so much by herself that the young members of her class who desired to speak with her knew that they would find her evenings free. Important interviews were held alone with the person who sought her counsel, and the frankness and *abandon* with which she threw herself into the special circumstances of every one, gaining the confidence and meeting the many difficulties of young people, were wonderful. The shortcomings of those under her charge were never lightly passed over, yet reproof came like a thorn among roses. Love went before and love came behind;

the fault, pressed sharply home, drew forth repentance, and the assurance of forgiveness followed. A light book read, a foolish song sung, an unbecoming garment worn, close intimacy with an unbeliever, untruthfulness, never escaped her censure.

There were instances of deep anxiety regarding young persons, for whom she had hoped the best. These brought out the depth of her affection and interest. The following letter—one of many such—was written by her to one who had gone for a time into a strict sisterhood:—

"DEAREST AGNES,—Yesterday, when looking over the pages of my book, I saw your name. A young woman had called to tell me that, at my meeting years ago, Jesus took her for His own while I prayed and spoke; so I looked in my book for her name. There was only the bare mention of her name; but of you, sweet Agnes, there was much. I found your lines about Springland and of the love of Jesus, and more. In the evening I heard that you intend going to the Nuns! Did not I warn you of this last time I saw you? Did I not say it would be a heart-break to see you in a nunnery? but you put away and scouted such a thought! O Agnes, to lose the liberty of your Bible, your liberty of speech, your liberty of action, and your liberty of soul—that liberty, best of all, with which Christ maketh His people free! You would go and lock the door on yourself, and bar these cruel bars of Antichrist behind you! Just when the apostasy is sinking, sinking never to rise again, God's Word has pronounced her doom. To the Lord Jesus I go for you; to Him I appeal. In Him I trust yet to deliver you. You were and are still very dear to me; but I trust you are dear to Him who fulfilled all, bore the penalty, worked out a full and free salvation, not that His own should go to shut themselves up in superstition and will-worship, but that they should follow His footsteps and be a blessing to this poor world, seeking to win souls to Him, and glorying in His finished work. You will bitterly repent

this yet, when too late. 'Too late' may sound through the deep dark recesses of your poor heart, 'too late' to recover liberty and usefulness, 'too late' to work for Him as He would have you work. God grant that it may not be the forerunner of the blackness of darkness for ever. My poor Agnes, greatly you are dishonouring Him. Oh that He may yet see the blood upon the threshold of your heart, and 'when I see the blood I will pass over.' You have sadly wounded my heart. Alas! you wound His far far more! I would like to hear from you your own thoughts, and I remain as ever, your affectionate sorrowing friend, M. STEWART SANDEMAN."

All these wishes were fully realised in the end for her young friend.

The Dundee holidays brought back mill-girls, who had belonged to her class. The "day out," were it but once in the year, found at her side many a young girl in service. We quote from one of the many letters received by her from the girls who had been in her class and whom she had tried never to lose sight of:—

"GLASGOW, *2nd June*, 1868.

"DEAR MADAM,—I cannot find words to express the pleasure I felt on receiving your kind letter. It brought back the happy time when I sat in your meeting, and listened to the words of eternal life from your lips. Though years have passed since then, yet, while I write, scene after scene passes through my mind, and methinks I hear you now entreating us to flee from the wrath to come. Oh! that all had accepted the blessed Jesus then.

"My dear mother was brought to Jesus early in 1866, and my father soon after, and our home has been made a heaven on earth. Praise the Lord for His grace to us. It has grieved me often since I came to Jesus to think that, after all I heard you say about Him and His love, I was all the time, as you knew, a stranger to God, but He found me after many years wandering far from Him. It is now twelve months since the Lord made me a new creature in Christ

and said, 'Suffer them to come unto me.' He bids us bring you to Him. In concluding I supposed a case in speaking to the older girls. You refuse Him to-night, you go away without Him, your life henceforward will be observed—after I shall be gone—by others. They will see the head of a family without Jesus, then growing old, the dying day comes—no Jesus, no peace—the remembrance of such an one going back, it may be to this night. I cannot follow her further or hear how Satan mocks and torments to all eternity. You know my only wish in so speaking is to lead you to take Jesus as a Saviour. Then shall we together join the white-robed company, bear the palm and cast the crown at His feet."

And again—

"Last Saturday it rained heavily and on leaving this the poor wee things who were wet when they came, had, I fear, to walk home in a thunder-shower. Mr. Taylor came and spoke well. The same address given here before had been useful to C. M. who was still here to hear it again. We sang 'Come to my heart, Lord Jesus!'"

Again—

"The great weakness from which I have been suffering is wearing off: surely the Lord has wondrous restoring power both for body and soul. He the source and the spring of health, nothing is worth the having when He is not felt to be the main-spring of the joy. The moment we look to the creature for that, it shrivels into nothing. Often if weak and oppressed the enemy seizes the opportunity to distress the soul, casting in doubts of Jesus and His love—a love that cannot falter, a love that is indestructible. Well, the enemy only lays us to our rest on Jesus' bosom, helpless as a child, helpless as when first we lisped His name as our salvation.

"On Saturday last I had to remain in my room till near the time of my meeting, and awoke from a short sleep so faint. I looked up at my text over the mantelpiece, my eye fell on these words: 'I will not fail thee nor forsake thee' (Josh. i. 5). I got new life and went down. Had thirty-five girls. E. Balmain,

Agnes, and myself. I was able to speak from Josh. i., especially on the departure of Moses."

Again, on Christmas day:—

"Preparing for my annual party for eighty-five girls. Besides my other preparations for their recreation, the 'Old, Old Story' is printed on card-board for each, with a copy of ——'s little book. I have diligently spread it abroad, and have still a hundred. Love to Hugh, who will not be loved the less for his name, among his Manchester friends. I see an awful hurricane at Buenos Ayres, but I daresay that tomb * will be undisturbed amid the waste of waters which prevail over the country. I felt your letter to be doubly kind coming this morning. Many, many happy days to you in Him whose name has been given to this day; many know but the name, I fear. Many blessings you have received since you were saved from death, near where you now are, that night on the railway: best of all to be made a soul-gatherer. I did feel it desolate last night when, alone here, I thought of you being so far away. But you know it becomes natural to me to be alone, and to rejoice in being not alone, but with Jesus. How precious He is to me! I got a great blessing on Saturday at my meeting; a deepened feeling of sin, I trust. There seemed to be an awful realisation of our vileness in the prayer of Mr. Moir after all were gone. Jesus is sufficient to bear one up under this conviction of sin. Though to be alone with God is what I need for my work, yet sometimes the spirit faints."

"SPRINGLAND, *January* 4.

"DEAR DR.—I will seek to remember you to-morrow, and on the other dates. I intended to write and tell you about your books being given to the children, but waited to speak of the following Saturday, eighty-two in the room. My own four lovely grand-children stood at the door to receive them. —— was in my arms, and handed, from trays ornamented with evergreen, your pink, and green, and gilt, gorgeous-looking books. Then ——'s little books in green bands of my children's making, and each hymn tied with a knot of ribbon in four colours. The two eldest

* Her son's grave.

arrested attention and won the heart. The following is one of many proofs of the permanence of impressions made by a casual meeting on the road:—One day she met a young man to whom she had spoken before but did not now recognise, and asked if he knew he was a sinner, and whether the burden was removed. To a further question: "How long since?" he replied, "Here on this road, that day you spoke to me, two years ago."

The grounds of Springland descend in terraces to the broad river; on the opposite bank lies the extensive green meadow of the North Inch, which formed for many years the favourite resort of the town children on Saturday afternoons. In summer time the river tempted them to bathe, although the eddies and uneven bottom made this unsafe, and bathing accidents were not unfrequent. A shrill cry, followed by shouts from the bank, "A boat, a boat!" told that life was in danger. In a few seconds the Springland boat was in the river, and in a few minutes more the body, dripping and senseless, would be carried up the steps to the Tower. In July, 1867, one of the most painful of these sights was witnessed. The body of a young man from Dundee was carried up from the river, water dropping from his dark hair. The boat returned, bringing his father and little brother. Mrs. Sandeman was there. More than once she had stood by to see personally that every possible remedy was used, and had sometimes had the satisfaction of seeing life restored; but in this case Dr. Bower, who lived near, said there was no hope. Those

on the bank had been admiring the young man's prowess as a swimmer; but, coming from shallow, half-tepid water into deep water, the sudden cold had overcome him. Mrs. Sandeman cut a lock of hair for his mother; his father withdrew with it, leading away the little brother by the hand, as he sobbed, "I cannot go to my mother without Willie." The coffin-bearers, the father and his friends, came next noon. Mrs. Sandeman joined them and offered prayer before the company wound along the path by the Tay and left the grounds. She afterwards learned that two persons had been lastingly impressed as the result of her interview with the mourners that day. Lives were still saved by that boat, till the bathing ground was moved farther up the river, and life-preservers hung not far apart.

One of the most interesting events in this period of her life was the annual recurrence of the Perth Conferences from 1862 onwards. The idea of these conferences was taken from the meetings held under that name at Mildmay. Those at Perth were begun by Colonel Macdonald Macdonald of St. Martin's, the Rev. W. Pennefather, and the Rev. John Milne. As time passed the work extended, and is now in the hands of a large committee.

Mrs. Stewart Sandeman succeeded in interesting her class to its youngest member, as well as her grandchildren, in the return of the first Tuesday of September, on which day the Conference began, until recently changed to the second Tuesday of that month. When

to its last leaf, with a side-table for the children, and spread from noon till supper-time for all who chanced to come in. The best flowers from the garden and heather from Bonskeid, came in to garnish the heavily-laden table.

To many these Conference dinners at Springland were the happiest hours of three happy days. Strangers from all parts, invited often at a moment's notice, soon felt themselves among friends. The very shortness of the two hours of interval stimulated the enjoyment, and forbade formality. But if we began to think that she herself was the happy centre round whom we all gathered, a look, or sign, or word, asking for prayer or hymn, made us feel that she was only a steward receiving in His name, and that the Unseen was the One whose presence was most realised and counted upon. Next her, at the head of the table, for many years sat Lord Kintore; and near her were sometimes Lord Cavan or Lord Radstock, Rev. Sir Henry W. Moncreiff, Rev. W. Haslam, Admiral Otter, Messrs. Grant of Arndilly, Brownlow North, or Gordon of Parkhill. In her presence the conversation could never for very long diverge from the great centre. At the close of dessert, the children carried round the hymn-books; and after we had sung, she asked one and another to pray, sometimes adding herself a special petition. The singing would have been nothing without her; her voice always rose above the rest. Music charmed her to the end. The parties continued when she was no longer equal to the fatigue. But when, three years

ago, the sweet tones of Mr. and Mrs. M'Granahan, from America, reached her room through the open window, she rose at once from her sofa, and her stately figure glided in to her own old place in the dining-room. To us, a Conference can never be the same without her. But could she now open the door above, and let us hear the songs which satisfy her ear in these halls of Sion, should not we, too, be eager to leave our places here and worship yonder?

After tea and coffee in the drawing-room, there was the rapid scattering, and then the hurried footsteps heard on the gravel, of the friends hastening to be in time for the evening evangelistic meeting. Some disappeared by the winding path down to the river, others by the short avenue, past the large holly-tree, through the little brown gate, to go round by the bridge. Happiest, perhaps, the one who kept watch at home with Grandmamma. These evangelistic meetings, addressed by Mr. Haslam, Dr. Mackay, Harrison Ord, and others, were her special interest. When no longer able to attend them, her eye would be on the ormolu clock with the blue figures on the white dial, which slowly ticked upon the Sienna marble mantelpiece, keeping her in mind of the different stages of the meeting; or she would rise to sit in the bow-window, and look out to the west with its wealth of beauty. How often, by land and sea, have pilgrims travelled by that pathway of the setting sun, to find, as it were, their heavenly fatherland half-way! As we together looked on the sky of molten gold, mirrored in the gleaming water, and

having the same interests. The names of Rev. J. Milne, Messrs. Radcliffe, Brownlow North, Grant of Arndilly, Matheson, and Weaver occur continually. With untiring perseverance she preserved, morning by morning, every incident and conversation which came within her knowledge. Very often when any event, private or public, interested her deeply, she would write down in verse the thoughts which filled her mind. Upwards of four hundred such fugitive pieces are scattered through these volumes.

As years went on, her "Book," as it was always called, became more comprehensive in its contents. Turning over its pages, we find newspaper extracts, speeches in Parliament, striking events, news from the seat of war, royal visits, anecdotes of personal courage or daring, with here and there a cartoon from *Punch*. Everything that interested her was put in; anything with life and movement in it, anything with a touch of earthly love or zeal or energy, but above all, anything in which she felt the direct breath of the Spirit of God, and recognised His special working, whether in public event or private life, in great national disaster or in the simple faith of some little child. On nearly every Sabbath, after the time when she ceased to be able to go to church, we find a prayer, chiefly of intercession, for those who were able to go out to work, whether in church or class or meeting, at home or abroad. If any clipping were made from the *Christian* or other Sunday paper, it was always kept to be gummed in on Monday morning. How well-known to her children, and still more to the

grandchildren, who came on eagerly-anticipated visits to Springland, was the straw-twisted basket which contained the needful implements for this morning work. All neatly placed together lay the pen, the pencil, the scissors, the paper-cutter, and the thick pad to keep the newly-gummed pages from sticking together. Every morning at 7.30 the early letters were brought to her bedroom, along with the Dundee paper, the first to reach Perth. Before that hour she had read from out of her Bible wherever it opened, in the fresh morning air from her window, which was kept open through the night, unless the weather was severe. In a very short time, sitting up in bed, she had skimmed the paper, rapidly run over the chief contents to any one who chanced to be there, breaking in with her own commentary. If prayer had not preceded, it followed this bird's-eye view of the past day, or the forecast of the present one. Noteworthy events were sometimes transferred to the quarto volume even before eleven, when, with the second post, she had the Edinburgh paper. In youth a Conservative with all who then surrounded her, she became, before the Disruption of the Scottish Church, strongly attached to those who favoured it in the State, and indignant at the treatment experienced from the Conservative Government of the day by the Church whose claim was supported by the ablest Scottish judges, Lords Cockburn, Jeffrey, and Moncrieff. During the last years of her life she returned to the political predilections of early days.

In 1863 she wrote to her son Frederick: "Frank

station, in Yorkshire, at midnight. The station-master was there; I did not expect him to know me, but he came up and shook hands, saying he could not forget an address he had heard in this hall, since it was for him the turning-point.'"

"26*th*.—The ladies' prayer meeting was resumed here on the sixteenth, at twelve. —— was helped to speak from 'My thoughts are not your thoughts.' We felt the reality of Jesus to help, of Satan to attack and to be overcome. Ladies came from all parts of the town, walking on the ice, for they could not drive in such weather."

"2*nd February*.—I had to take the first part of to-day's meeting. We remembered the China Mission, and asked blessing on parcels of Robert Annan's Memoir to be sent to bands of masons, plasterers, and plumbers. One of the most soothing occupations of mind is to dwell on the memoirs of those who have passed away, whose labours are ended, but who may thus still be used, and in getting material for which I have done something. I would give praise that ever they lived to labour in Scotland and elsewhere, and that I was permitted to join with them so much in prayer and get the answer and somewhat to soften the rough path for them. I am ready to lose heart in Edinburgh, everybody else blest, and I without my home-work; I can find nothing to do."

"SPRINGLAND, 21*st March*.—Took the meeting all myself. Seven new girls; I asked one little stranger: 'Why do girls come here?' 'To love Jesus,' was the answer. Subject—the thrice-asked question: 'Lovest thou Me?' I read to them part of Mr. Hammond's book, 'The Child's Guide to the Happy Land.' Some seemed very careless. I took them to the library."

"3*rd May*.—Much encouraged at my meeting. At a loss for a subject; in the morning I mislaid £1, seeing the servants on their knees searching for it, I resolved to take this as a subject—the woman sweeping the house for the lost piece. Destined the £1 for an object, and just after espied it on the floor, so it has been twice useful. We are preparing for Mr. Hammond's visit."

Again:—

"While conversing with some girls in the library, I heard a

low knock at the side door and wondered what it could be. A little girl stood there. I thought she waited for a sister. 'Who do you want?' I said. 'I am wanting Jesus.'"

Again, she writes part of the address given to her class one evening:—

"God's eye of fire is looking in on each heart at the easily besetting sin. When a girl, my mother wrote to me that already she thought I must know what root of bitterness was in my heart; I did not like her saying this. Away with it to Jesus, whatever it be; He by His Spirit can take it away. Then run—not 'stand still,' and yet He bid us 'stand;' it is not *walk*, and yet He bids us walk with God; but here is something that will suit you children better—run. To run the race—the narrow way—with patience. Ah! that is not soon learned; I think it is sometimes not learned until near the last. That race is run in a difficult and narrow way; sometimes under clouds of trial, sometimes in bright sunshine of Jesus' love, and now again in shady places and with footsteps sinking in the mire. Still, are we not coming up out of the wilderness leaning on the Beloved? At other times the road is very solitary, but the footprints of Jesus are all the way along, we are looking all the while unto Jesus."

"16*th August*.—We have been praying for poor J——, the nun, that the cruel bond may be broken. To obtain greater nearness to God and power with Him in behalf of others, may we press on past our acquaintance, companionship, unto Him alone who can grant our requests. Let us overcome by the blood of the Lamb. Let me live as one who bears a blood-bought name, and who in Christ lays claim to the glory prepared. May my children and grandchildren be all blest in their work. Since our Lord comes not yet to the admiring gaze of His poor Church in this wilderness, exiled, alone, let Him be revealed to faith in greater nearness. May we become exclusively His. The desolation and the solitude of life assigned us should lead to this, to be satisfied if I have the King himself alone in house and heart. Other links have to be severed that the one glorious chain which unites unto Thee may be felt all-powerfully drawing us. The night-watch does seem long and weary; those loved ones I began it with are

that of Resby, the real proto-martyr of Scotland, a follower of Wycliffe, who was found teaching the doctrines of the Bible, and was burnt at Perth in 1407; and also that of Helen Stark, who was drowned on the 25th January, 1545, in a sack in the Tay. She envied them their privilege of thus testifying to Christ.

The singing of hymns was at all times a cordial to her; never can we forget the radiant expression her countenance wore when Mr. Sankey first sung to her "The Ninety and Nine." She was unable to attend the services in the City Hall in 1874, but Mr. Moody came to see her; the distance of Springland from Perth made it impossible for him to be under her roof, but she perseveringly followed his course with prayer, and chronicled it minutely in her book.

She wrote to Mrs. Omond:—

"SPRINGLAND, 10*th June*, 1874.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Yours just come this morning Mr. and Mrs. Sankey left me yesterday, after spending nearly a fortnight. All I have heard, and the little I have seen of the work in Perth, since Professor Martin first came and began among the young with the city missionaries, tends to make me believe that a great blessing has descended among the young. At my own meetings during the past month, new, bright faces—big boys, fourteen to sixteen or so—have appeared. Then came girls from Sharpe's School; one of these, after going to Glasgow, and converted there, sent in a petition for a school-fellow, which was answered. The first-mentioned of these has, Miss Kippen tells me, been the means of leading thirty of the girls. Last Saturday Frederick, who rejoices so much to be with us, spoke. I held the second meeting, and conversed with twelve or thereabouts

who came from Perth, impressed at the meetings of Moody and Sankey. Many of those seemed to rest on Christ. One of the elder girls, speaking of Mr. Moody, said :—'He bade me trust Jesus ; I prayed and believed He would hear me, and He did.' Each night in Mr. Gibson's church there was a great congregation. Mr. Moir, who so often helps me here all through the winter, sacrificed hearing Mr. Moody (except twice), and stayed to speak to the hundreds in the City Hall with Mr. Sankey. I sent my helper and my own elder girls of my class to assist with the young. The last night, when tickets were given to gather in the careless, many were deeply moved, and Mr. Sankey and Frederick remained till eleven ; —— is blessed exceedingly. The rest you will find in the *Christian* and the *Times of Blessing.*

"Miss Whittet has been spending some weeks near Grandtully, and my long, lonely cry for that place, Murthly and Strathbraan, has been answered. It was in that district that William Burns saw the fathers brought in in 1840 ; now may the faithful ministers see the children. Miss W. had addressed a meeting of women from Revelation vi. 16. All were weeping. At the close an old woman said :—'I cannot bear His wrath.' Miss W. replied, 'You will have to bear it to all eternity unless you take refuge in Him who is the hiding-place.' After long thought, the old woman said :—'I will take Him,—I have taken Him,—I am in the hiding-place.' She it was who came afterwards to her son, who was in the next room with four companions, and said :—'O Willie ! take the Man that is the hiding-place ; I have taken Him and I am safe.' That night the grand old strath resounded with—

"'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast.'"

For many years she had not been able to take any journey by rail or carriage ; but in the summer of 1872 she was persuaded to visit Bonskeid once more, making the journey back by carriage. In October she felt well enough to proceed to Edinburgh in order to be present at the marriage of her eldest grandchild and namesake, Margaret Stewart Barbour, to Professor Simpson.

And again :—

"*27th June*, 1877.

"DEAREST R.,—So you are off to Norway. 'Many shall run to and fro.' The old distich, transcribed in my Book,—

> 'Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home,'

will soon be left to myself, I think. Uncle Hugh is, Mamma says, the possessor of earliest data about Captain David Sandeman who brought shiploads of Norwegian timber to Perth, and Miss Ferrier (the cousin) says he had five sons. I have had *too* much to do with *my* side of the house, and the double genealogy—viz., from Robert Bruce (my Mother's ancestor) and that wicked Wolf (my Father's), to have time for more.

"Oh ! dear R., grander far to look at our relation with the Second Adam. Yesterday, alone all day (servants were busy), I sat with Peden's 'Sermons,' Rutherford, Dyer, 'Titles of Christ,' and what joy in singing the triumphant verse of 'I 've entered the valley of blessing,' 'When heaven comes down, redeemed spirits to meet, And Christ *sets His Covenant seal.*' Verily He set it on me by His Spirit's sealing.—Your praying and loving Grandmamma, M. S. S."

And again, alluding to a recent Conference address :—

"*September*, 1876.

". . . Ever since the address on the 'Four Suppers,' I, who am cut off from the Second (the Lord's Table), have just felt more and more as if already at the Third (the Marriage Supper). I told Miss Jessie we should just *take our seats there by faith*, and wait there till all have gathered in.—Yours THERE, M. S. S."

And again :—

"You asked if my Mother's cheerfulness continued to the last illness. When dying she said, 'I could shout for joy !' That was when Aunt Nairne knelt by her side, and seemed to see a radiance around her dying sister.—SPRINGLAND, 10*th May*, 1878, 4 *o'clock* A.M.—For R.'

On Sabbath afternoons, after her simple and often solitary dinner, she took her Bible to the sofa in the corner of the drawing-room. Before night came, the particular promise she had been led to accept and draw from, as made to her and hers, was marked with an initial, perhaps a name, perhaps a date. The quarto book corresponding to that date contains the names of those who in the week previous had asked a special remembrance in prayer, for grace to bear some loss sustained, for help in a Sabbath's work in prospect, or in some difficult task undertaken. They knew that at that hour they were remembered before God. Her grandchildren or great-grandchildren might be there, and even the youngest was taken into the circle. If they were only two or three years old, she would point them upwards, and say, "Jesus," and then smile on the open page and call it His letter or His word.

One page written on such a silent Sabbath contains a retrospect. 17th September, 1865, had brought round with the day of the year the day of the week also, which reminded her of that which preceded her wedding forty-five years ago. Across the Tay came the peal of St. John's, ringing out to summon and ringing in to enclose the worshippers as of old. She wrote:—

Forty-five years have passed away
  Since the bells rang out for church, as now.
I sat alone, as I sit to-day,
  To take on the morrow the marriage vow.
This very hour they proclaimed me bride,
And his heart was full of joy and pride:

to them. The inroads of Rationalism were as much dreaded by her as those of Ritualism. Her fervency in spirit was equalled by her diligence in business. Previous to her husband's death she had done little more than sum up the weekly or yearly accounts. Now she took the charge of all he had left, and made herself mistress of the value of stocks and everything belonging to him. The trust was ably executed to the end. She was ever ready to give advice in such matters to those who sought it.

Her poor were her constant care. In later years, a diligent use of knitting pins was substituted, for the embroidery needle, and the household seam of earlier years—which were often then plied with a book before her. She chose her colours with great interest. For an old friend, returning to take possession of his ancient family castle, she knitted a large quilt in the colours of his house, to await his arrival.

CHAPTER XII.

LAST WORK.

WE give the following extracts from Mrs. Stewart Sandeman's journals, not so much for their individual interest, but as specimens of what her work continued to be to the end of life. Her journals, as well as her letters, are usually of too personal a character to be printed; indeed this feature of her correspondence led to much of it being destroyed at the time. She wrote to her daughter twice or thrice every week, often narrating an entire conversation between herself and the visitor who had dropped in on her solitude, and ending with such words as these: "This is only for you, burn it;" "I write it that you may know how to pray for ——;" "I am sure if that soul has not already closed with Christ, it will do so soon."

"28*th June*, 1879.—A. R., from Upper Springland, came. I prayed with him and gave him 'M'Cheyne's Life;' he sails on the 5th July for Otago.

"8*th July*.—My son F. and his family came. The five children got each a copy of my lines by their mother's request, their names—Susie, Katie, George, Charlie, and Louie—being put on the back.

"17*th July*.—C. M. came from Normal School. She reads

well and preserves the meaning. I walked, and rested here and there, while she read to me from R.'s Poems and Rutherford's Letters. The house has to be reformed, both chimneys pulled down, back of house painted, and pipes mended. They found four vents in one ; mercy no fire took place. Changed my room, but the awful knocking sent me for the afternoon to my friend Dr. Bower's.

"31*st August*.—The masons who have worked in the house, fourteen men, are leaving. They are most civil, nice men, long with their master. I went and spoke to four during the dinner-hour in the coach-house, sitting as they were on the forms used for my girls' class. The Lord helped me. There were two R. C.'s; one, Barney, not strict. He came and told that he heard Duckingworth preach on the street two days, and tell of his conversion, showing the wig in which he acted ten years ago in the penny-gaff at the old Shore of the Tay! I had much to do with the stopping of that penny-gaff. In the volume for 1870 all is told. Rowland Hill's bills were sent by me. Duckingworth then was furious ; now he is preaching the faith that once he destroyed. I asked Barney: 'Do you think he loves Jesus?' 'Yes, but he does not hide what he was.' I added, 'I, like him, am a poor lost sinner.' He, deprecatingly, would have disagreed. 'Without Him,' I added. 'Ah !' he said, satisfied, 'without Him.' I forbade the giving tracts or periodicals to him ; but he seized one, 'Herald of Mercy,' and read it during dinner-hour at the water-side ; so on Saturday I ventured to give him 'Called to the Marriage' (M. F. B.); then Joe, the other R. C., called out as the distribution went on, 'Don't ye be giving all the books and hymns to Barney.' I met the latter at the drawing-room door, and said, 'Do you love Jesus better than your Church?' 'Yes.' 'Then He will take care of you.' They told me that Joe was to sail next day, so I got from my lending-library books—the militia had returned them—a small edition of M'Cheyne, with portrait, and said, 'Will you take this book?' 'Very well, mistress ;' and I added a small volume with twelve sermons by Moody. I prayed with him, asking that we might meet at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. He is a tall fellow in his Tyrol-shaped high cap. He seemed touched, and insisted on working here till within a few hours of

leaving home. While the masons and plasterers were at the porch, I opened the piano and left the door of the drawing-room ajar, and sang, 'Jesus the Water of Life will give, freely, freely, freely,' followed by 'Hold the Fort.' The men listened. Ere they finally took leave of Springland I sent a copy of 'The Soul-gatherer' to six of them, and told them about the authoress and the subject of engraving. They said, 'Thank the lady.' I miss them, though thankful the noise is at an end."

"*October.*—A young Jewish boy of thirteen came selling shoes, and told the servants, 'I am a Jew, I won't believe in Jesus.' I sent for him, and asked, 'Do you believe in the Messiah?' 'Yes,' he said, but repeated the above sad declaration. 'Well,' I said, 'Jesus was more like the Messiah than any other ever was. I believe in Jesus; and, if you are wrong, He is coming in the clouds, and eternity is very long.' He spoke of the three synagogues in London, Edinburgh, and Manchester, where he had been. I, too, told of my visit to that in London, described the gallery where I sat and saw next pew the young Jewesses with the Hebrew on one side of the prayer-book and English on the other. A green silk curtain was drawn aside, while jubilant Hebrew psalms were sung and the insignia of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah revealed. He was enchanted—he had of course often seen it. I told him of my comfort in my severe illness from words spoken to me on the crucifixion. I asked his name. 'Joseph.' I repeated part of Joseph's blessing. He enjoyed that. I told him that when Jesus was baptised, He came out of the water, and the Spirit, as a dove, lighted upon Him, and a voice came from heaven from the Father, saying: 'This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him.' 'He was crucified,' I said, 'for Jew and Gentile.' The boy asked, had I a German Bible, as he could not read English? I asked him, 'Will you pray God and the Holy Spirit to make you to know who is the true Messiah?' He said he would, and I prayed with him. Lord, give light, and let the veil fall from his heart. I have also had a most interesting forenoon with an Italian of superior rank to him, and who fought under Garibaldi, and am very hopeful of him."

The substance of her conversation with many indi-

viduals is found in the following lines written for her friend, Rev. Dr. W. P. Mackay of Hull :—

Have you gotten one look of your heart within,
Its deep-dyed corruption and blood-red sin?
God's eye of fire has searched it through,
Has He given a sight of its guilt to you?
For the countless sins that you have done
He bringeth to judgment for *every* one!
Know you, unsaved one, that you must dwell
In the quenchless flames of an endless hell?
Does the Spirit convince you, condemned and lost,
Hath hope from *self* given up the ghost?
And turns your eye-ball, confused and dim,
To that Cross where the curse was borne by Him?
Oh, *never* withdraw it! Look on! look on!
Till the load falls off, till the guilt be gone!
Then lift the Spirit-strengthened eye
To yon throne where He pleads for you on high;
Till fuller powers of sight possest
Show your name engraven on His breast!
Joy to thee! joy to thee, ransomed one,
For a life in Jesus just begun!
We give thee one hour, 'tis passing sweet,
With pardoned Mary, at His feet,
To hear His voice, like opening heaven,
Tell thee of sin—but sin forgiven,
And then arise from the feast of love,
Its newly kindled flame to prove,
Christians to wake from slumbers dire,
Poor dying embers set on fire
(Which by its smile, or by its frown,
The world is seeking quite to drown),
'Twill move them sure to jealousy
Thy glowing, strong first love to see.
Then away, away to the lost, and cry
A Saviour for *you!* Oh, why will you die?

For none can to sinners speak so well
As the newly saved from death and hell;
And the one whom grace has last set free,
Can sing the loudest "Christ for me."

To her daughter, who had been absent, she wrote:—

1*st October*, 1879.

"My own only beloved Daughter,—Welcome with your husband back to Scotland. I have to exercise faith instead of sight so many a time, when I would fain have earthly friends near me. I trust it is to be sight to-morrow, and that I shall have you to myself again.—Your own, M. S. S."

The society of her grandsons from Stanley, two or three of whom stayed with her from Monday to Friday during the session of the Perth seminaries, cheered these last years of her life. It reminded her of former days with her own boys. She was keenly interested in their amusements as well as in their studies, and had them in her room each morning just before they left for school to read her a chapter of the Bible, after which she prayed.

The winter of 1879-80 was exceedingly severe, and she writes thus to one of the many young men in whose University work she interested herself:—

"From the bank of the still Tay, frozen over, as last year, with the hoar-frost—which always pierces and tries me—all around, I write to-day thankfully for the measure of health granted; the cold may yet become so keen that for me, as for very many old people, the life-strings may snap; as yet it only intensifies the prayer for those who suffer so much more than we do.

"'We lift the tearful eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.'—Hemans."

We guessed not what a wealth of sweetness lay
All through the decades of thy long, long day
Unfelt, until the piercéd heart laid bare
The overwhelming perfume that was there.

Poor crushed and fallen tree,
Low at our feet,
Thou fill'st the very air
With incense sweet.
"The scent is as the wine of Lebanon,"
Say passengers in going on their way,
Oh! thus bereaved Heart,
Let all around
Find sweetness from the smart
Of thy deep wound.

Build ye on no tree here,
So spake the Scottish seer;
They all must fall at last,
Till time be overpast.
Oh, hush thy grief to rest
Upon His faithful breast,
And come up through the wilderness,
Still blessing, and still blest.

To her grand-daughter she wrote, alluding to her secluded life :—

"You know I must now take any little work I can get and be thankful for it.* Yesterday I was being measured for a velvet jacket—patterns sent to choose from. I spoke to the dressmaker, till both she and I fairly forgot the velvet, and she carried it away unchosen. I was telling her I hoped that by Monday when she came to fit it on she would have on a robe of righteousness. You remember the story of Lady Lucy Smith, who wished to know if

* Her physician forbade the continuance of her class after an illness in the autumn of 1878. To the end of her life, any one sitting by her on a quiet Saturday afternoon when the clock struck five, might observe a tear escape at the remembrance of her life's work being over.

her little daughter really understood about imputed righteousness, and asked her to explain her own idea of it. The child said, 'If I were to put on one of your gowns and lie down in it, your maid would come in and say, "There's her ladyship;" so I must put on Jesus.' I told her this story. I had to send again about the velvet. She was charmed with the hymn I sang to her, and had tears in her eyes."

Regarding a gift of garnets she wrote to the same :—

"The garnets now possessed by you, my Marga, were worn by my grandmother, Mrs. Oliphant of Gask, daughter of Robertson of Struan. She was very lovely, so that when in Paris with her husband, holding her baby-boy in her arms on the threshold of the court of their house, people turned round to gaze on her. That little Laurence died. So my mother became the eldest of the family, and accompanied her parents to Spain. My mother's conversion took place about the time of the death of her sister—Mrs. Steuart of Dalguise,—an event she sadly mourned for. She wished to present to my father a copy of Scott's 'Commentary' in five volumes ; but not having money enough to lay out in that way, she sent the garnet necklet of their mother to her sister, Mrs. Keith, and requested her to sell it in Edinburgh. This gift took place in 1815. Mr. Keith was much attached to us all ; so instead of selling it he valued it at the jeweller's, and his wife remitted the price to Mrs. Stewart, not explaining his interest in the transaction. On the Bible is written, 'A gift from M. Stewart, 1815, to her dear husband, and after him to their daughter, Margaret Stewart.' When I was visiting my aunt, Mrs. Keith, Edinburgh, about the year 1826, she took out a jeweller's box containing this garnet necklet, and revealed her husband's part in it, saying she thought that instead of leaving it to me she would now give it to me. I am glad it is now in the possession of the great-great-grandchild of the lovely daughter of Struan Robertson, from whom I derive my Christian name."

Passing over two years, during which her Journal contains many extracts similar to those quoted above

we come upon the following interesting reference to the authorship of the "Land o' the Leal."

"*29th December*, 1881.—A young friend came to-day, and mentioned that a minister had quoted in his sermon the 'Land o' the Leal' as having been written by Burns. But I told him that Lady Nairne, who wrote the song, was on a visit to my parents, when I, her niece, was a young girl. I said to her, 'Aunt Nairne, you wrote the "Land o' the Leal,"'—having picked up words of Mrs. M'Gregor, of Balhaldie, to my mother to that effect.' 'Maggy,' said my aunt with strong emphasis, 'that was treachery. Some one stole from the table of my friend, Mrs. Colquhoun, of Killermont, the MS. of the song, addressed in her name to her husband *John*.' So I recited to-day, at Mr. ——'s request, the right version.

"Lady Nairne never told her husband of the authorship, lest he should own it to be her composition. She said, 'I have sat at the head of the table with a gentleman on my right, and another on my left, declaring Burns the author.' Now the authorship is well known. She added a stanza to the song, years after, beginning—

'Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,' &c.

The songs were corrected by herself, and published after her death under the title of 'Lays from Strathearn.'

"*10th June*, 1882.—This volume was begun 1st March. It ends with praise and prayer;—praise for God's presence with me, and for being enabled to speak to many persons, and point them to His Son. I was able to write lines on the birth of the baby at C——, and to correct and print for private circulation, at the request of my family, lines written in 1865, entitled 'Marriage Bells.' I am thankful for the comfort it has brought to the afflicted both in soul and body. I am grateful for the arrival of my beloved cousin, M H. Steuart, from the Cape of Good Hope. Let us have Thy presence all the days of her visit, and Thy blessing resting on the circle gathered to welcome her. Mrs. Oliphant, from Gask, and the children of Charles and Frank, are coming with their parents. She lost last year, 29th December, her only brother—my dear cousin John Steuart, of Dalguise. This has left

her free to visit us once more,—a long hoped-for, yet scarcely expected joy to me. When her brother heard a sermon without Christ in it, he said as he left the Church—'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.' Soon after that he died and went to that Lord. I must ask her to play me the 'Spanish Chaunt,'—she used to play it; the nuns in Spain played it long ago. Also I so love 'For the strength of hills we bless Thee, O God, our father's God' (Mrs. Hemans). It is set to beautiful music.

"*Afternoon.*—Cousin has played variations on the piano with execution, and composed at the moment. She played the 'Spanish Chaunt.' On Sabbath, she had service for the servants in her room, reading Matthew iii., with comment on each verse.

"I do also record my thankfulness that it has been given me to believe for many, and for the fulfilment of my mother's daily prayer, that all my prayers for all my descendants be heard, and even this request of hers, that all in whose spiritual welfare God should lead me to take an interest may be saved. A far-reaching prayer! Go on to answer it, and though some may for a time seem to go back, they *may* be turned again. I have seen two or three do so. Let all my descendants look to Thee for counsel in all their ways, and let them be united to Thee in Covenant bonds. So shall they be ready to testify unto Thee in life and in death, or to Thy coming again."

The annual review of the Militia on the North Inch interested her. She remembered when it was first called out during the Peninsular War. Her cousins and young friends were then either engaged abroad or lending their services for defence at home, while her husband had served in the yeomanry. In the Volunteer movement she took more interest; her youngest son being Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Forfarshire Artillery.

"*9th July*, 1882.—Yesterday Frank brought officers, who had

been camping out at Barry to get the guns' places fixed for Saturday next, and they got tea in the boat at their request. Then he brought them to see the house and the old lady of it. He had read to them the 'Marriage Bells,' 'The Cedar,' and now the lines to my grandson C. on getting my husband's 'Sandeman' medal. They were crying, it seems, and his own voice was faltering as he read. I told them before they left that Jesus is my all, and they heard with interest of the quiet little work still given me to do for Him. On leaving, they said they would remember me. We are to have the Commissariat on Saturday next, when 500 men, with the officers and their friends, are to be my guests for luncheon."

But these arrangements having been made, and repairs and painting being necessary at Springland, she was prevailed on to leave her house and grounds free for the use of the officers and men, and come to Bonskeid. She had not been absent from home for ten years, and thus the happiness was afforded to her Highland friends of seeing her once more in the North.

"BONSKEID, 10*th August*, 1882.—I am here for my third visit during thirty years. I have been sitting on the old iron seat under the sycamore tree, planted for me by my father when I was six years old. One of these larches I lifted when it was a seedling from the Hill Park at Perth, and carried it home to the Watergate garden. There I kept it as long as my father would allow, till he brought it north with him to the spot appointed. Forgan wishes to know how long it is since the oldest larches were planted; it must be nearly ninety years. The first were brought over by Menzies of Culdares, from the Tyrol, in 1738. Mr. Lumsden, of Fincastle, has just been here, and wishes me much to drive up there. I told him about Fincastle as it was when my father's cousin, Colonel Stewart, had it; and how, when in London, the Guards saluted him, from his likeness to George III."

Again :—

"This morning Mr. Barclay, of Formosa, China, came to say farewell. He presided last night at a Missionary meeting at Pitlochry. Mr. and Mrs. William Milne, from Calcutta, paid a delightful visit. She has forty British sailor boys, to whom she gives a tea every Friday night, presided over by one of themselves. Miss Marsh called. I was much interested in what she told me of her work among the soldiers and sailors. We could scarce part, but there is no separation to believers."

Regarding this visit, Mr. Milne wrote six months later from Calcutta:—"I am so glad that we saw her twice last summer. First, it was at Springland, where, in her own quiet waiting-room, she spoke with ecstacy of one who had recently trusted Christ in that chamber, and of her own desire to see Him very soon. Nothing in the Psalms of David or in the Letters of Rutherford could exceed the impassioned earnestness with which she spoke of the joy of seeing a wicked woman come to Jesus, and her own vehement desire to see Him in glory. She looked to us then to be literally burning through the earthly tabernacle, and it seemed as if her escape could not be long delayed. But when we saw her again, in your absence, at Bonskeid, in the drawing-room, on that brilliant afternoon, waiting to receive a visit from Miss Marsh, she appeared moving about with healthful grace, just as if she had received a secret intimation from the heavenly Bridegroom that she was to tarry till He come. We should like so much to hear how the summons came. Another cedar than that of which she wrote so touchingly has fallen on the banks of the Tay; but who may tell the fruit that has yet to

be gathered in from it to the praise and honour of God!"

"31*st August*, 1882.—To-day I have heard of the death of my friend, Anne Clark. She and her sister Catherine were at Miss Kemp's school at Newcastle, having gone there on my mother's recommendation. They have visited me almost yearly since."

She wrote:—

"My Beloved Catherine,—What a shock I got when —— told me that our darling's going home was in the newspaper. It was truly a blow to me, and sore to me on your account, after your other bereavement, and in your delicate health. But, oh! how blessed, blessed for her! I came here six weeks ago to avoid the roar of artillery on, and above, and opposite Springland. In spring I was confined to bed from the easterly winds affecting the throat much. But I had wonderful cases, as I do believe, of conversion, or of hopeful impressions in almost every one who came to my bedside, one of them a poor girl who had gone astray. Praise the Lord with me for each one awakened, and for each one brought to the point. Oh! my Catherine, what a rush of memories towards the past does this loss of yours and mine bring! May I hear that you are borne up. Some one will kindly write a note, if it be but your maid."

The Journal continues:—

"*4th September.*—Yesterday the communion was dispensed in my little church. It was north wind and stormy, so I was unable to go. Mr. G. Barclay has had several temperance meetings in Pitlochry, at which an Episcopalian clergyman, passing through, and a Congregationalist, along with others, took the blue ribbon. The Bishop of Liverpool and Mrs. Ryle called here; a delightful visit and prayer before he left. Sir Robert and Lady Sandeman called; with few have I the same tie as to him, revering the memory of my dear husband as he does; may his course in India continue to be as useful as heretofore. Very sorry to hear of the death of Andrew M'Donald, surfaceman during fifty-five years on our turnpike-roads. He was so well that day he died; he wondered

often who should go first, he or I. He thought he should. He was glad of my message last week. He bade Jeanie go to bed lest she take cold. When she looked in to see him next, he was gone. Mr. Bannerman, my minister, had the service at the house, and gave thanks for his translation, improving it to those present."

Many of her visitors were received under the shadow of the sycamore, beneath which the Tummel flows rapidly. She divided her out-door hours between it and her other old friends of the forest during the nine weeks she remained. Her love, always intense for the scenery around Bonskeid, made her greatly enjoy the following lines by Dr. John Brown, "On the Tummel at Moulinearn." They were new to her having been published within a few months of the author's death :—

"Past runs the sunlit Tummel,
Strong from his wilds above,
Blue as 'the body of heaven,'
Shot like the neck of a dove ;
He is fresh from the moor of Rannoch,
He has drained Loch Ericht dread,
And mirror'd on Carie's waters
Ben-y-Houlach's stately head ;
He has mourned round the graves of the Struans,
Hid in the night of the wood,
He glides by the pleasant slope
Where our old Dunalister stood.
Shiehallion has heard him chafing
Down by his sunless steep,
And has watched the child of the mountains,
Deep in his loch asleep.
He's awake ! and off by Bonskeid,
He has leapt his falls with glee,
He has married the swirling Garry,
And they linger in Faskally."

to give one specimen of the minute clear register of persons seen, news heard, and sustained effort to make her house a happy one to all who entered it. These entries of two days are considerably abridged :—

"SPRINGLAND, 14th September.—Enjoyed the drive to Pitlochry. Left Sir ——— time alone in the ladies' waiting-room. A young lady sat near me, kind and sweet looking. I found she was one of the friends of Jesus. Asked if she had sisters and begged her to be sure to speak with them often of Him, offering a short prayer for blessing on us both. A gentleman came for her and said, 'Your train is starting.' How I wished I could have spoken to many of the people with their unhappy faces. The station-master assisted us into our saloon carriage, speaking kindly. For a moment I saw Dalguise and Murthly Castle, old and new. At Dunkeld heard of the victory of Tel-el-Kebir—excitement and a fight for newspapers. Solemnly we gathered to listen to the telegrams with indescribable interest. No one waiting at Stanley; they did not know we were passing. A peep of Scone Palace, then Springland. Drove round by Tay Street, my first sight of it. My husband and I offered the Watergate ground free, and two hundred pounds to begin that street, but for years and years the magistrates would not entertain it, till we lost hope. Observed Mechi's blinds down—my name-child Stewart is to be to-morrow laid in the grave so lately closed over his grandfather. Passed Mr. P.'s beautiful place, the old toll, and now we were out of Kinnoull parish and in Scone. Drove up to my own gate. A welcome from all. I asked the gardener's little grandson, 'Have you minded what I said to you about Jesus when I left?' 'Yes.' Found Dr. Somerville's card, very sorry to have missed him. He said in leaving it, 'I do not see the one face I used to know; I want her prayers for me; I am going to Africa.' Two friends from Mr. M'All's Mission at Paris came yesterday hoping to stay here, M. showed them the place and told them where they would get lodgings, not so easy during the Conference. My daughter has gone to the Ladies' Breakfast to say a word. I wept with joy when Condie and Fred met me at the door, so glad to see them

again. We had all supper together, with delicious pancakes. Very sorry to have missed Mrs. Oliphant, Gask. Miss Steuart, Dalguise, is in Yorkshire at Tong with Tristram and May Ricketts, and comes to me next month. This glorious victory has cost us some of our bravest, each regiment striving to be in the front. Bravery has characterised our troops. Alas, the Egyptians have lost two thousand men. When shall war cease? Mr. B. has been constant in prayer for the troops in the East, for the widows and fatherless weeping while the rejoicings go on.

"15*th*.—Last night saw Messrs. Donaldson and B—— from Paris. The latter is a Frenchman by birth; he goes north to-day to speak in my little church. Inquired of his history. His mother was an earnest Christian. In youth he had been thinking for three months about her prayers for him, but always expected some light to shine, some miracle to be wrought. None came, and he got discouraged. One night he resolved to seek Christ, the enemy of souls said, 'Go to bed or you cannot be up to look after the working men.' Then he resolved he would not go to bed till he had hold of Christ. Peace so deep and real came that he could not sleep for joy. Miss Bower has sent me splendid grapes and melons, with kind inquiries for me on my return. Dear Miss Mackenzie came to see me; her sister Miss Penuel used to be always here at the Conference. We spoke of one very dear to her buried near my sister-in-law, Margaret, at Rome. Permission was asked in old Pope Pius' time to have a text put on the grave, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' The answer came, 'Never should words from a Protestant Bible be put on a Protestant's grave even in their own burying-ground.' At last he said this text might be put on her grave, because they were so good to the poor, 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.' And they left it so. When she returned to Rome, she went to see the grave; it had been beautifully kept. She asked the Roman Catholic who kept it, 'Could that text, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," be put on it now.' Said he, 'There is nothing to hinder. Rome is free, and our King could say nothing against it.' So it was done. She observed my David's picture and thinks it very like him. I told her how he and Frederick stood before that old Pope Pius while

to in her Journal, is extracted under different dates, summing up her impressions of the good work she had seen in them is taken:—

"(1.) Spoke to him. After that, providences and an address by Dr. W. had impressed him more. Afterwards I saw him accept of Christ. Saw him again lately, grown in grace and happy. (2.) I have also to give thanks for him; often spoke with him; after he was at rest doubts returned, but I hope his soul is at peace. (3.) Also would give thanks for him, whose terrible failing may yet overcome him; but I am sure the Lord has a grasp of him and will not let him finally go. (4.) Young Mr. —— was staying under the roof; a friend of his, whom he meant me to speak to, called on him at the house, but went away before I came downstairs. He sent for him to come afterwards, and he came back with his friend late at night. Next morning I rose at nine, after much prayer for him. After ordinary conversation, being left alone with him, I asked, 'Have you got Christ?' He replied, 'No.' 'There is no time to be lost.' I have been privileged to see many brought to the point as I spoke of the substitution Christ has wrought. 'Are you willing that He shall be made for you righteousness, and your sins laid on Him?' Silent. 'What stands in the way?' Silent. I named cases I had seen, and he gazed in deepest interest, his eyes all the while red with coming tears. I said 'He has begun the work in you by His Spirit. He will work in you and He will finish it, but refusing you may die. Will you now receive Him? The Father's face was hidden from Him on Calvary because He bore the sins of sinners. Will you trust Him? and trust Him instead of yourself; in your place?' I had prayed for power to be given him. I said, 'He bears the marks of these wounds up yonder, and you and I shall meet Him there.' He said, 'Yes, I will.' I then gave thanks. What a happy face he had. He went out with his friend and came back to say farewell. I remarked on the saying of an old writer, 'We may shake on the Rock, but the Rock cannot move under us.' (5.) Spoke to her in my own room; asked her if she had any of that heavenliness of character which she has seen in ——. She said she did not know. I said, 'But we *must* know.

You respectable people are the worst to deal with. If you do not give up your own righteousness, and trust in His righteousness, who hung on that cross, you cannot be saved.' Spoke long to her, but I fear only enmity may be there as yet. I truly love her; I regretted much that a third person came into the room as we spoke, which hinders much. I hear of nothing encouraging yet, but will hope on. (6.) These thirty children, whom I had the opportunity of closely speaking to, seem still around me. I commit them to Thee, but bring them in Thine own way. (7.) He was brought to my bedside, well taught at home, and long prayed for by me. He came to the point at once. 'Have you received Christ as yours?' 'No.' 'Then you cannot see your grandfather again if you remain thus, for he has gone to Christ; do you not wish to see him again?' He burst into tears. At the end of our interview I said, 'Will you take Him now?' He said, 'I will.'"

Her son Charles and his family spent the Christmas week with her, and several of her grandchildren paid visits to her afterwards. Each one remarked the softening and heavenly mellowness which tinged all she said and did. She wrote for the birthday of one of them:—

"*For 2nd January*, 1883.—BELOVED PET GRANDCHILD, Many many happy returns of your birthday. Every blessing rest on your head, for time and for eternity, is the prayer of your very loving grandmother, M. STEWART SANDEMAN.

"The Lord is my portion."

During the winter months cold weather had confined her much to her room, to which only intimate friends were admitted. While she slept one forenoon early in February, a young man called, saying he had come to bear her the news of his mother's happy death ten days before. He had been long abroad, said he must see her,

and would wait till she awoke. Mrs. Sandeman, who had known the lady well in bygone days, sent for him. During the interview he informed her his mother had died, as she had for some years lived, in communion with the Church of Rome. He began to sympathise with the solitude and illness in which he found Mrs. Sandeman. "I am never alone," she replied; "Jesus is always with me." He urged that there was a closer fellowship with Christ than any she had known. On her asking what he referred to, he explained that it was the holy wafer of which he wished her to partake; a nearness to Christ would follow of which she could otherwise have no conception; the body of Christ would become a part of her. The maid noticing her mistress's extreme agitation, and anxious to have the interview brought to an end, observed that any bread from the baker would be just as good, but the speaker persevered. Mrs. Sandeman interrupted him with deep emotion: "Christ could not come nearer her than He had done, nor could she be happier out of heaven." He raised his hands, saying, "Anyhow, I have delivered my message." Only when she said indignantly, "Who sent you here? Begone, Satan, begone," did he disappear, words of prayer and praise to her ever-present Redeemer accompanying him out of the door and along the passages. Only those who knew her life-long and determined aversion to the tenets of the Church of Rome can understand how startling and repugnant this proposal must have been to her. By a strange incident she was thus permitted to testify, as with her latest breath, for the

truth which was her life—Christ's real presence, apart from Church, priest, ordinance, sacrament, saint, or Virgin.

As her eightieth birthday, 26th February, approached, all her family gathered round her. Little did any of them suppose that she was so soon to pass from their presence into that of all she most loved and strove after. The trinkets she had not already given away lay in a little case, now nearly empty, which was brought to each on arrival to choose from. She had given the order of St. Louis (conferred by Prince Charles on Mr. Henry Nairne, and presented by him to her when a child) to her youngest son. Prince Charles' ring (a gift to his aide-de-camp, Laurence Oliphant) she gave to her grandson. When her daughter arrived, the maid was bid to bring the box. "Show her the one with my father's and mother's hair," she said. This one was quickly chosen. On the evening of her birthday she was asked the history of the ring. She replied: "When my father arrived with me at Holyrood on my way back to school at Newcastle, after my mother's death, he was so ill with a threatening of apoplexy as to alarm Uncle Nairne. The latter was about to send the carriage back to town to call in physicians for a consultation. My father, wishing to have me out of the way, said: 'Marget, you must not waste your time. Go to Howden's on the North Bridge and choose a mourning-ring for your mother; there is her hair and mine.' Before I returned Dr. Abercrombie and Dr

Hamilton had bled him profusely. I remember his bed was in the largest arras room, which the Nairnes had for their visitors, and which Watson Gordon had partitioned off with screens. He sat there propped up with pillows, very pale, but said: 'I'll be ready to start with you this day week, never fear.'"

Her last purchases were made from the colporteur; two copies of Macduff's "Forget-me-not" text book, and a volume of Temperance songs and ballads, on which she wrote her daughter's name. She took wine only as a medicine, but for years had scarcely ever required it, until near the close.

She wrote a note to her Bonskeid people, to be read at the service in the chapel of the Glen on the 25th:—

"I am now eighty years of age, and I send you my love and prayers and kindest wishes that we may all meet in glory. I am glad you meet and conduct the service yourselves in the little chapel every Sabbath evening. I have always prayed for your meetings there since it was built. I send you the lines I wrote when it was built, to be read in the chapel on the eve of my birthday.—Your ever true friend,

"M. STEWART SANDEMAN."

HAGGAI i. 8.

ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF OUR PREACHING STATION IN THE GLEN.

"We have gone to the mountain, and wood we have brought,
From yon cliff's rocky bosom rude stones we have broken,
To build us an house for His praise have we sought,
As our Lord's gracious word unto us hath been spoken.

"'For I have commanded your hearts to be strong,
And quickly a dwelling-place for me prepare;
My Spirit remaineth my people among,
And I will rejoice and be glorified there.'

"And now in the dust of contrition we bow,
Poor sinners before Thee a blessing implore,
That promise fulfil, and Thy presence even now
Descend and remain on this house evermore.

"We ask for the souls that shall congregate here
A finished salvation, eternal and free,
Let Thy majesty, Lord, to their spirits appear,
And lead them to Jesus, to heaven, and to Thee.

"With Thee, O Thou Shepherd of souls, do we leave
These sheep in the wilderness under Thine eye;
These lambs of Thy flock to Thy bosom receive,
When trials assail and temptations are nigh.

"The vow has been paid and the building is Thine,
To do with it, Lord, as seems good unto Thee,
But oh! that Thy work in *conversion* may shine,
That ourselves and our children Thy glory may see."

She handed the note for the people to the overseer from Bonskeid, to be read by him to them. He had brought down to Springland a box of camellias to be ready for her birthday, and she sent for him to her room, and prayed with him as she gave the note and lines. Her granddaughter from Stanley had just left; she had been telling her of a party there in the evening. She sent some of the camellias after her to the station, remarking to her daughter, "I hope you don't mind my giving your flowers away, but that child is so much to me, I wish I could *cover* her with flowers."

On Sabbath, the 25th, her daughter went, as usual, to her room for an hour early in the morning, and returned to it before ten to spend half-an-hour there till church time. But her mother lifted down her watch, saying, "I promised always to keep this hour to pray for Dr. Whyte before he goes into the pulpit." She then turned aside, a shadow of intense earnestness came on her forehead, and she took no more notice of any one being in the room.

On her birthday morning (26th) letters were received from all who remembered the day. We publish but one of them, because she valued it much:—

"24*th February*, 1883.

"DEAR MADAM,—May I add my congratulation to the multitude pouring in upon you on your birthday morning? It comes from the heart. I think you may be called the happiest person in Scotland; indeed, as I think of the fulness of interest and usefulness God has packed into your life, I am filled with a kind of awe and wonder that so much should have been given to one. When I think only of one generation and of those in it best known to me, it seems to me that Scotland has got no legacy in this century more valuable than that which you will leave to it.

"But, after all, this is the best—the one unapproachable happiness—to be a sinner saved by grace.

"That God may yet spare you long to your great family, and make the last bit of the road the smoothest and the best, is the prayerful wish of yours most truly, J. S."

The cards and presents lay spread out on trays around her. Her sons, Charles and Frank, with Laura and their children, arrived. Each of the servants came in to see her. She said she intended to have given presents to every one; that she was much too old to be

receiving them. At night she listened to Forster's great speech on the state of Ireland, and then the last post brought a letter from another grandchild, written in the form of lines for the day:—

"O blest with the best bliss of earth,
Noble by ancestry and birth,
Our Chief's one child, to whose proud sire
Each loyal Stewart stood page or squire,
To whom, through either parent's veins,
The life-blood of King Robert drains,
And worthy such, in mood and mien,
Whose every step betrays the queen!

"O fired with a far worthier blood,
Child of the gifted and the good,
Mistress of verse, most skilled to learn
Song from our Lady of Strathearn,*
And dowered beyond earth's richest heirs,
The child of Margaret Stewart's prayers!

"O blest with the best bliss of heaven
To whom the gift of gifts is given,
To tell the praise of Christ abroad,
To call the wanderer home to God!
Long may thy life a beacon shine,
Kindling in others faith like thine!
Long may thy home its title keep,
A Spring-land to the thirsty lip!
For this to-day thy children call
For thee, the mother of them all!"

On hearing it, she whispered softly, "What does the laddie mean? Too much praise." Yet she did not cast it from her, as formerly she would have done. It seemed like a laurel wreath crowning her beforehand.

* Gask, Lady Nairne's birthplace, being in Strathearn, the volume of her songs took its title from thence.

When her son-in-law and her daughter took leave of her, the latter said how sorry she was not to be able to stay. "Oh," she answered, "it may be better so. You and I always talk so much, you have duty at home, and I have Kitty. One thing I don't understand: I asked Christ to take me that night before you came, when I had the faint. Tell me, why has He not done it?" "Because we need you still," was the reply, "I am leaving you here in faith and trust." "Don't say trust," she cried, 'it's victorious peace!" These were the last words heard spoken, with the curtain drawn between us.

In the following days she suffered considerably, and slept a good deal through the day. Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman came on Friday, bringing a pot of lily of the valley. On Sabbath afternoon, the 4th, she told her maid that she must not on any account leave her to go to church. Standing by her dressing-table she made the last entry in the Book, without the help of an eye-glass, saying that she had given Macduff's "Forget-me-not" text-book to her kind physician, Dr. Stirling. The last thing she had in her hand was the March number of the *Bulwark;* pointing to an extract in it from Dr. Wylie's book, "Egypt and its Future," she said, "Read that;" his book had been read and re-read aloud to her.

Her house-keeper, thirty-seven years in her service, came up as usual on her return from church, to tell her about the sermons, and to bring her a favourite refreshment the juice of pressed grapes. Her maid was

bidden bring out the birthday letters of the Monday previous, and read them over to her sister. She was also told to read the birthday lines received from her grandson on the evening of the day. Again she said sweetly, "What does the laddie mean? Too much praise!" She asked for toast and water. The doctor had said that much liquid was not good. Kitty was handing it her in a small quantity. Margaret said, "Give the mistress the tumbler in her own hand." She was thirsty, and drank the whole, saying, "Thank you, Margaret, for this nice tumbler of water, and for all your goodness. Good-bye." For three hours she continued speaking of old stories, as her manner was. Once more she was tripping at her mother's side through the Grey-friars burying-ground, not far from the old house by the Tay. There she often went with her little basket to gather flowers on bright summer mornings, flitting merrily from stone to stone deciphering the quaint couplets of an older time, indulging her love of rhymes and losing all dread of the grave. She went over that night the particulars of each death that had happened in the family in former and in more recent years, saying in what way she should wish things to be done differently in her case, and ending with: "Remember, not a sign of death must be in my room when I am gone. Let them not bind my hands; I wish to be ready to rise at once. But I think I shall be like my father and live two years more yet."

Later on she bade her maid kneel down beside her, and in prayer she asked forgiveness for having

in the afternoon spoken sharply. Kitty, interrupting her, said, "You didn't." "I did," replied the petitioner, and continued. It was her last audible and most characteristic request.

She bade her little basket of work-things for the morning be brought; there were spectacles and scissors, and paper-cutter, which she used in cutting up the newspapers for her Book. Her attendant said she would bring them out in good time in the morning. The reply was "Bring them at once." At midnight she had a biscuit. At five she got up, giving a faint cry. The heart had ceased its beating. With one glance upward she laid her head on the bed, shut her eyes firmly, and breathed no more.

Sixteen years before, she had closed her nineteenth volume with these lines. They were her motto; they may be her epitaph:—

"Lord Jesus, I will watch for Thee,
Whoever say me nay:
Thou mayest not come for centuries,
Thou mayest come To-day.

M. S. S."

APPENDIX.

From the "Perthshire Advertiser" of 12th March, 1883.

YESTERDAY forenoon a Funeral Sermon on the death of Mrs. STEWART SANDEMAN of Bonskeid and Springland, Widow of Mr. GLAS SANDEMAN of Bonskeid, Perthshire, was preached by the Rev. D. D. Bannerman, M.A., of St. Leonard's Free Church, Perth, of which congregation the deceased had been a member for many years. The text was from 2 Cor. iv. 16-18—"For which cause we faint not . . . while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." At the close, he made the following reference to the late Mrs. Stewart Sandeman:—

"Since last Sabbath, as all here know, another of Christ's witnesses has passed away from us. When I think of her, I feel as if I had been wrong to dwell, so much as I have been led to do, on some of the sadder aspects of the truth in our text; there was so much of the brightness of heaven about her; she lived so constantly, even here, in the light and joy of the Lord, witnessing for what He was to her, and would be to others, would they but receive and follow Him. To myself it has been a great privilege to know her. I knew her to some slight extent before I came to this congregation, but of course much more closely for these last

three years. She was one of whom it was not easy either to form a true estimate, or to express it in words when formed. She was sometimes misunderstood, sometimes greatly underestimated, as regards her real power and weight of character, by those who came in contact with her but slightly and in an external way, or who heard by report of some impulsive word or action, not knowing *how* it had been spoken or done. Her influence was a thing to be felt rather than described; but it was a singularly powerful one, especially over certain temperaments, and in some of its elements, so far as my experience goes, quite unique.

"This is not the place to speak of her natural gifts, very high and rare as these were; nor of what she was to near friends, and to that wide circle of her children and children's children to the third generation, in all whose interests she took part with such warm love, such vivid, untiring sympathy. As to the work which God honoured her to do for His cause, the day alone will declare it. In active labours, while strength lasted, by her classes for the young, by personal words of love and eager pleading, by a wide and varied Christian correspondence, by prayers night and day, she served her own generation according to the will of God ere she fell asleep. Those pleasant rooms at Springland, those sunny walks by the broad river, are consecrated ground to many a one, and will be while life lasts. She was 'a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men.' From the days of William Burns and Robert M'Cheyne, the days of revival at Kilsyth, and Dundee, and Perth, and up Strath Tay, through Disruption times, on to the great spiritual movement of 1859-61, and the beginning of the Perth Conferences, under Mr. John Milne, her house was a centre of evangelical life and blessing, the fruits of which remain, and will remain through the days of heaven.

"Many striking features of Christian character met in

her. One was a great *naturalness*. She spoke because she believed, and as she believed and felt. She had a remarkable fulness and vividness of Christian experience; but there was a marked absence of conventional religious phrases. No one could ever suppose for a moment that she was saying anything because people expected her to say it. She was always herself. To the very end there was much about her of the simplicity and natural gaiety of a little child. I remember, in one of my visits to her this last winter, I happened to say something about the foot-prints of a roe-deer in the snow, and she broke out with a verse of an old Scottish song, just as a young girl might have sung it. And yet with it all there was a natural dignity, a purity and elevation of character and spirit, which few could fail to recognise.

"She had, in very full measure, the 'love that hopeth all things, believeth all things.' Even to a fault, she leant to the side of thinking the best of every one. And yet this was by no means a mere indiscriminating impulse with her. You might think she came too hastily to her conclusion. No doubt she was mistaken once and again—she owned herself to have been so—in her hopeful belief that this one and that had been truly brought to the Saviour. But it was always on certain grounds of evidence which *were* so far satisfactory in kind, if not in degree. And there were other persons, as I know well, in whom she had the warmest interest but over whom she never thought that a real spiritual change had passed. There was much true Christian delicacy in the way in which she would allude to this, doing it rarely, and with a grave and tender concern. But she went on praying for them in secret year after year, in strong faith that the answer would surely come, and not be too late.

"There was in her that mark of true holiness, a great

and genuine *humility*. Many a one has gone from Springland *humbled*, because she took it so for granted that you were on the same level of Christian experience with herself, or even a higher one. She did not count hers high—'In lowliness of mind, she esteemed others better than herself.' To the very end, when she seemed to us living so near the gate of heaven, she would have been the first to say that she 'had not already attained, neither was already perfect.' On the last day of her life—although none thought the close was so near—she had been suffering not a little bodily discomfort; and she prayed at night, with all her own truthful simplicity, 'that the Lord would forgive her if she had been impatient.'

"I need not say to any one who knew her at all that she lived in an atmosphere of constant prayer. There never was one perhaps in whom the three clauses of the apostolic precept met more perfectly—'Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks.' How many souls have been given to her prayers already—some who have now welcomed her above to everlasting habitations, others serving still here below! How many may yet be brought into the fold, in answer to those effectual, fervent pleadings offered for them; who can tell? This spirit of believing prayer was no doubt the main secret of the Christian gladness and happiness that so characterised her—of the spring and freshness as of young life, which were hers to the end, and which made it so hard for us to feel as if the end could be near. Something of natural temperament might aid in this. That strong vein of true poetic feeling and romance, which showed itself in her little snatches of poetry written on some occasion that interested her, came out still more strikingly at times in conversation, in letters, and, above all, in her prayers, which were often just hymns of praise, very beautiful both in thought and words. But, however

natural temperament and constitution might aid, the joy was essentially and unmistakably 'joy in the Lord.' It did much to commend Christ. There was something singularly attractive about it. Even children felt it. Last summer a little girl, the great-granddaughter of an old friend, was taken to see her, 'Oh, I would like to stay with Mrs. Sandeman,' she said as she came away, 'she looks so happy.'

"She gives the key to it herself in some touching lines on the 45th anniversary of her wedding-day. In them she contrasts the earthly gladness of that day long gone by with the sad changes since. Father, mother, and husband—all are gone. Brothers and friends, three sons and two little babes, have followed them into the silent land. And she sits alone now, in his empty house, in her changed array, hearing the church bells ring out over the river, as they did on that Sabbath, long ago, when they proclaimed her a bride. It ends thus:—

'With "Jesus only" all is well.'

Yes, 'Jesus only,' that is the secret.

"And the Lord, in whose service she found such freedom and gladness, took her very gently home. There was no long suffering, no painful clouding of faculty. Her eightieth birthday, last Monday week, gathered almost all her dearest ones round her, with tokens of love from those not there. She was clear and joyous as ever. And then, after one more Sabbath on earth, she fell asleep, with scarce a struggle or a sigh, closing her eyes herself as for rest. None who saw her in her last sleep, that calm noble face, with its finely chiselled features, wearing such a look of 'victorious peace,'—to use a word of her own—can ever forget it. She 'was not; for God took her.' So she passed from 'the things which are seen and temporal' to 'the

Few, however, lived an intenser life than she in the present. Having at an early age been powerfully impressed with spiritual religion, she was intimately associated with many of the foremost promoters of the evangelical revival in the first half of the century, and entered with keen interest into the various evangelistic enterprises of more recent times. Her beautiful grounds on the banks of the Tay, marching with those of Scone, were for many years a resort of those who came to Perth in connection with such work, and the religious conferences with which the name of the city is widely associated owed much to her enthusiasm and energy. Her very original character and singularly striking personal appearance, made her a unique figure in the minds of her friends, to whom her removal will make a great blank. During the last forty years of her life Mrs. Sandeman kept a diary, entitled "Pro and Con," in which passing events of public or religious interest were chronicled, with the opinions of the day noted side by side with her own criticism and remarks, often in verse. The last entry was made by herself a few hours before her death. Mrs. Sandeman was a frequent contributor to magazines of a religious character, and all through her writings, whether poetical or otherwise, there could be distinctly seen and felt the motto which she always bore to the fore-front in everything, "JESUS ONLY."

For many years, weekly "Meetings for the Young" were held in Springland Tower, and during later years within the House. Mrs. Sandeman conducted such herself, but often enlisted the services of friends who happened to be visiting her. When it is mentioned that the register of attendance included above two thousand, and that she never forgot her "boys' and girls'" welfare in after-life, some idea may be formed of the extent of the labour of love continually being

carried on for her Master, and how many must truly mourn her loss.

In the Free Church, Blair-Athole, on Sabbath forenoon, towards the close of an earnest and eloquent discourse from the words—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna" (Rev. ii. 17), the Rev. A. Bain, M.A., pastor of the congregation, made the following appropriate reference to the death of the late Mrs. Stewart Sandeman, to whom, and to the Bonskeid family, both pastor and people feel deeply indebted for many tokens of their warm interest and Christian liberality:—

"Dear friends, this text was suggested to me by the solemn and touching services in which some of us were sadly privileged to take part within the past few days. On Friday, in the city of Perth, the grave closed over the mortal remains of one of God's hidden ones. On Monday last Mrs. Stewart Sandeman fell asleep in Jesus. She was a lady whose piety was far above that of the ordinary rank and file of God's children. It was singularly profound and practical, finding for its operations channels which will only be fully known on the great day of reckoning. Her love to the Saviour was one of the most striking features in her character, and her interest in the cause of Christ in this district and the Church increased with her years. She was one whose holy influence has moulded many a heart and life, whose memory, consequently, will long be green and fragrant in many a bosom, and the remembrance of whose peaceful but triumphant death will not soon fade from the minds of those who witnessed it. Full of years, and full of honours, she departed hence, to receive the welcome that the redeemed host around the throne have received when they had overcome through the blood of the Lamb. Our world is poorer and darker by the loss of such believers; but our loss is their gain, and the grace that made them

what they were is as free to us as it was to them. Be it ours, friends, to walk in the footsteps of those who followed Christ; to live near Him as they did; to work for Him, and wait for Him as they did; to long for, and rejoice at his coming as they did; and at last, having overcome, to sit down around the Father's table amid the glories of the Father's house.

"'Just when Thou wilt, O Master, call,
Or at the noon, or evening fall;
Or in the dark, or in the light,
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.'"

"'Just, when Thou wilt, Thy time is best,
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest;
Marked by the sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.'"

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